Hymns New and Old.

BY

D. B. TOWNER.

FLEMING H. REVELL,

CHICAGO,
148–150 MADISON STREET.

NEW YORK,
148–150 NASSAU STREET.

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HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS SERVICES,

BY

D. B. TOWNER.

With Contributions from a very large number of well-known and popular authors.

FLEMING H. REVELL,

CHICAGO:
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HYMNS NEW AND OLD

Is eclectic—an effort to gather the best from among the best, and thus present a work that shall contain only such Hymns and Tunes as have been proven in actual use to be truly effective, either in awakening, quickening, inspiring, comforting or aiding devotion. With this object in view, many of the most familiar Hymns have been given a place, while a large number, new to all, save in the special services where they have been used and tested, will be found to give life and spirit to the whole.

That the work may be successful in aiding the King's children to "Make the voice of His praise to be heard," is the earnest desire of

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

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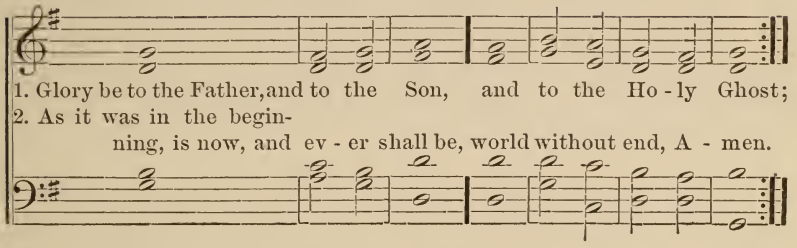
HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

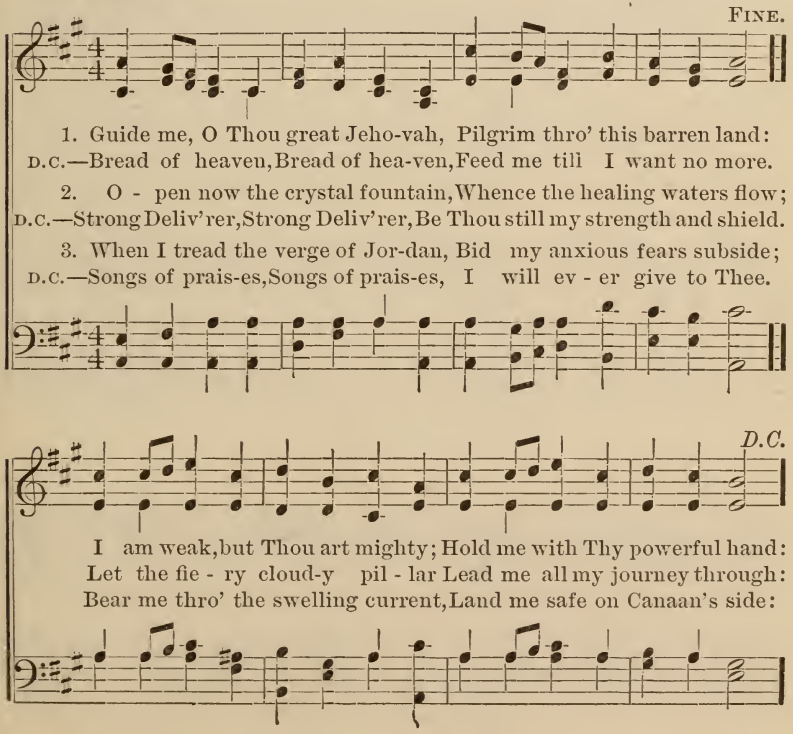
No. 1. Gloria Patri.



No. 2. Guide Me.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."— Psalm 31: 3.

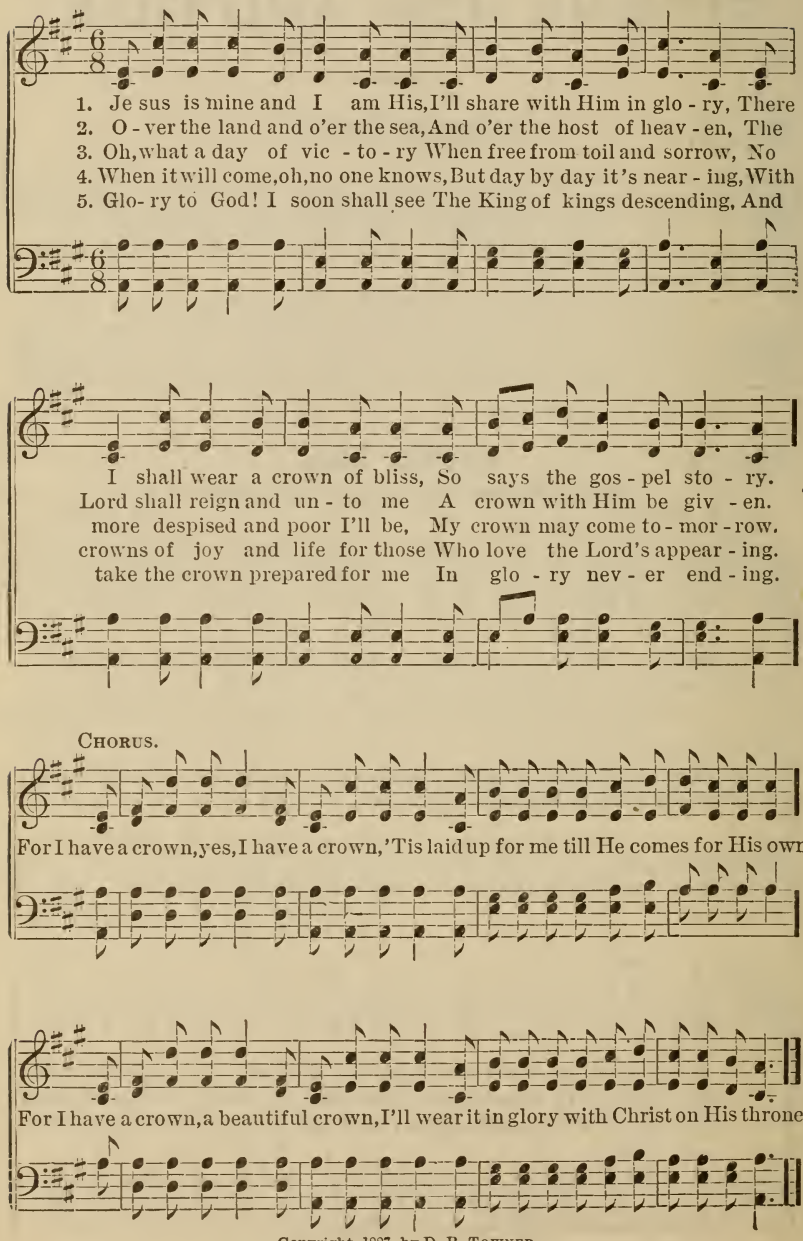
Rev. W. Williams. Wm. L. Viner.



No 3. I have a Crown.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life."—2 Tim. 3: 8.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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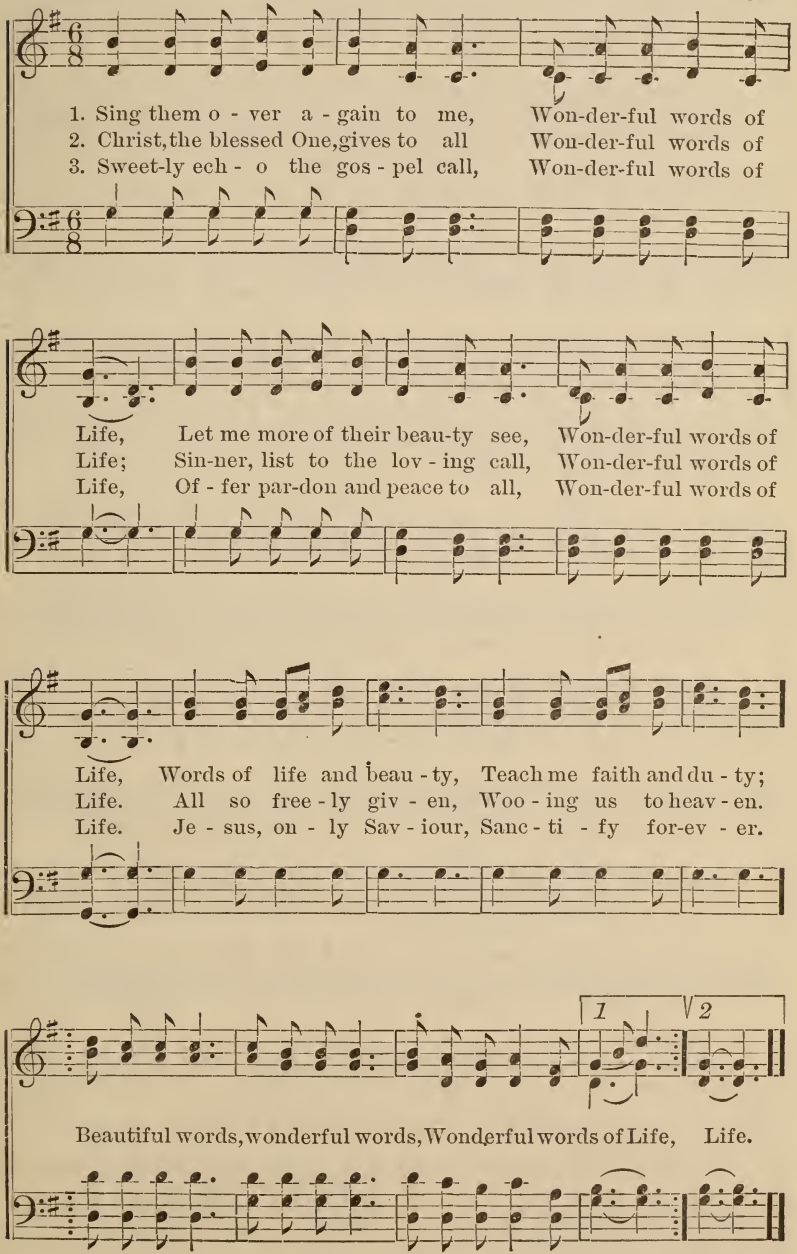
No. 4. Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6: 61.

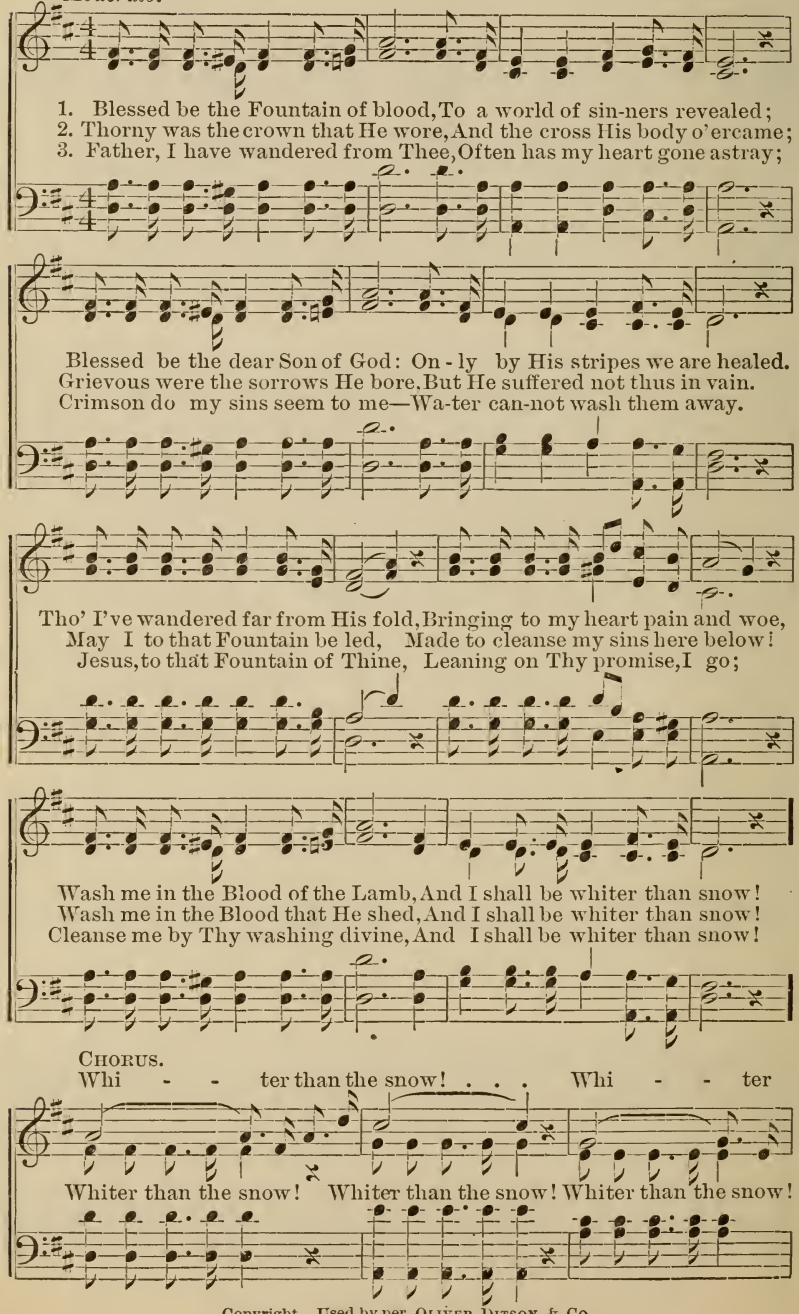
P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 5. Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*—Psalm 51:7. H. S. Perkins.

Moderato.



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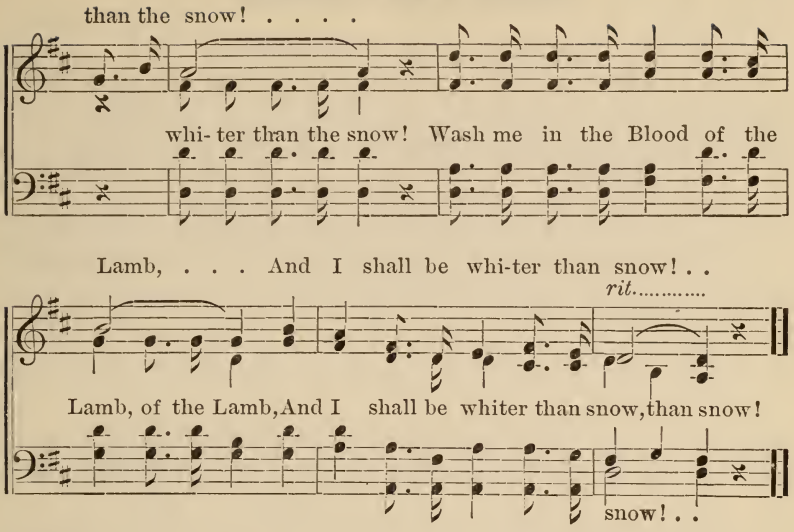
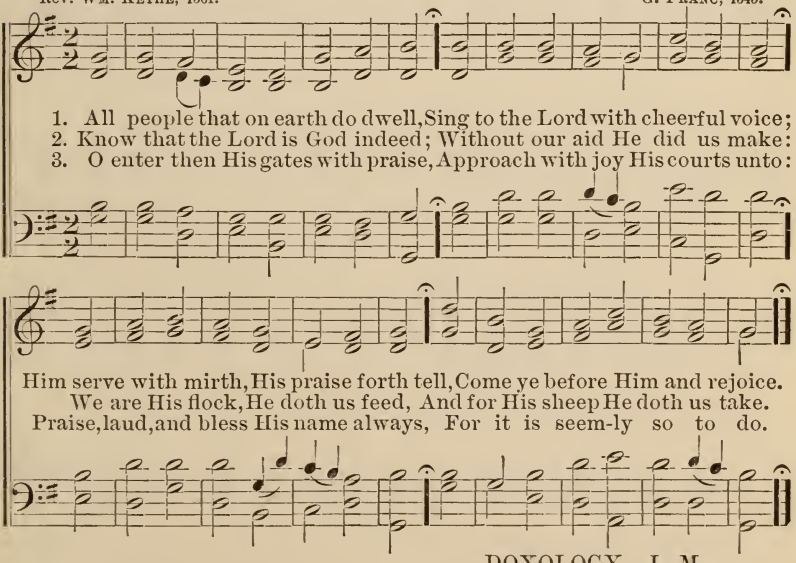


No. 6. Old Hundred. L. M.

"Come before His presence with singing."—Psa. 100: 2.

Rev. Wm. Kethe, 1561. G. Franc, 1545.



DOXOLOGY. L. M.

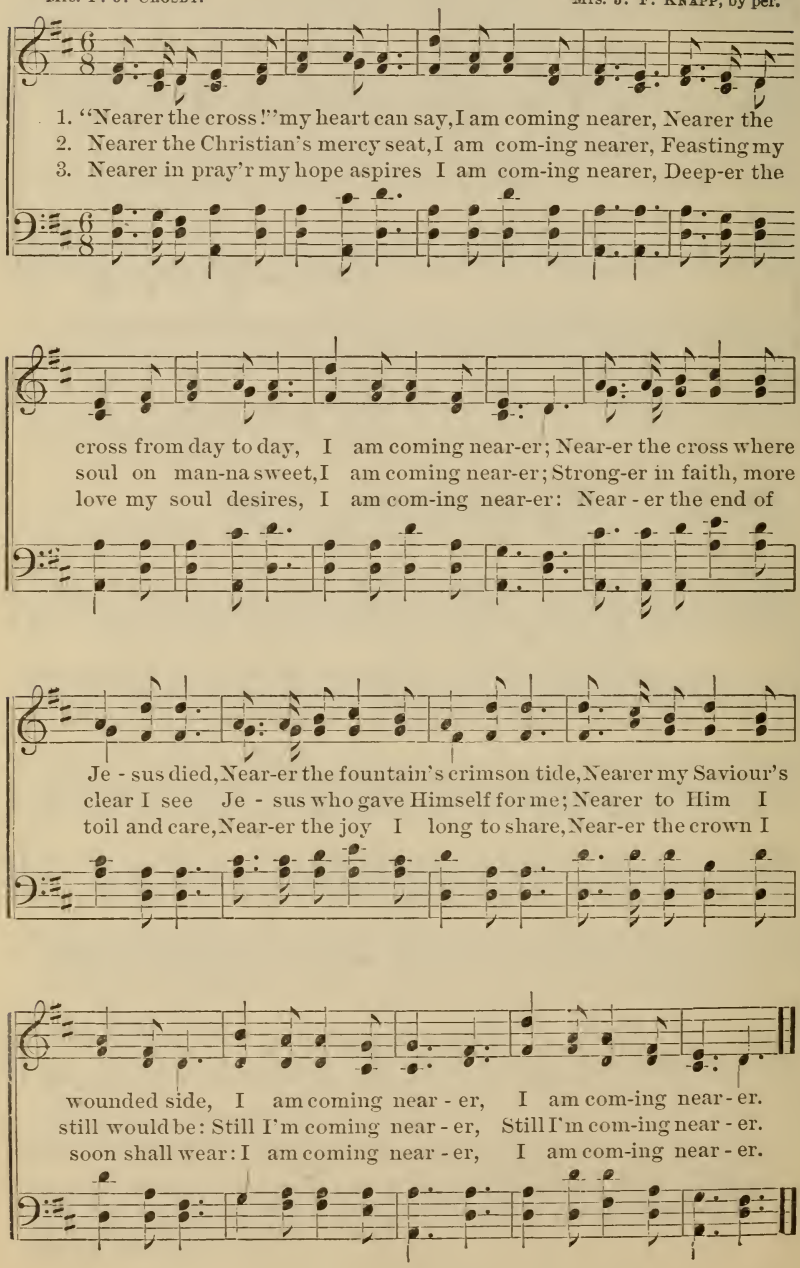
4 For why? the Lord our God is good, Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood, Praise Him, all creatures here below:
And shall from age to age endure. Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. Thos. Ken. 1697.

No. 7. Nearer the Cross!

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Galatians 6: 14.

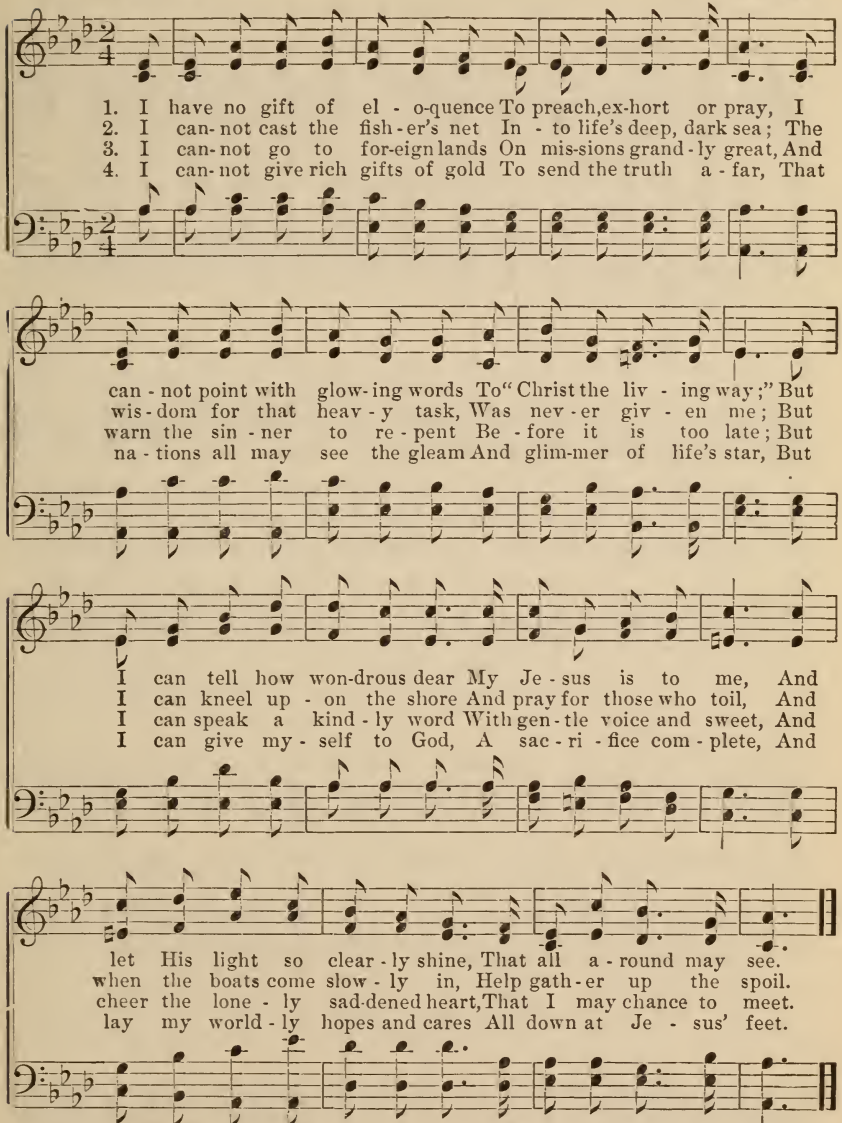
Mrs. F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



No. 8. My Mission.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God. —1 Pet. 5: 6.

ELIZA H. MORTON. D. B. TOWNER.



5 I cannot reap the golden grain
Or bind the gathered sheaves,
I cannot see the ripened fruit
Amid the falling leaves;
But I can glean the scattered ear
And follow One I know,
Content to do just what he bids
Because I love him so.

6 The Master sees the lowliest work
Of all his children true,
And in the crowning day will give
To each his honest due;
And when the sheaves are gathered in
From fields that I have sown,
I then shall take from His own hand
The palm, the robe, the crown.

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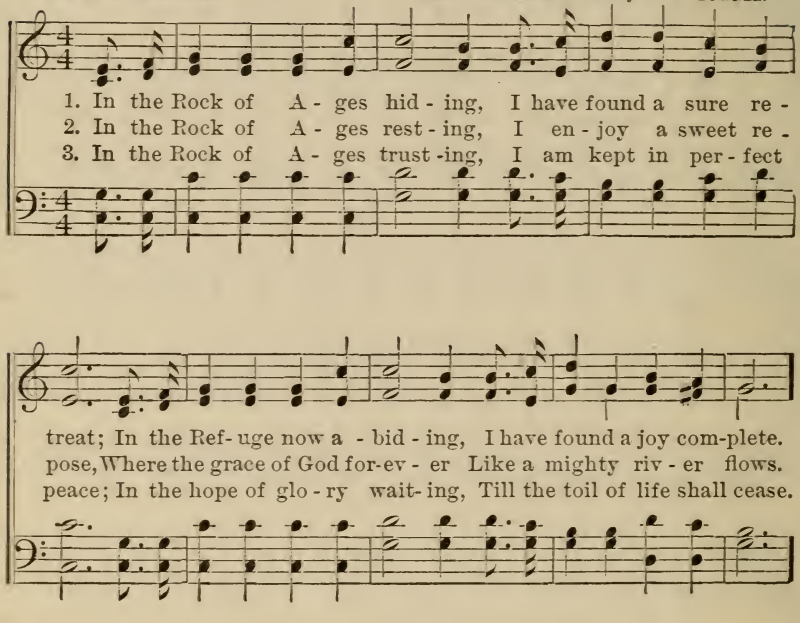
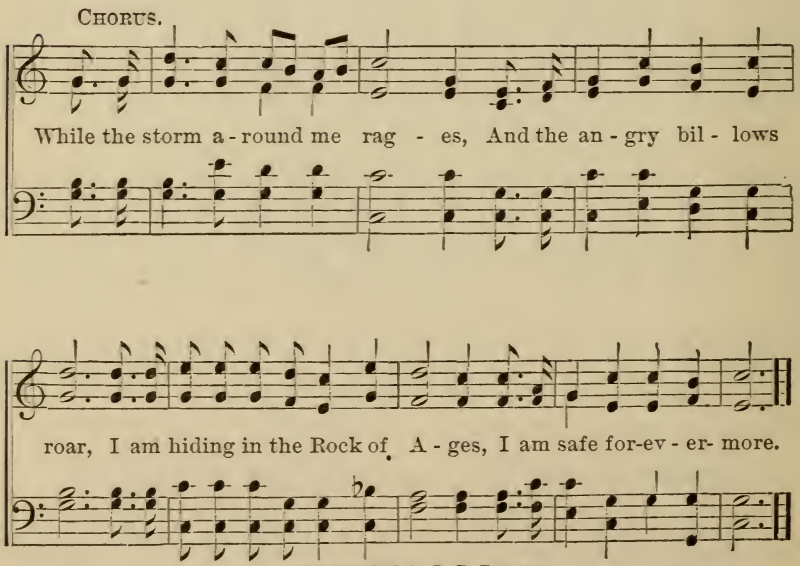
No. 9. Hiding in the Rock.

"Thou art my rock and my fortress."—Ps. 71. 3.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel. Arr. by D. B. Towner.





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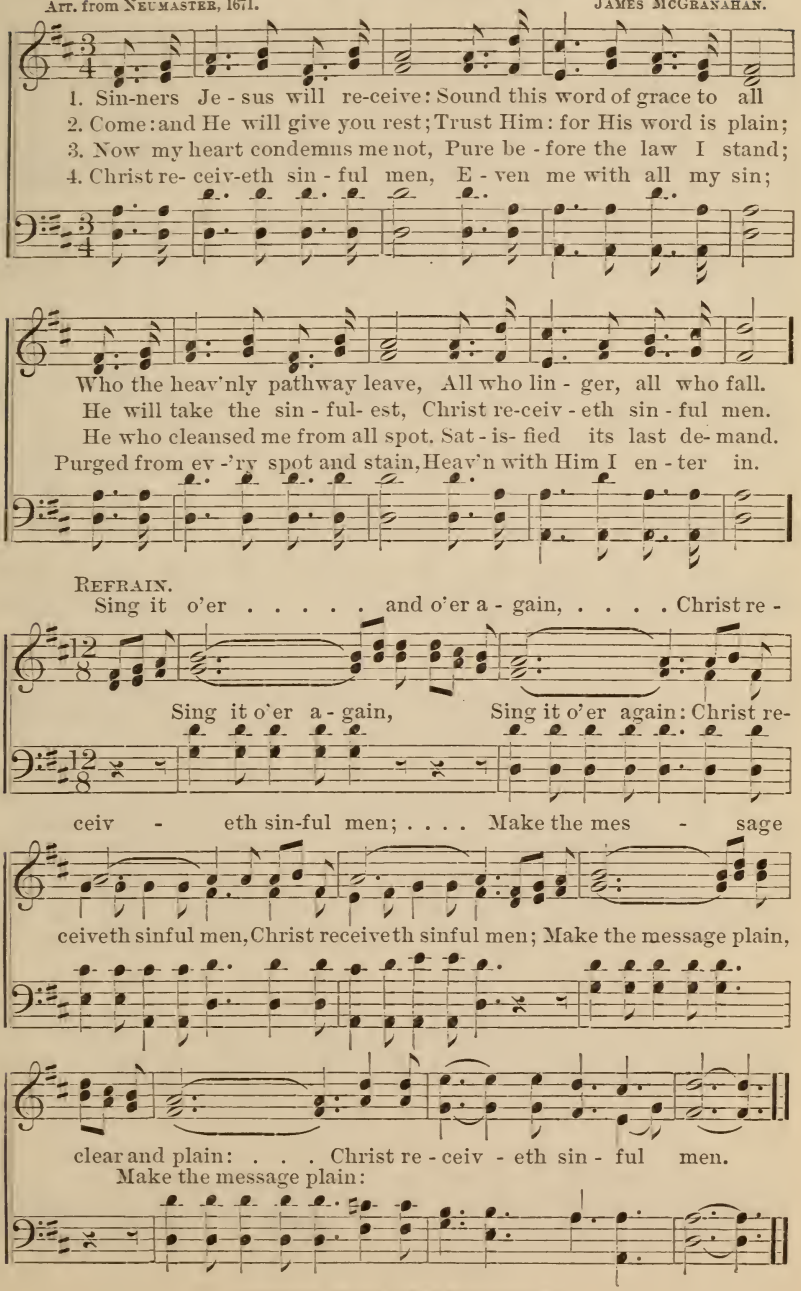
No. 10. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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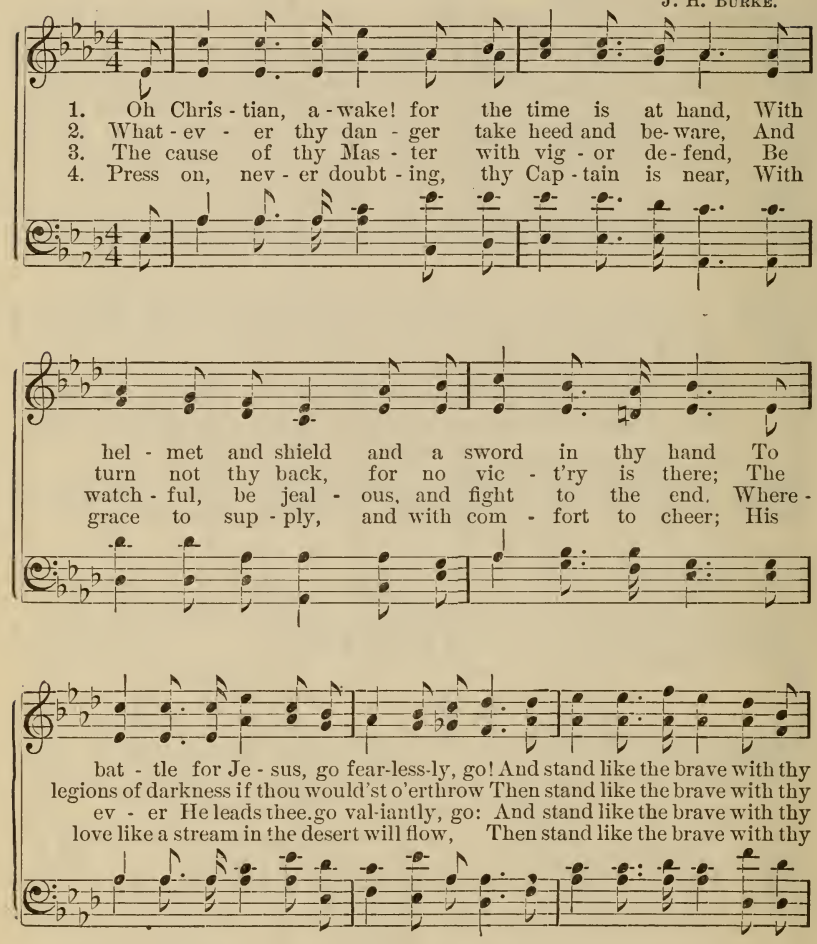
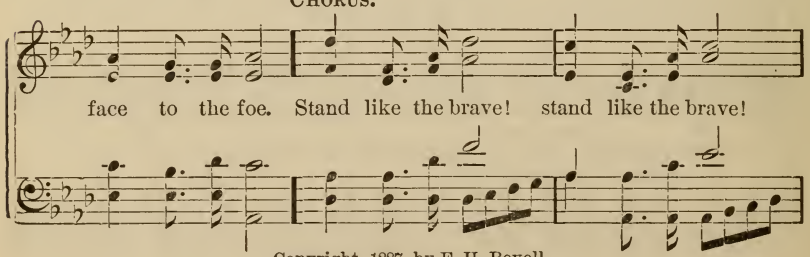
No. 11. "Stand like the Brave."

*Stand therefore, * * * and having done all, stand.* Eph. 6: 13, 14.

J. H. Burke.



Chorus.



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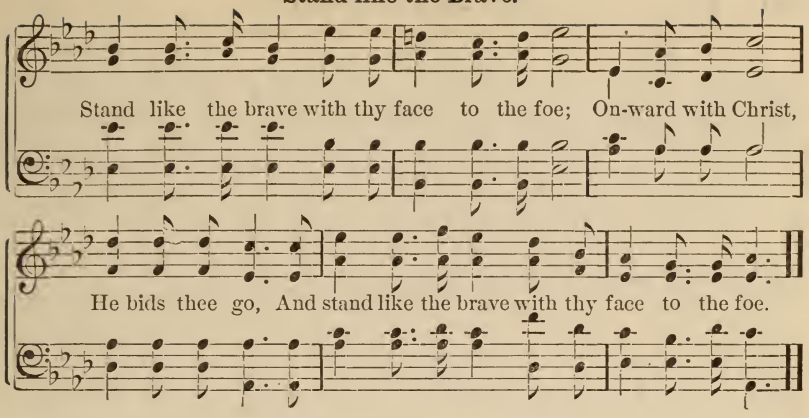
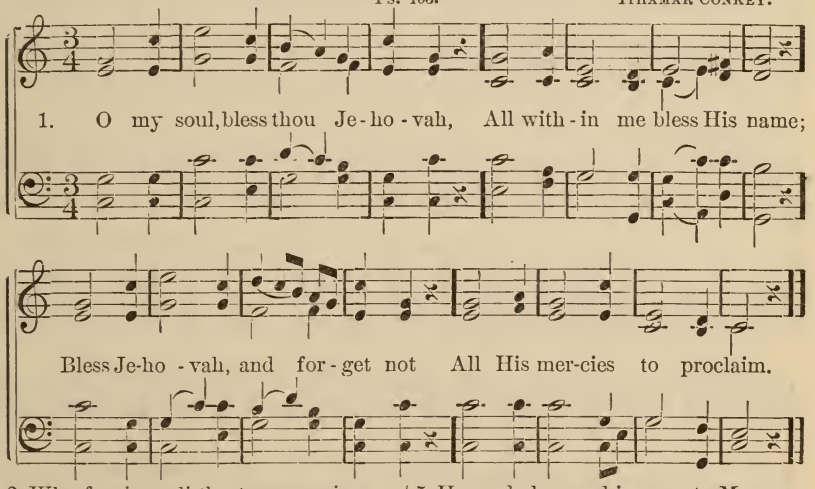
"Stand like the Brave."



No. 12. Rathbun. 8s & 7s.

Ps. 103. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.

3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.

4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

5 He made known his ways to Moses,
And His acts to Isr'el's race;
God is plentiful in Mercy,
Slow to anger, rich in grace.

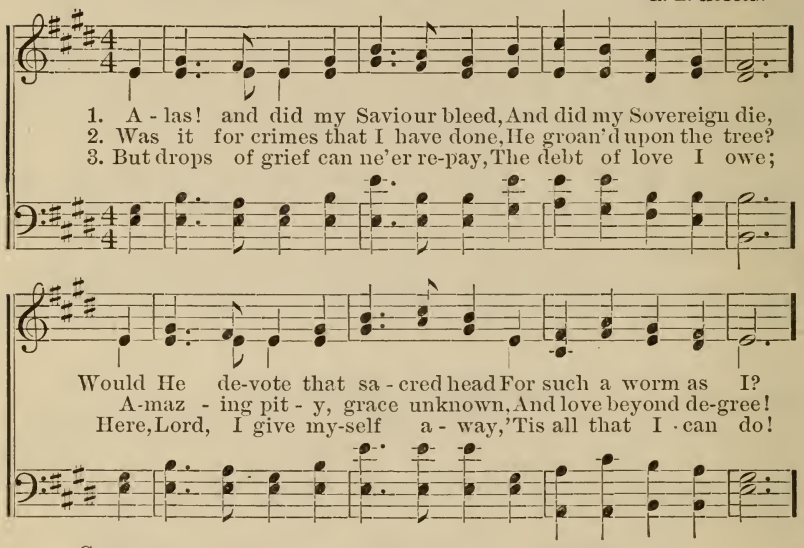
6 He will not forever chide us,
Nor keep anger in His mind,
Hath not dealt as we offended,
Nor rewarded as we sinned.

7 For as high as is the heaven,
Far above the earth below;
Ever great to them that fear Him,
Is the mercy He will show.

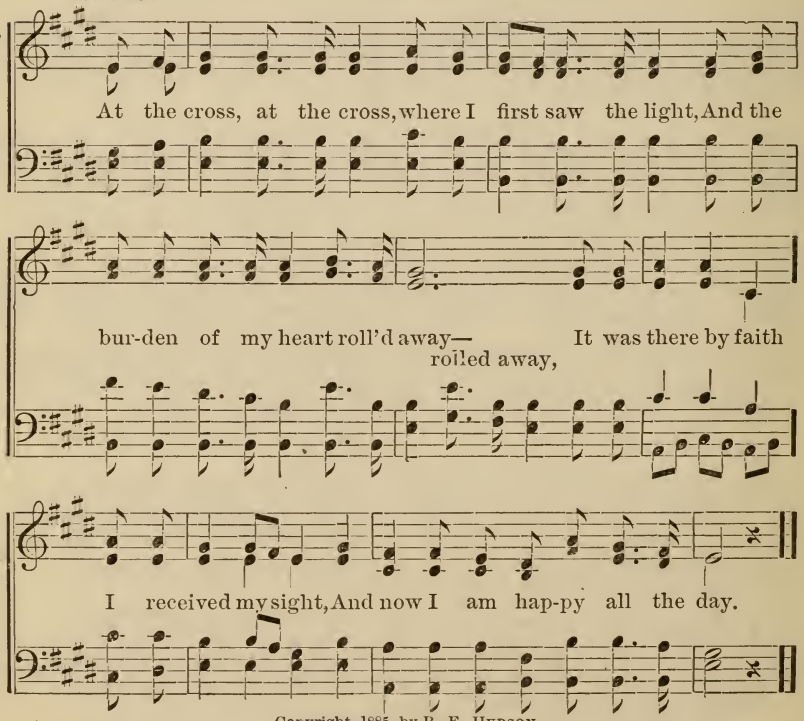
No. 13. At the Cross.

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1: 7.

R. E. HUDSON.



CHORUS.



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No. 14. Some Sweet Day.

"*The hour is coming.*" John 5: 28.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

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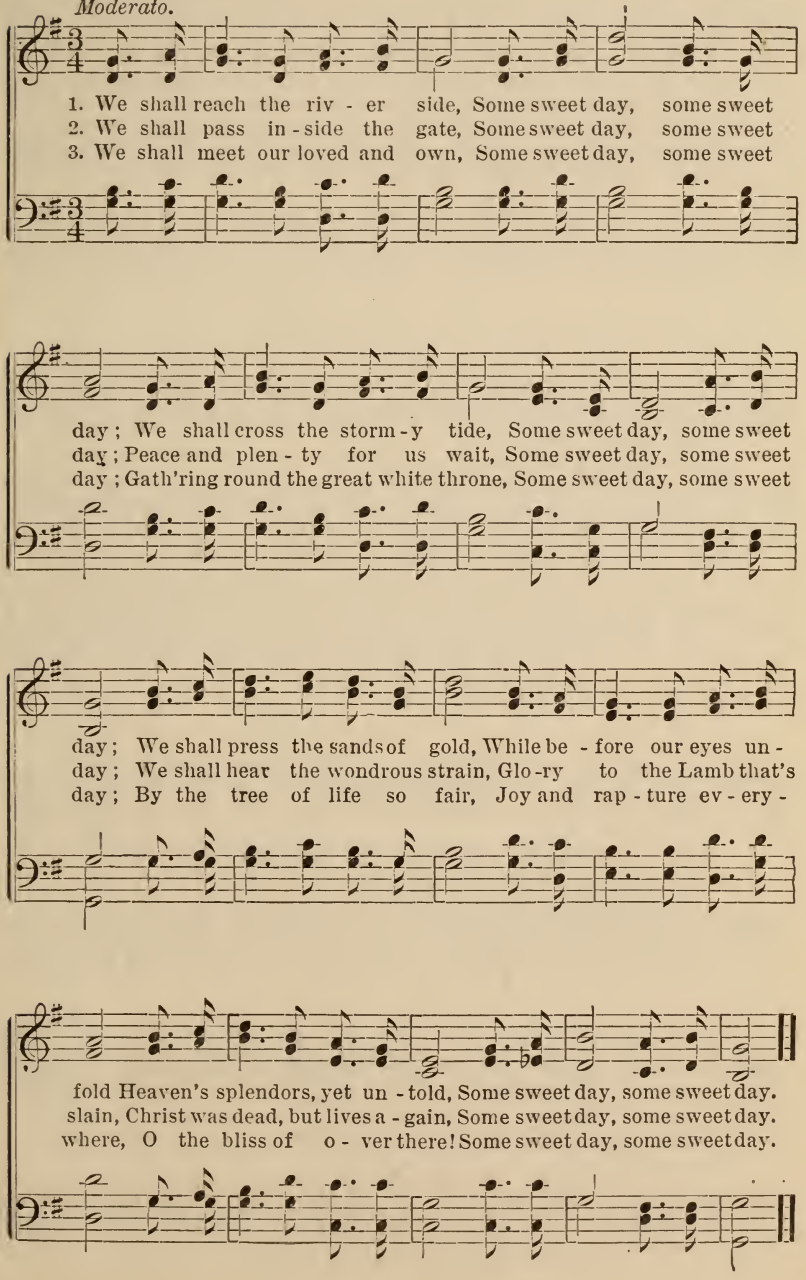
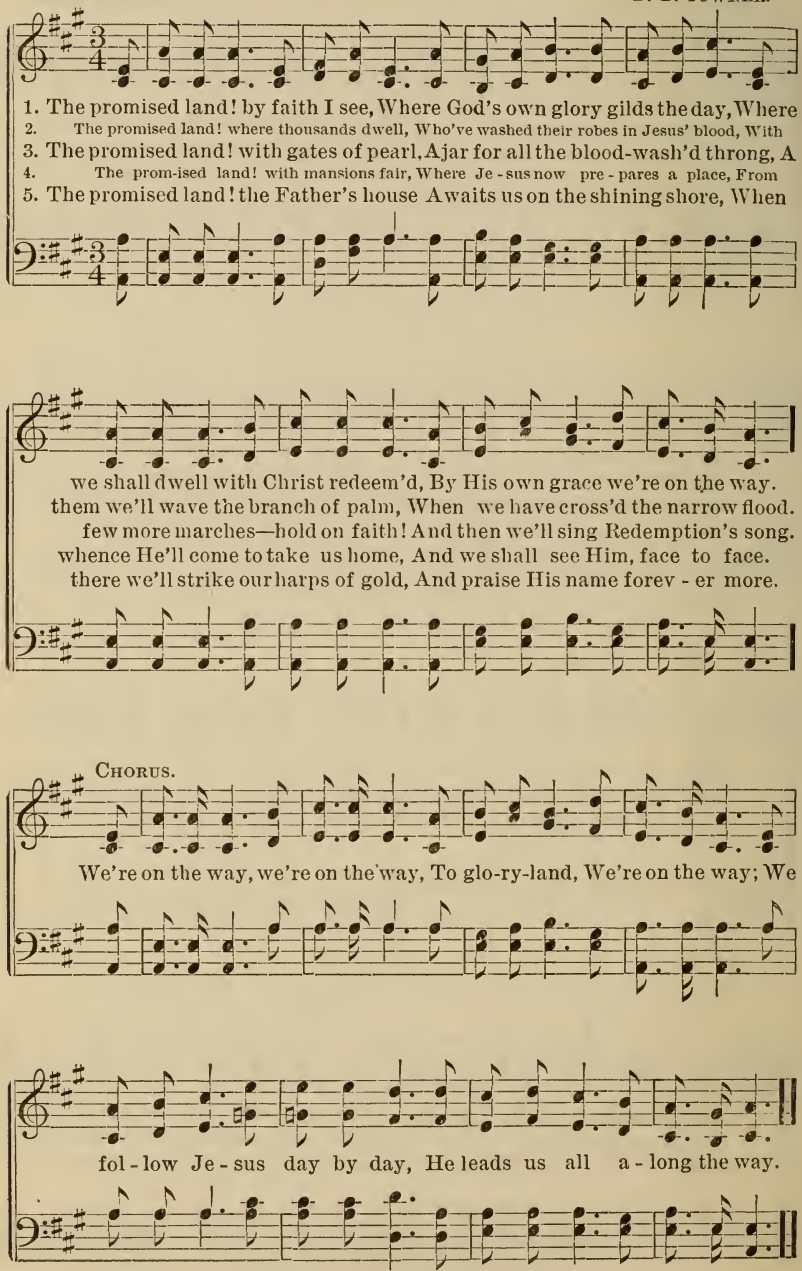


No. 15. We're on the Way!

Isaiah 35: 8 to 10.

S. M. SAYFORD. D. B. TOWNER.



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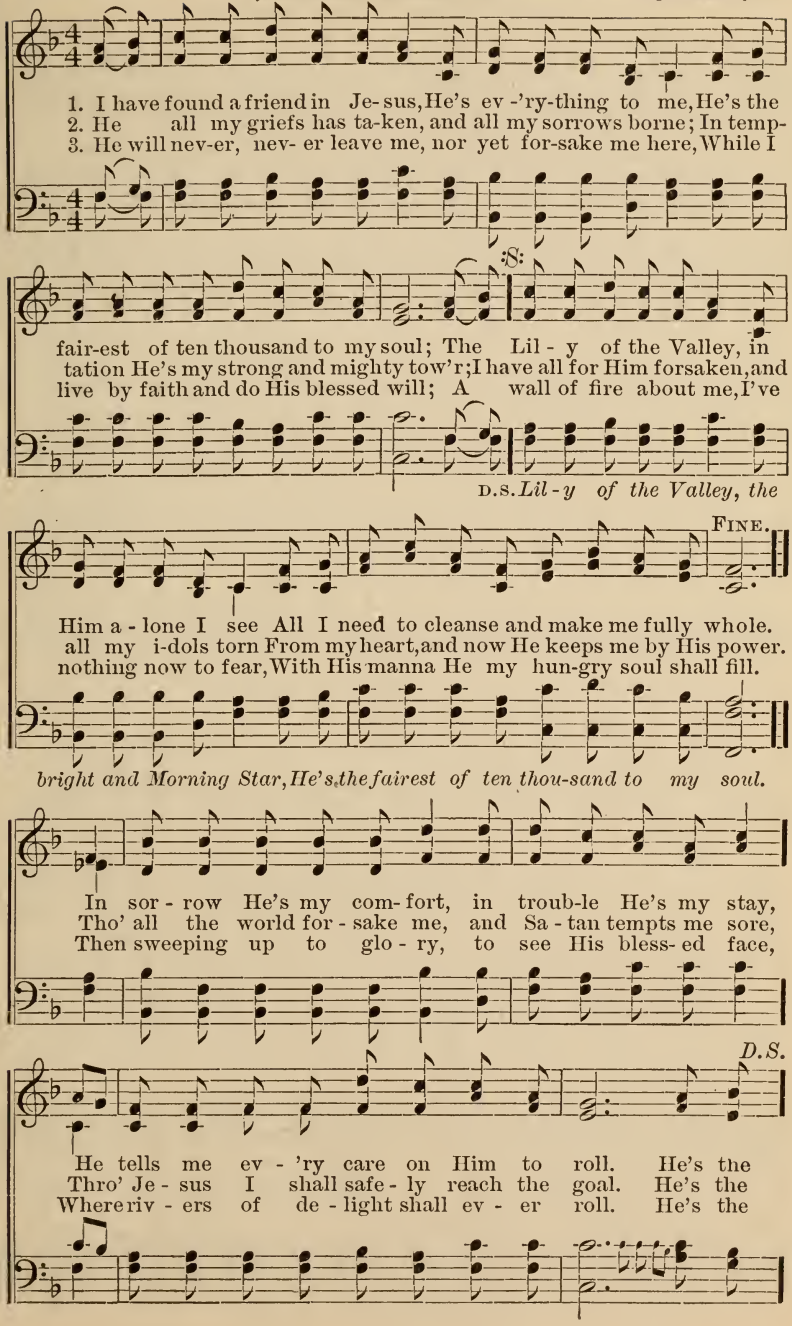
No. 16. The Lily of the Valley.

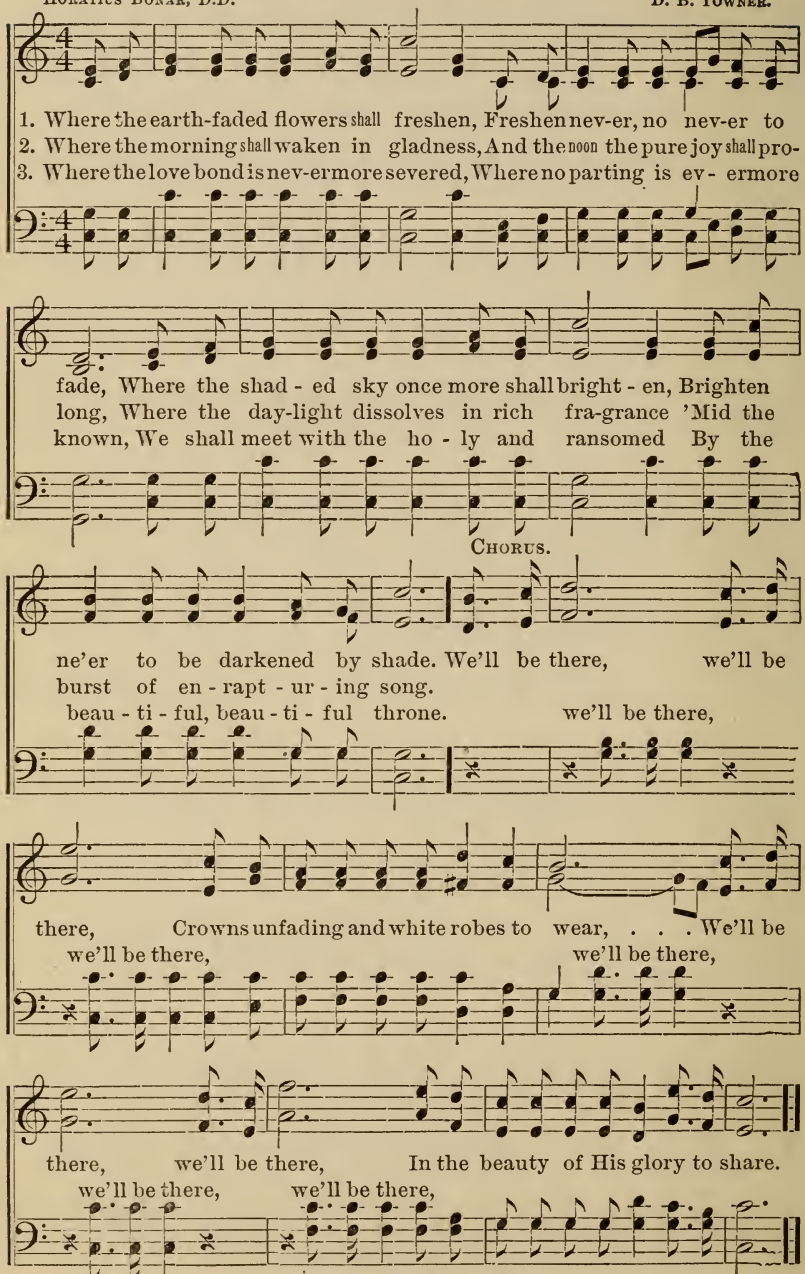
A friend loveth at all times.—Pro. 17: 17. English Melody.



No. 17. We'll be There!

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John 16: 20.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. D. B. TOWNER.



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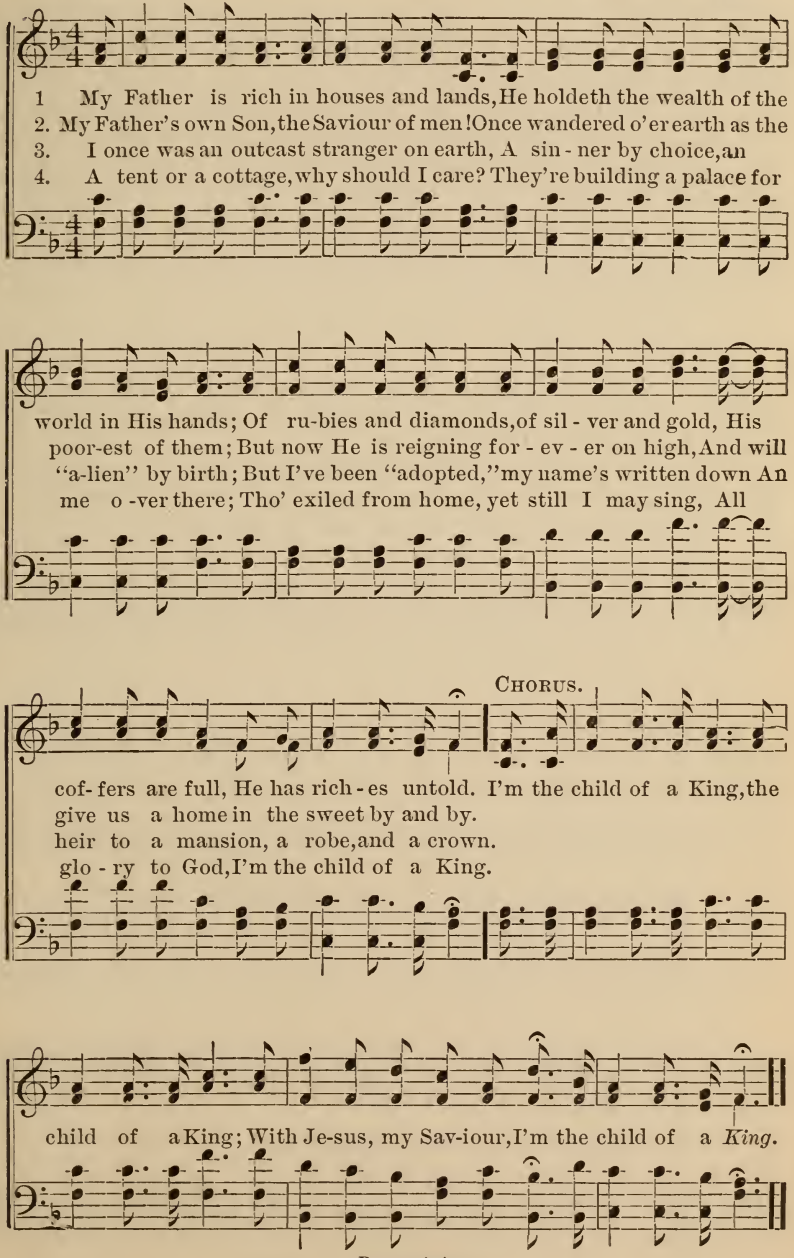
No. 18. The Child of a King.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



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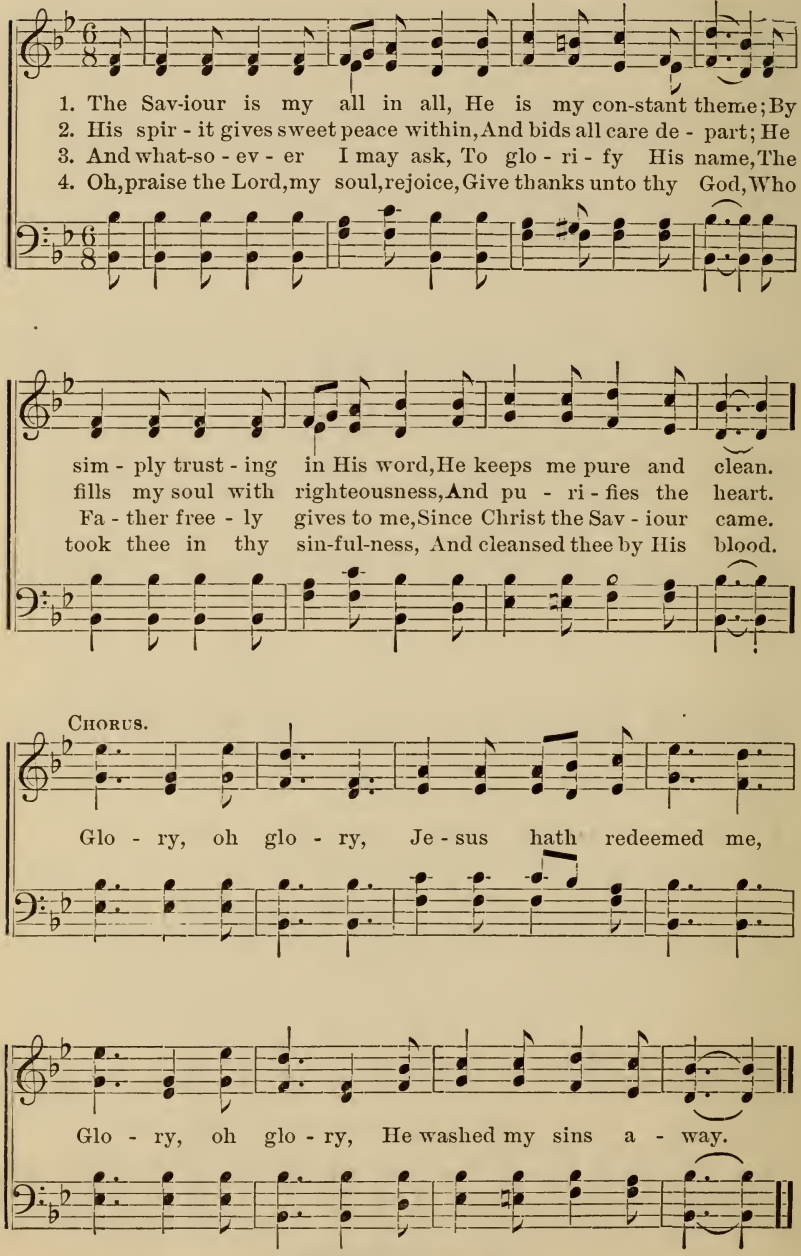
No. 19. The Saviour is my All.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost.—Heb. 7: 25.

P. B. P. BILHORN.



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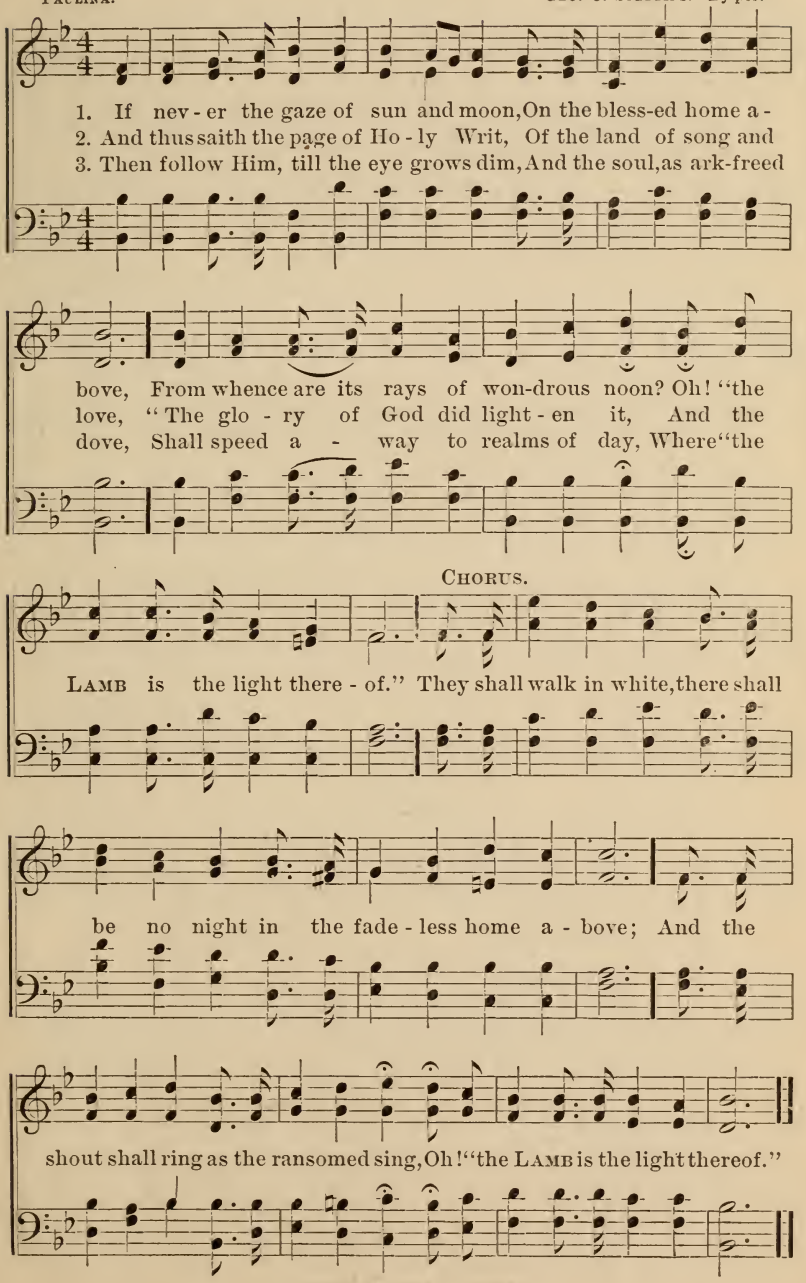
No. 20. The Lamb is the Light thereof.

PAULINA. GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.



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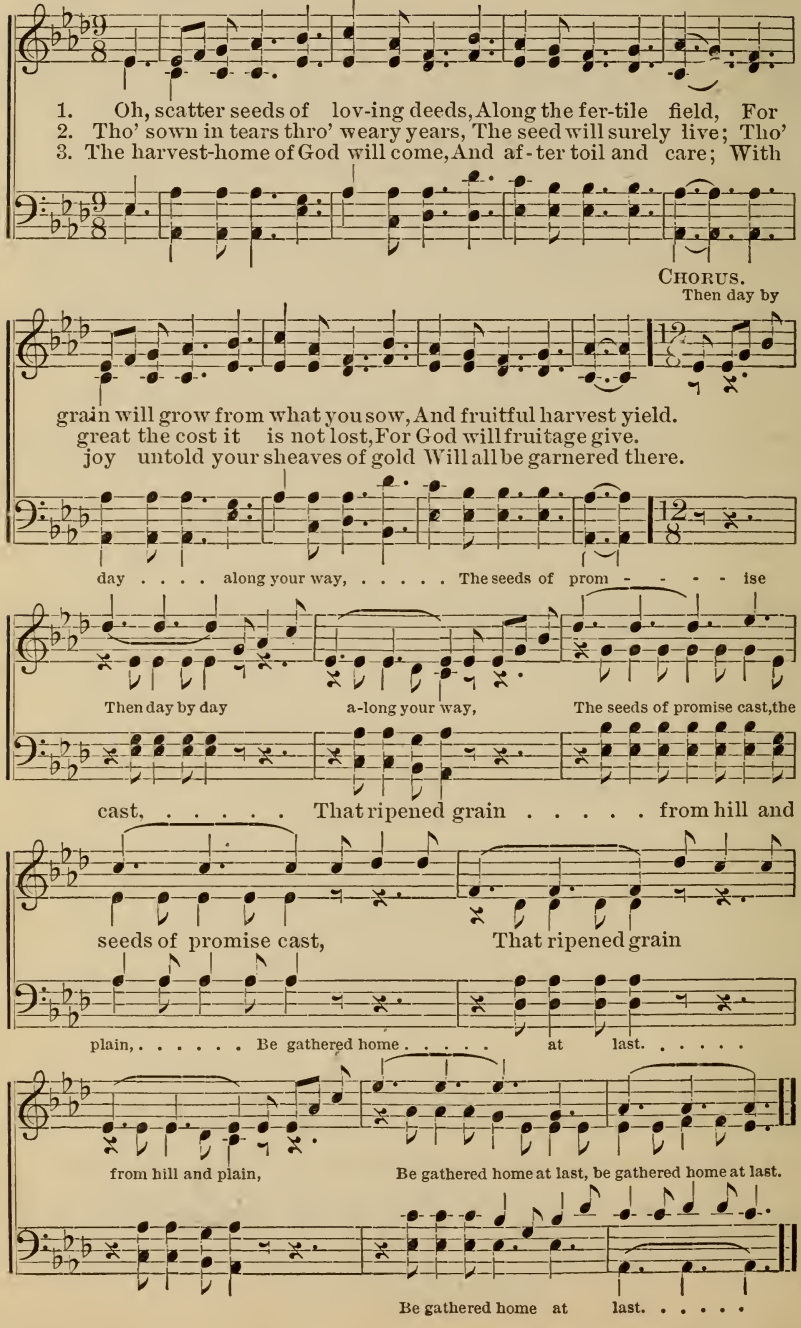
No. 21. Seeds of Promise.

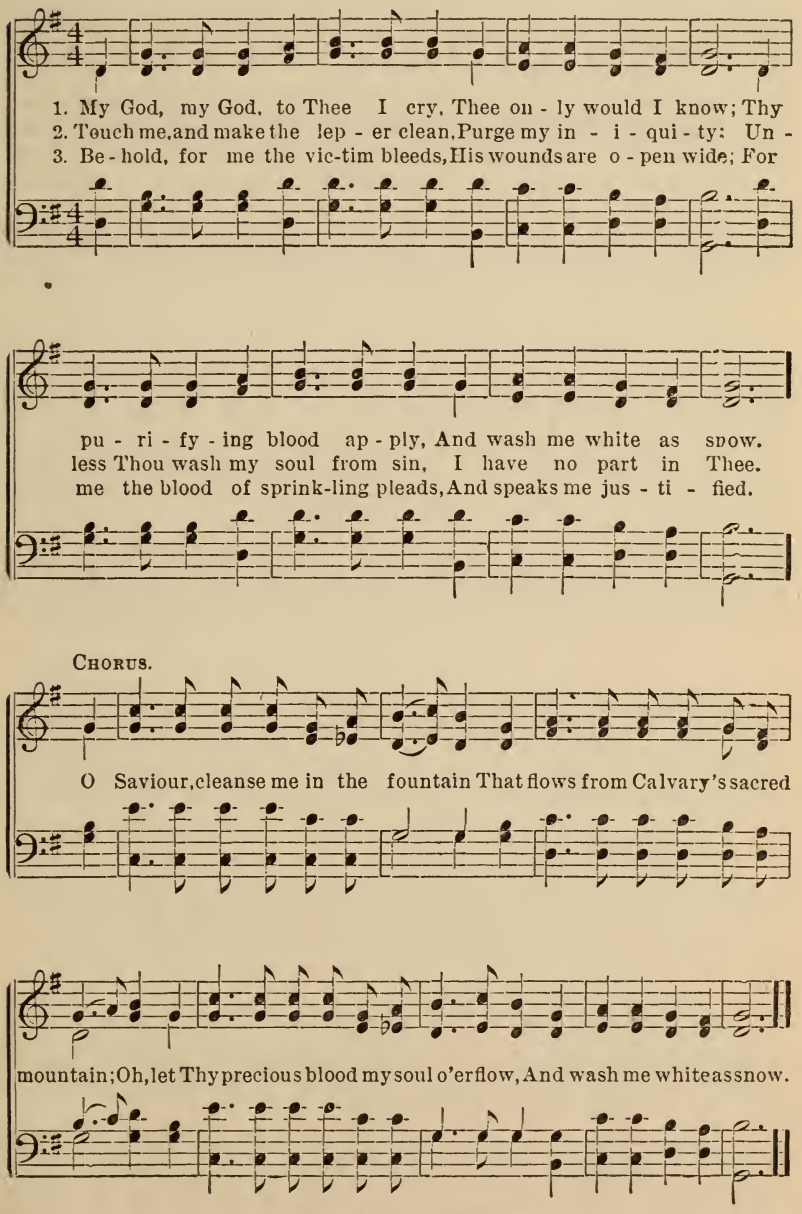
JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



No. 22. Wash me White as Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Ps. 51: 7.

CHARLES WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.



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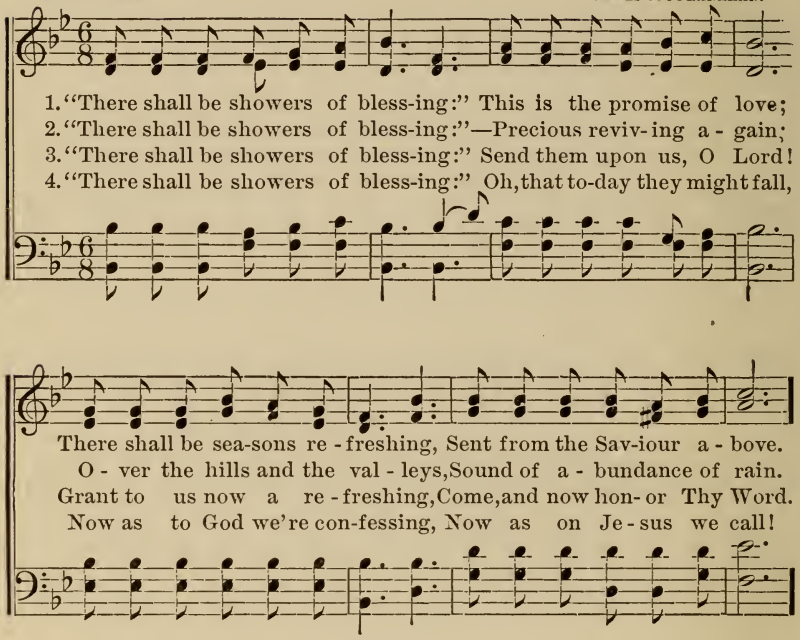
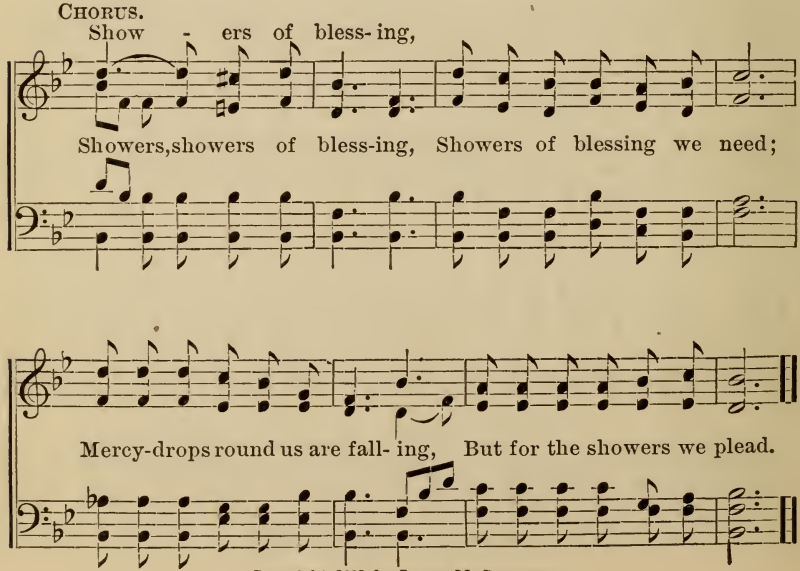
No. 23. There shall be Showers of Blessings.

Ezek. 34: 26.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



CHORUS.



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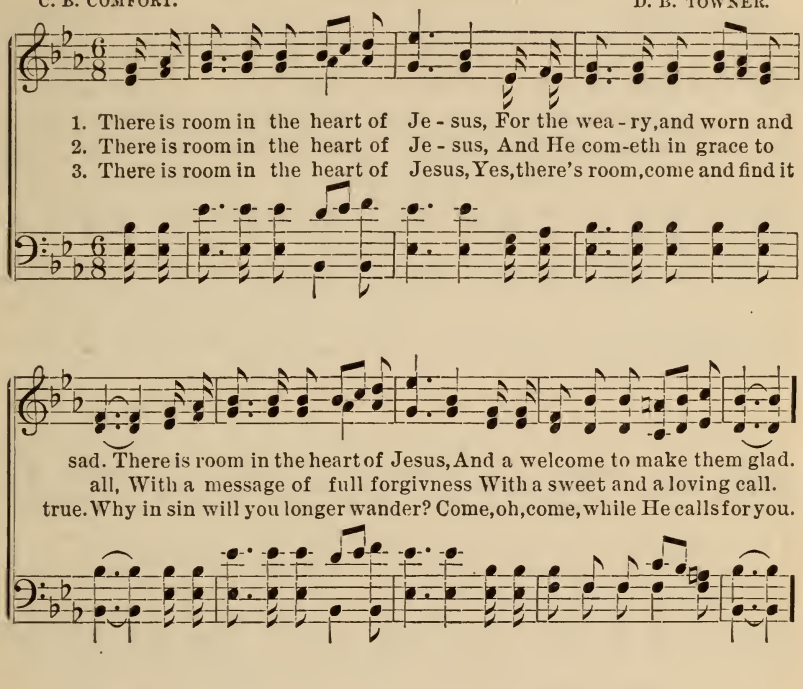
No. 24. Room in the Heart of Jesus!

Matt. xi. 28.

C. B. COMFORT. D. B. TOWNER.



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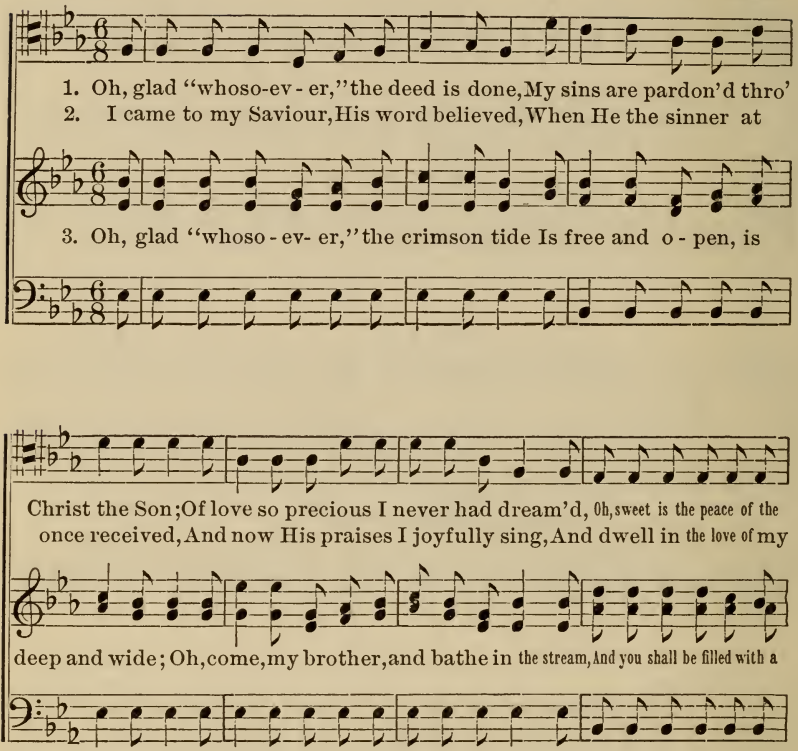
No. 25. Redeemed!

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107:2.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.



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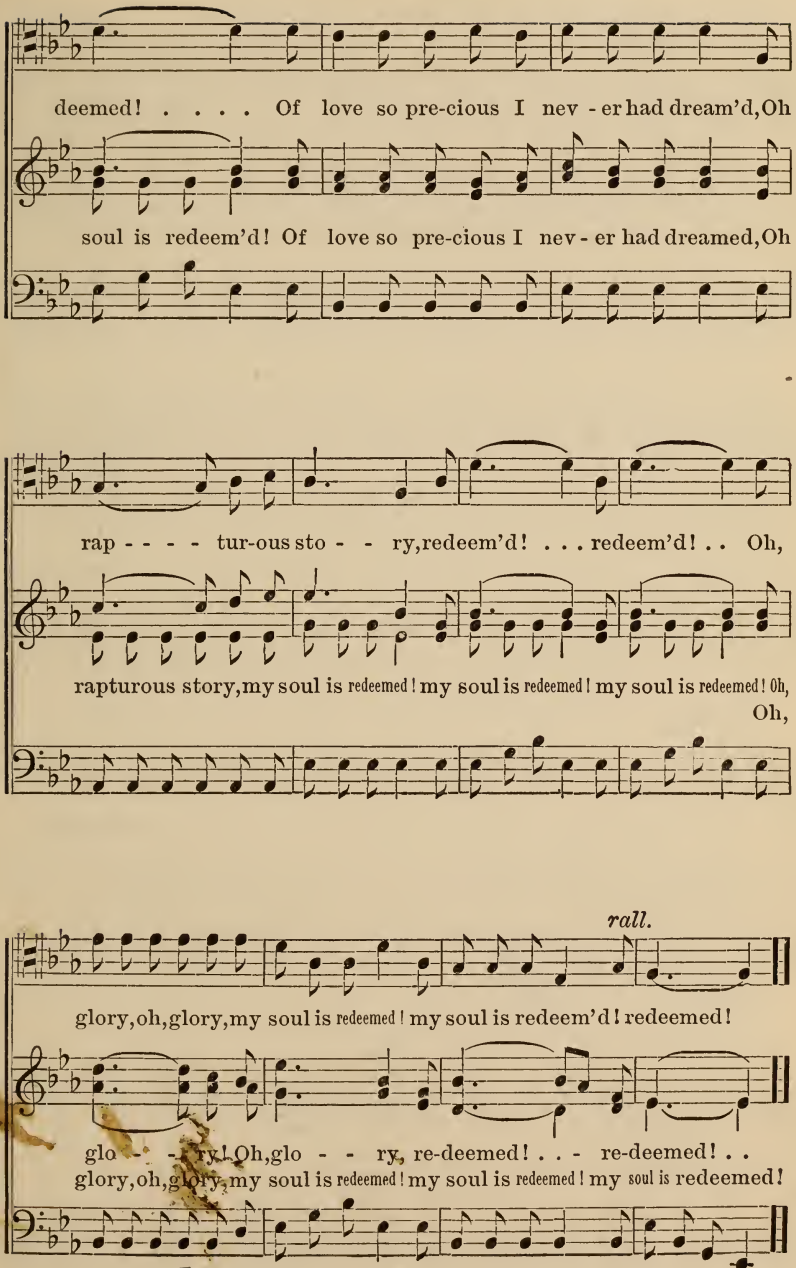
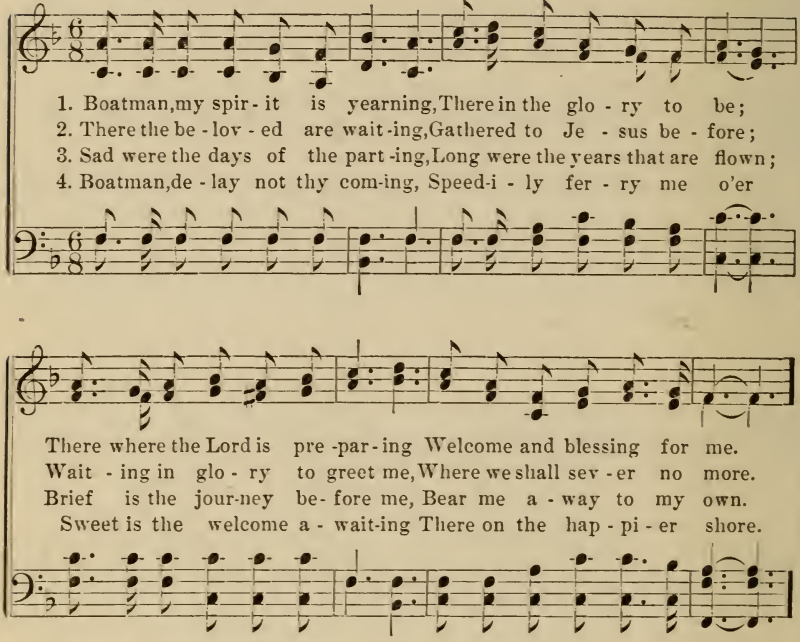

deemed! . . . . Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dream'd, Oh
soul is redeem'd! Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh
rap - - - - tur-ous sto - - ry, redeem'd! . . . redeem'd! . . Oh,
rapturous story, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Oh,
Oh,
rall.
glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeem'd! redeemed!
glo - - - ry! Oh, glo - - ry, re-deemed! . . . re-deemed! . .
glory, oh, glory, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

No. 26. Row Me over the Stream.

"And it was a river that I could not pass over." Ezek. 42: 5.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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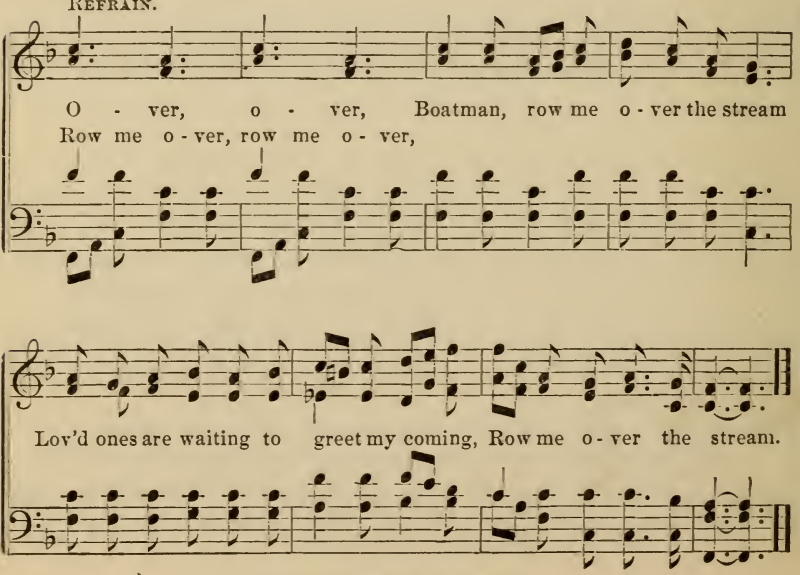

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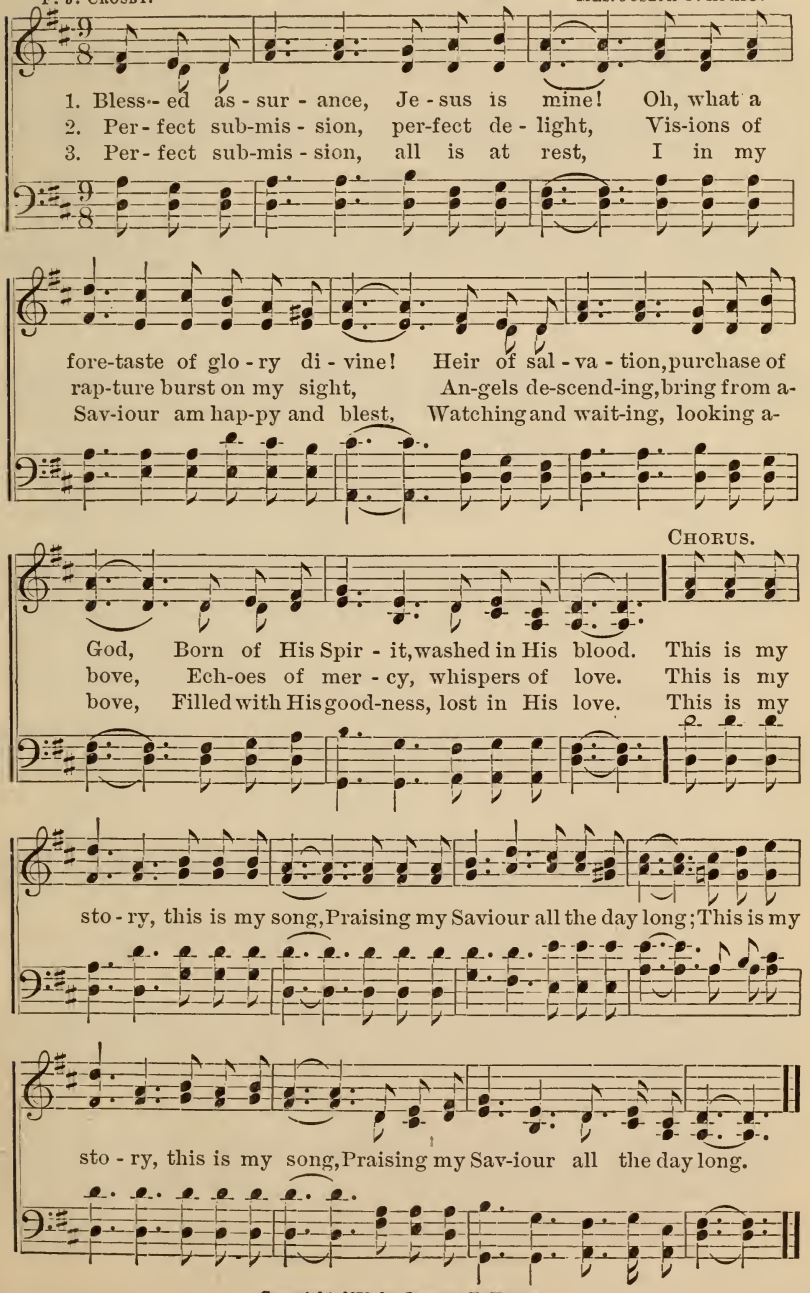
No. 27. Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. Crosby. By per Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.



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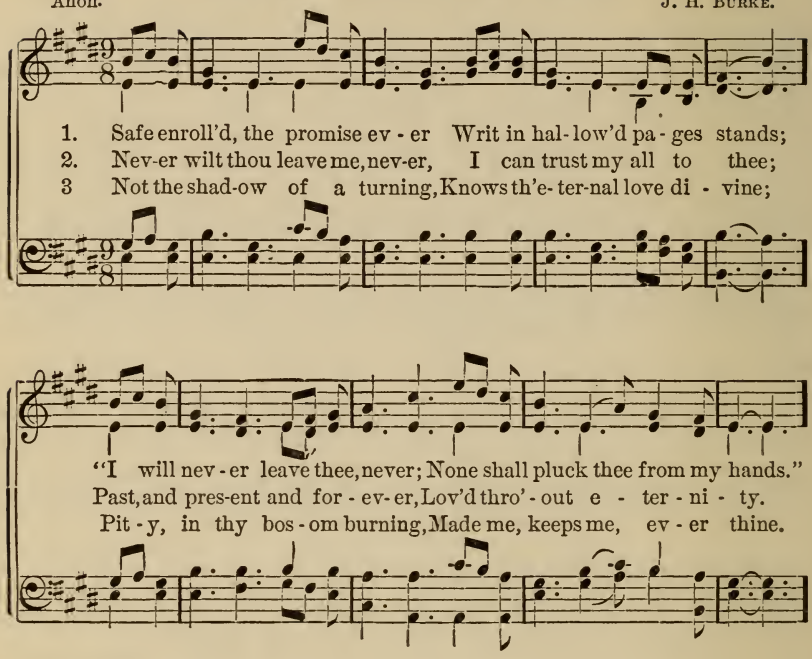
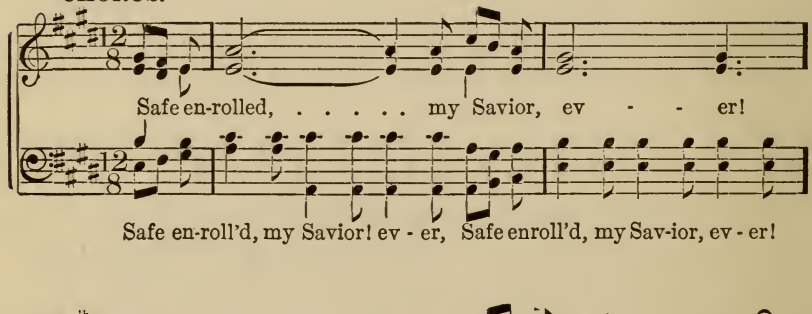
No. 28. Safe Enrolled.

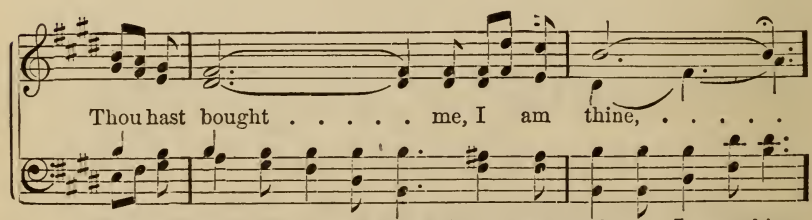
"Whose Names are in the Book of Life." Phil. 4: 3.

Anon. J. H. Burke.



CHORUS.





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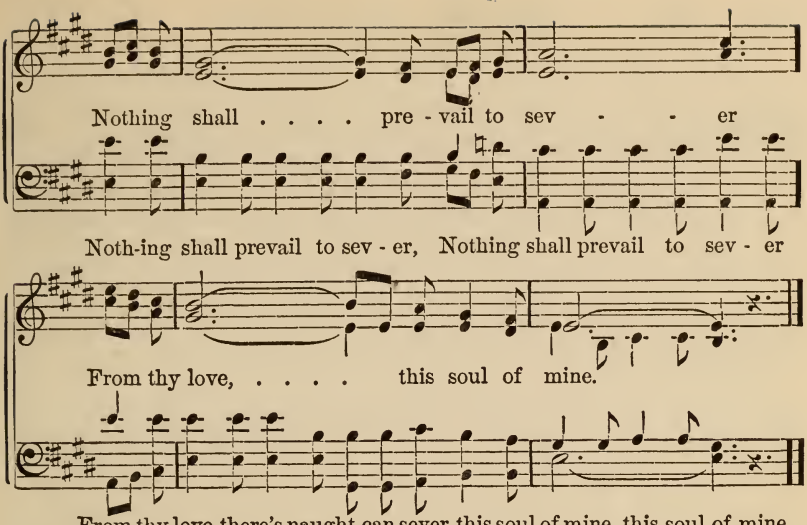
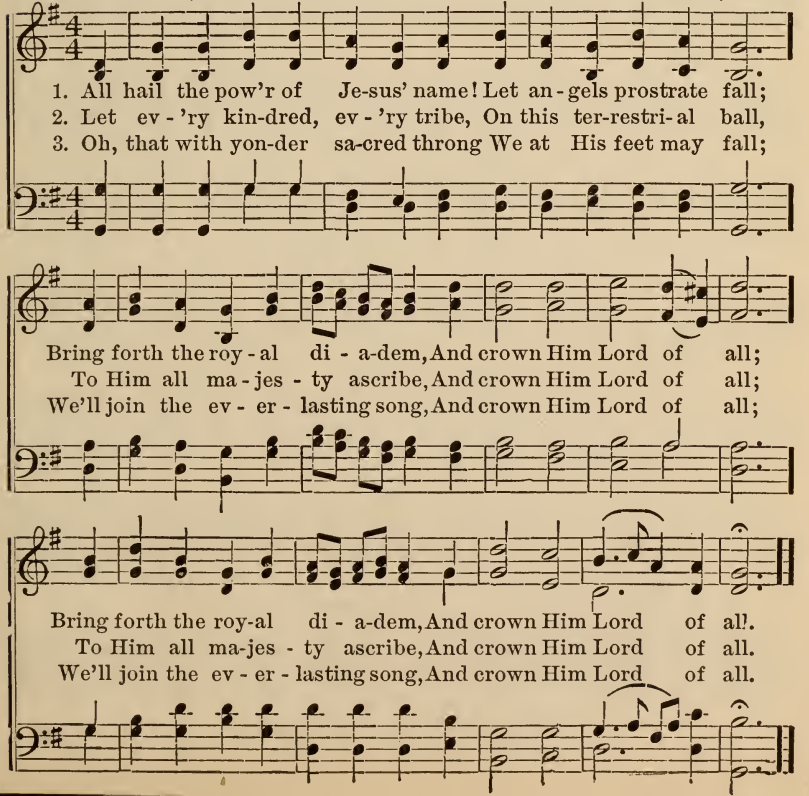


No. 29. Coronation.

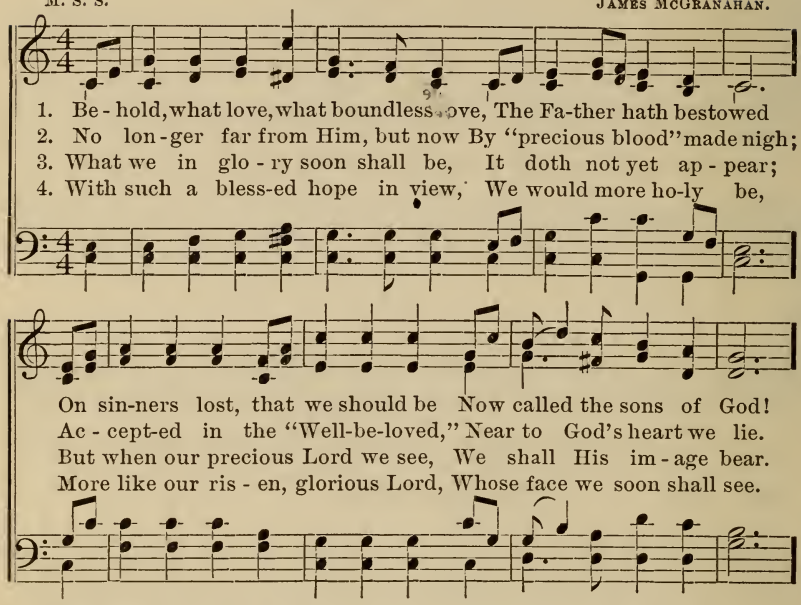
Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780. O. HOLDEN, 1793.



No. 30. Behold, what Love!

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—John 3: 1.

M. S. S. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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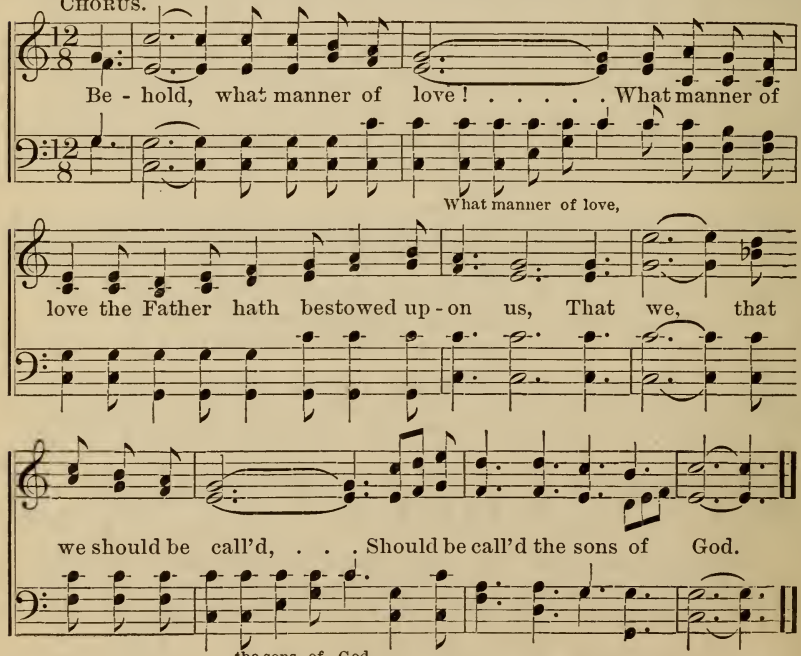

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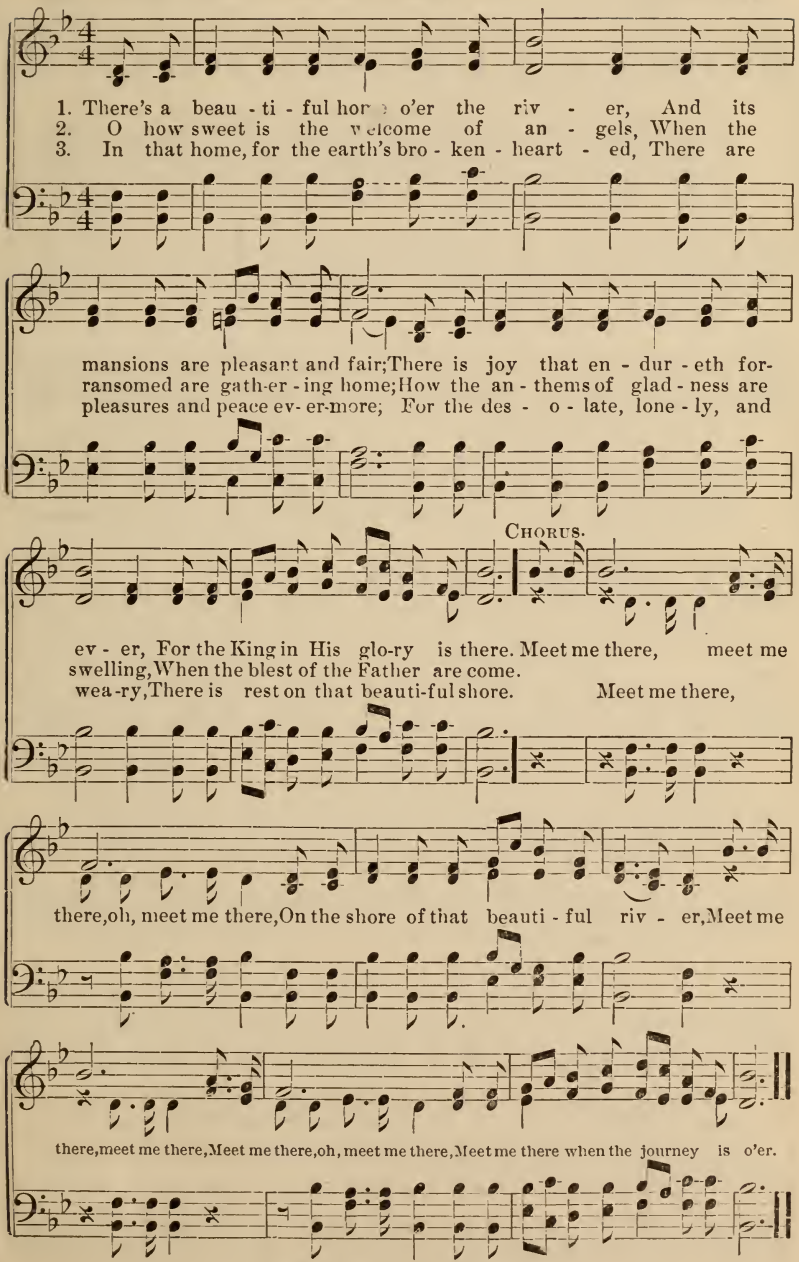
No. 31. Meet me There!

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Rev. xxii:1, Ezekiel xlvii:12. D. B. TOWNER.



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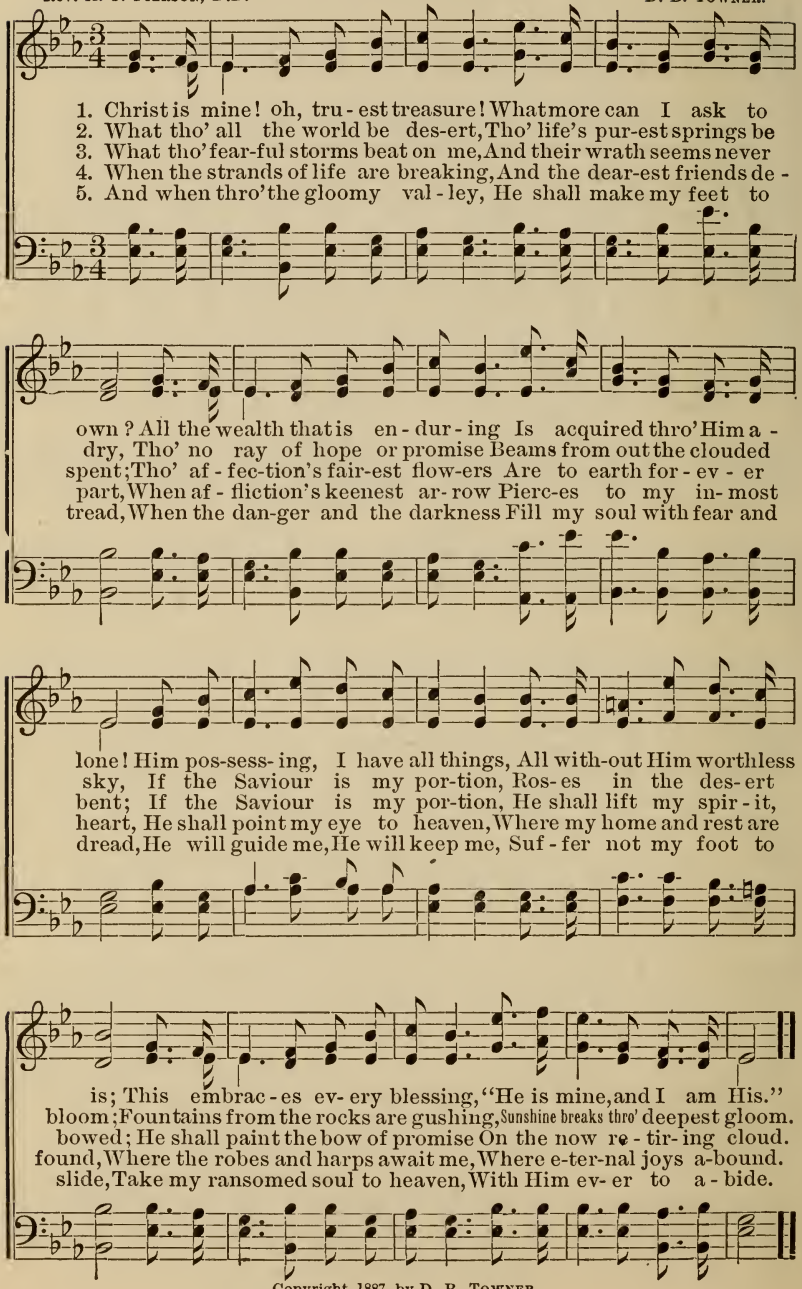
No. 32. Christ is Mine.

" He that overcometh shall inherit all things: Rev. 21: 7.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D. D. B. Towner.



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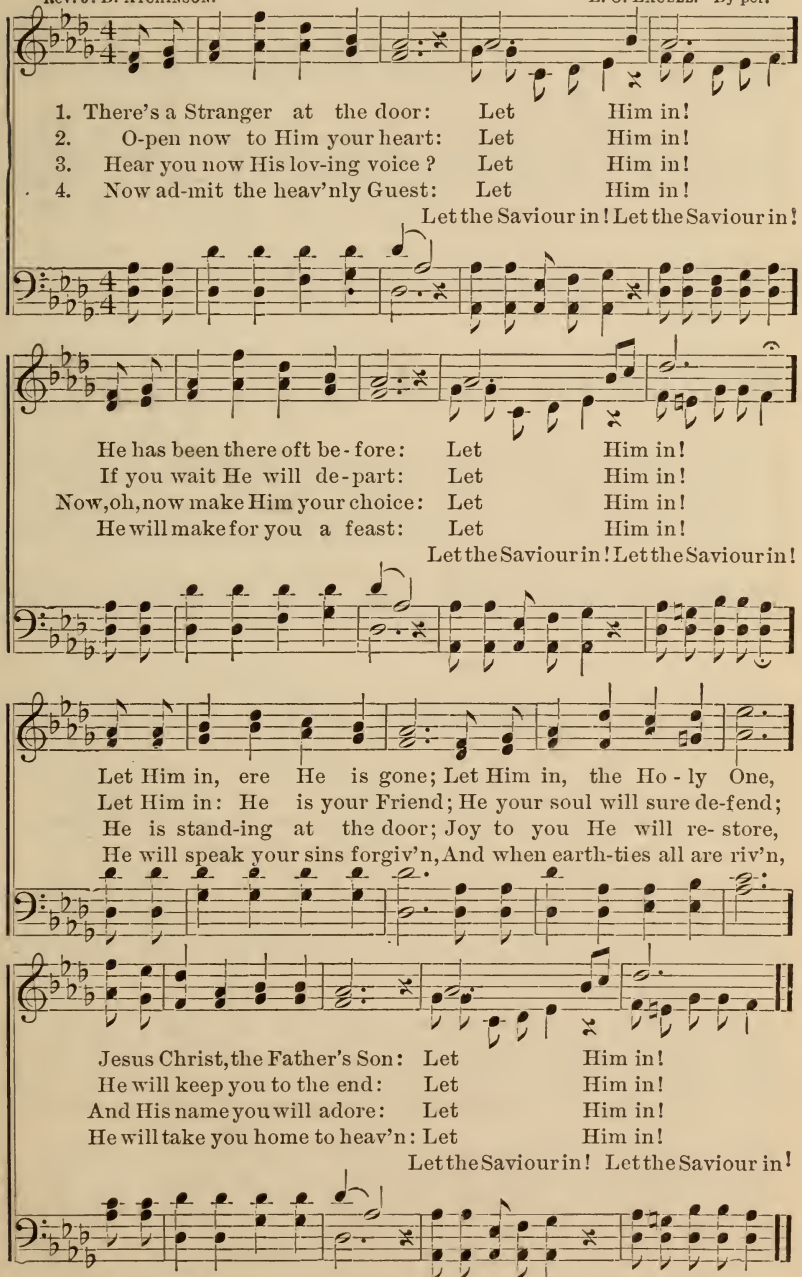
No. 33. Let the Saviour In.

"If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell. By per.

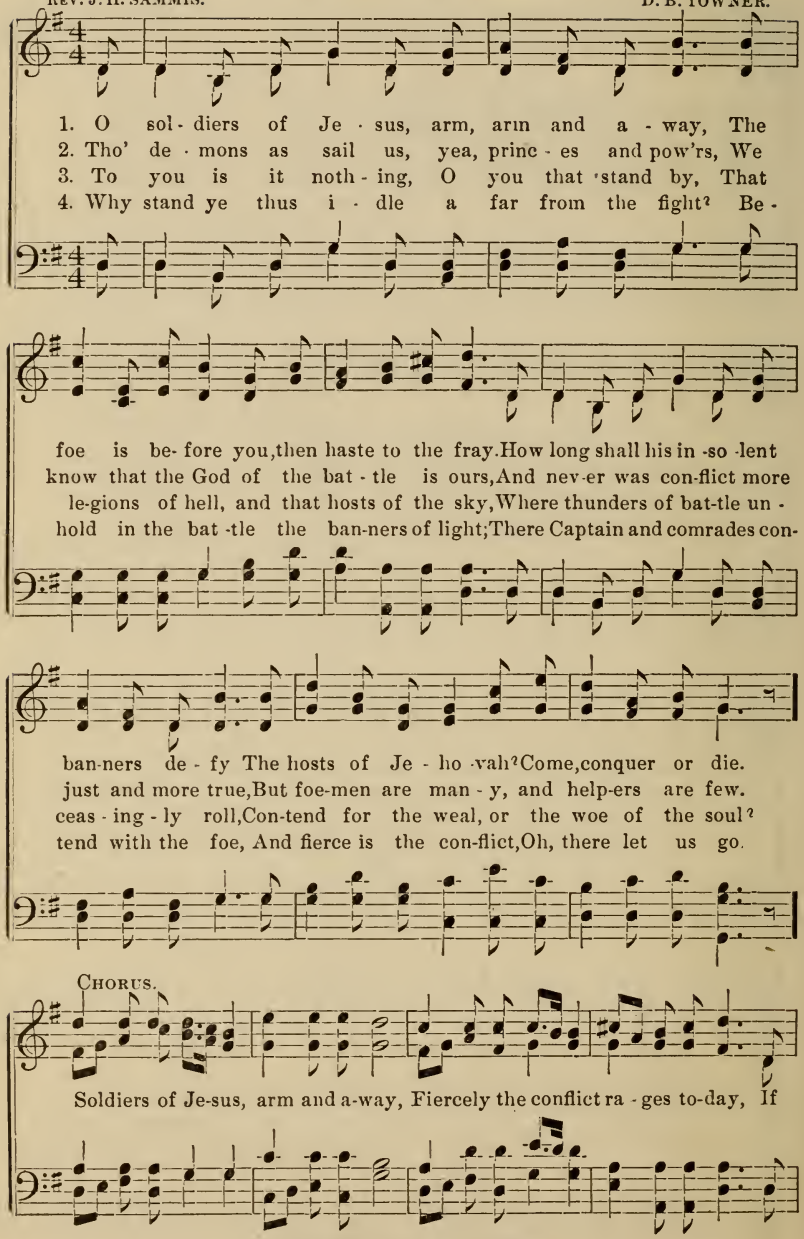


May be sung as a Solo and Quartet, the latter singing only "Let the Saviour in."

No. 34. Soldiers of Jesus.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6: 12.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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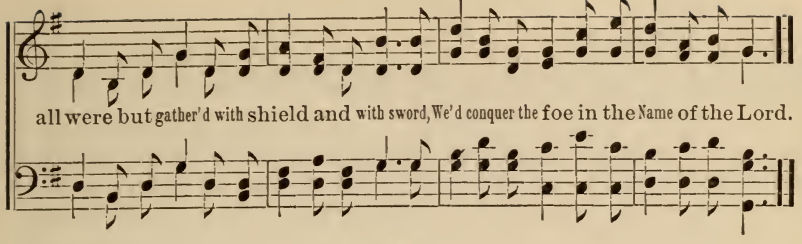
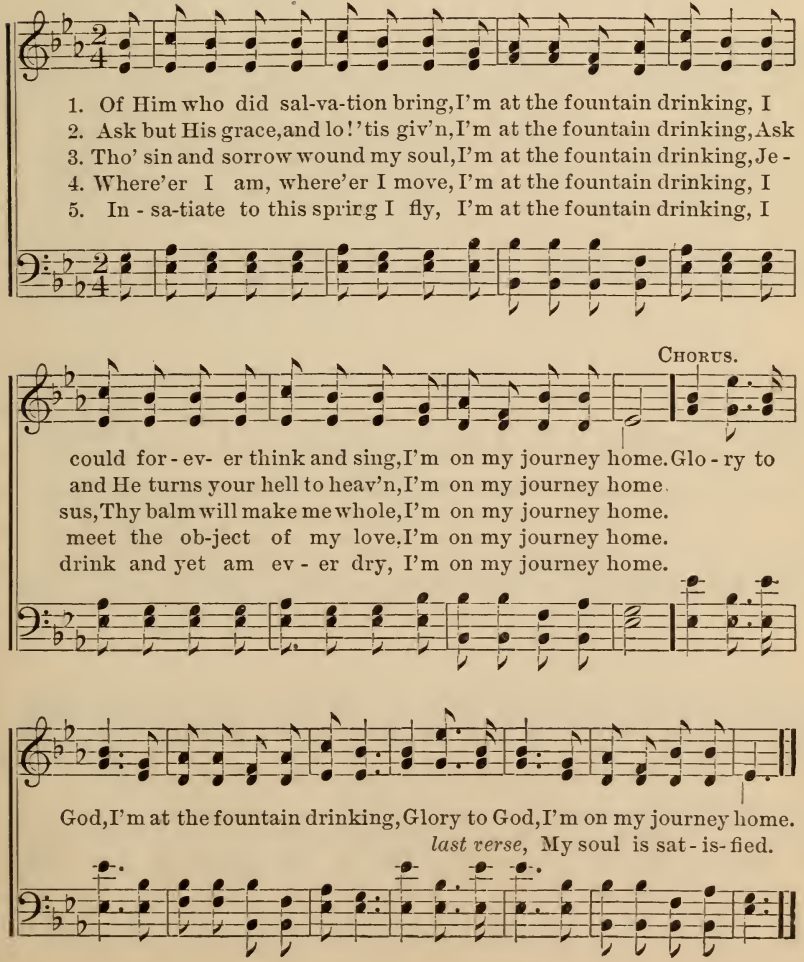


No. 35. At the Fountain.

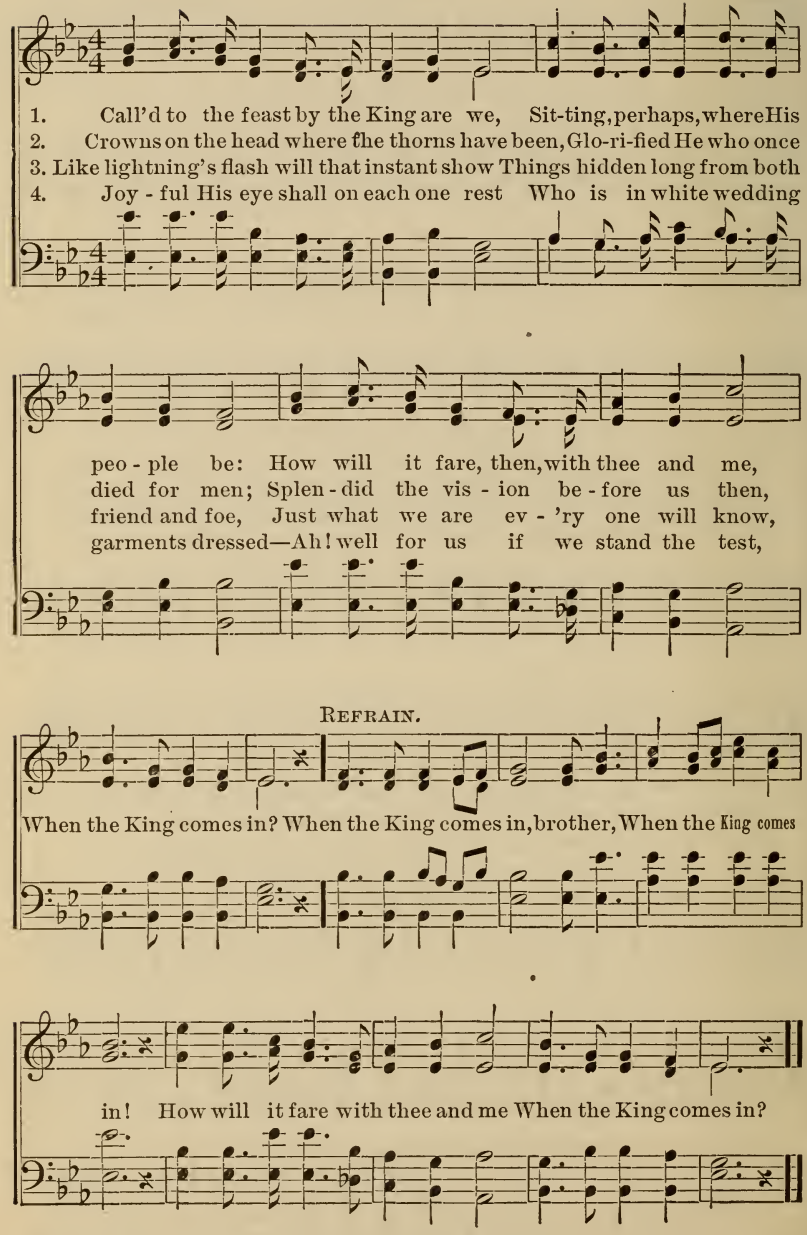
OLD MELODY.



No. 36. When the King comes in.

Matt. 22: 11.

J. E. Landor. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

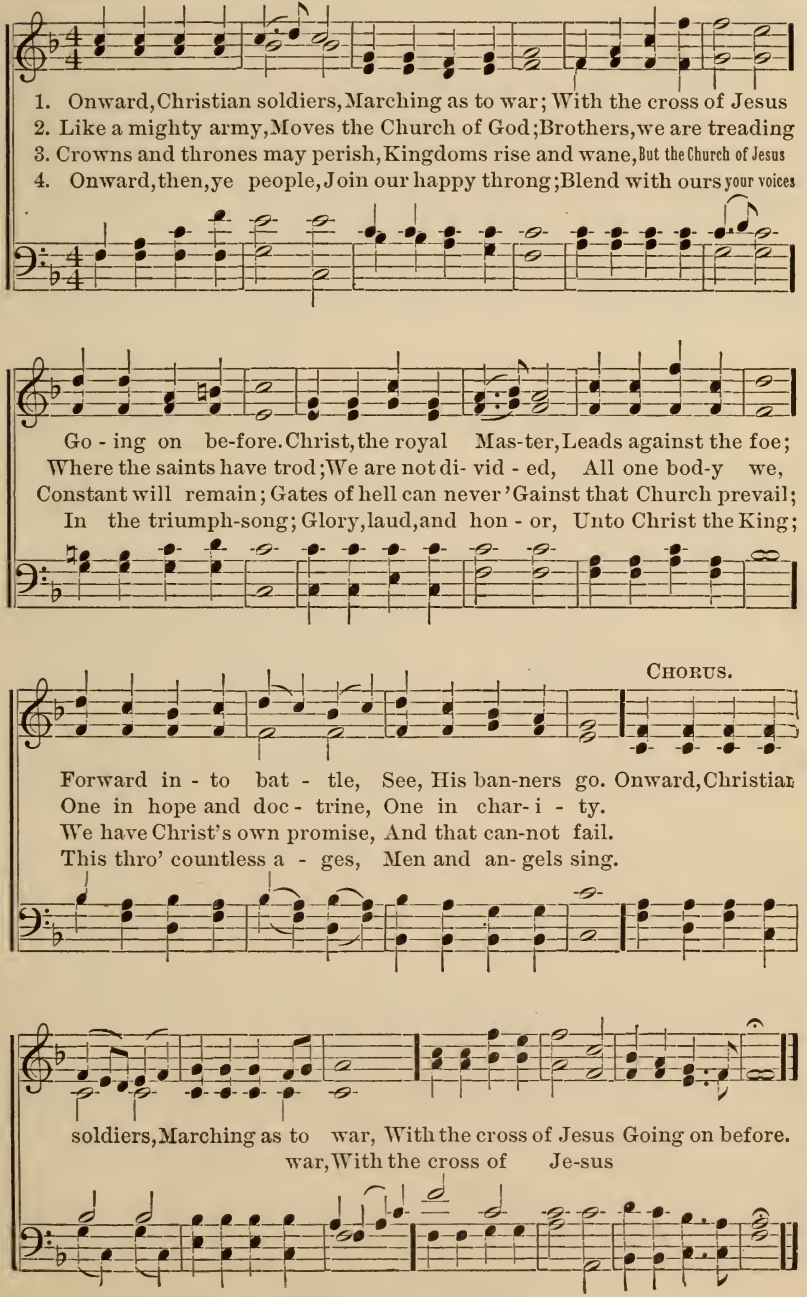


From "Songs of Refreshing." By per.

No. 37. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

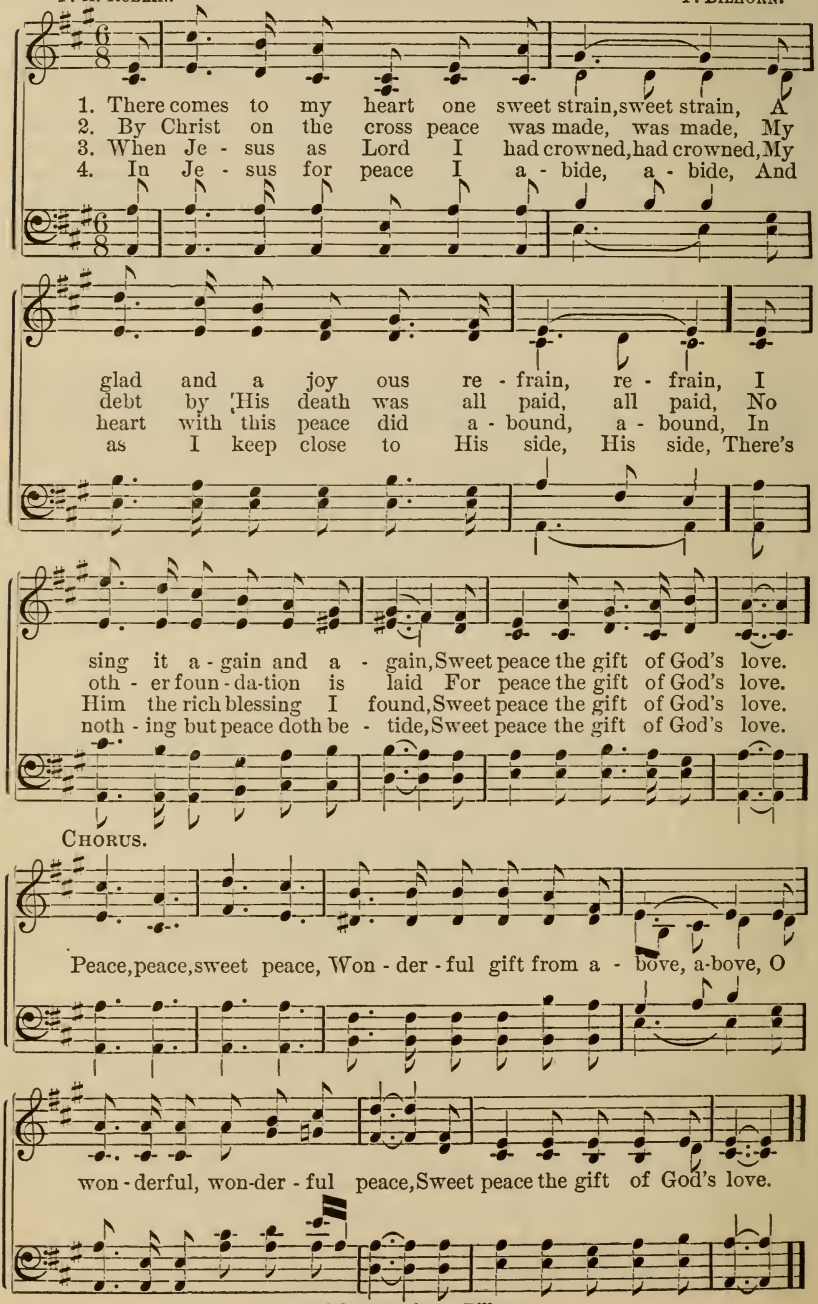
Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim 6: 12.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.



No. 38. Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.



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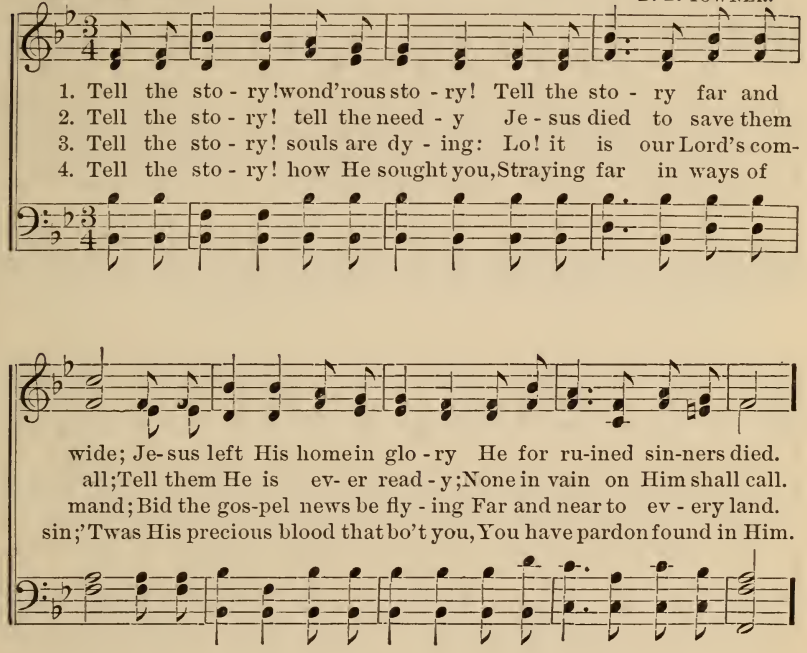
No. 39. Tell the Story.

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5: 8.

REV. R. M. OFFORD. D. B. TOWNER.



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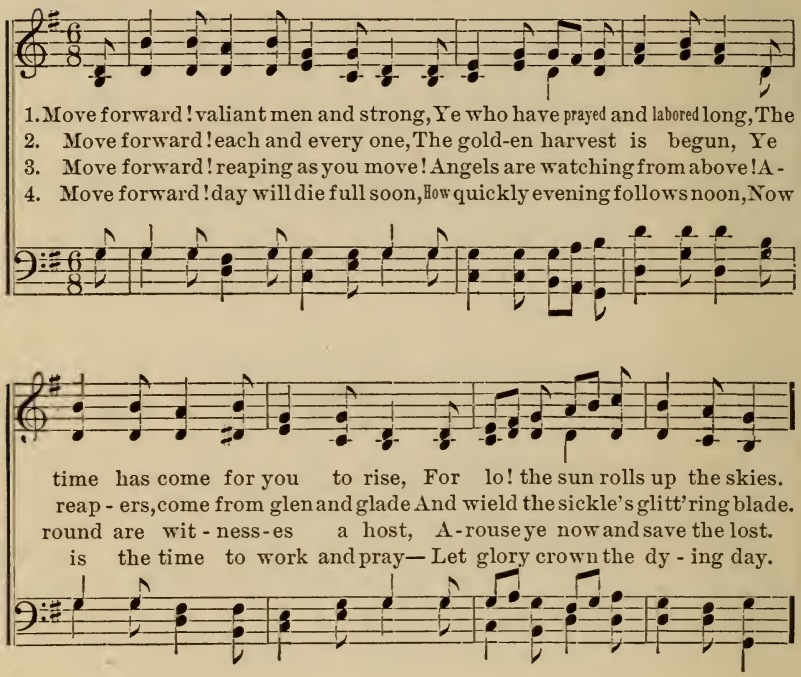
No. 40. Move Forward!

G. W. CROFTS. *The Lord is my light and my salvation.*—Ps. 27: 1. D. B. TOWNER.

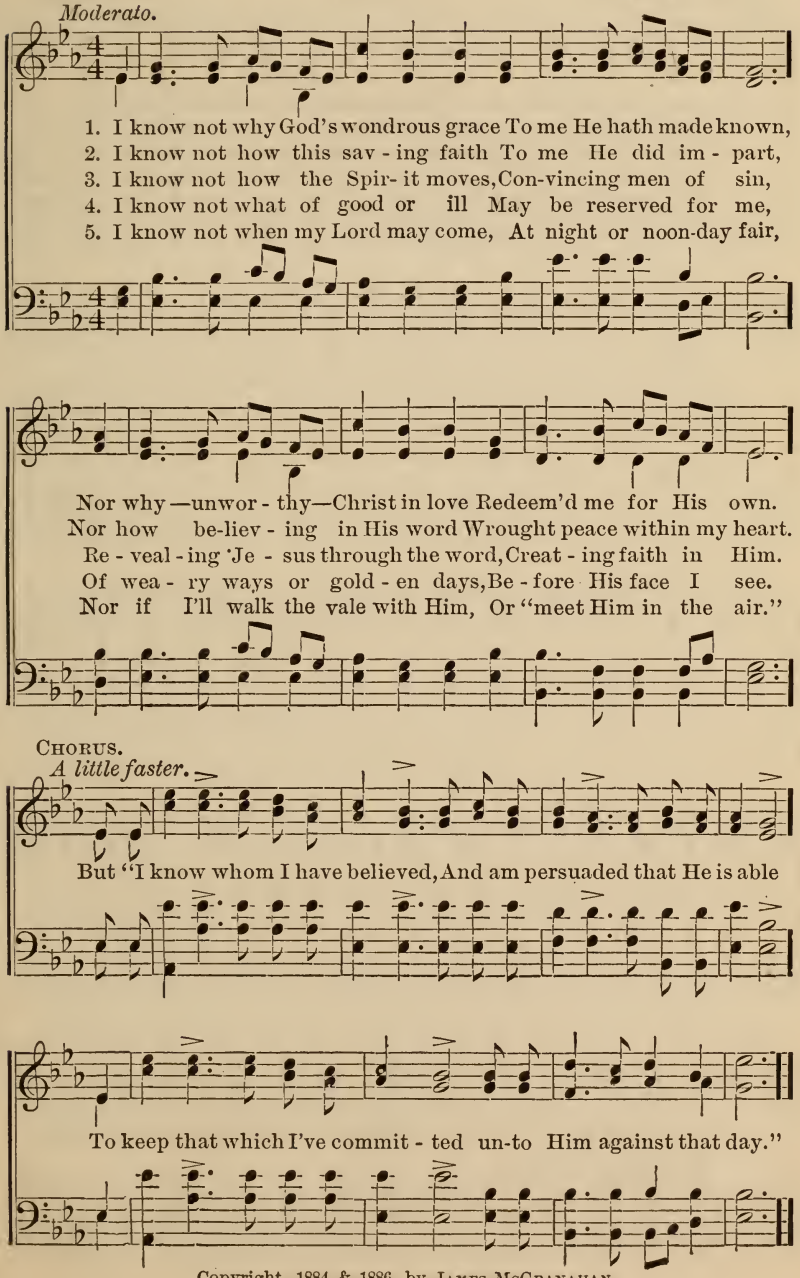


Copyright, 1885, by D. B. Towner.

No. 41. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL. NATHAN. 2 Tim. 1: 12. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

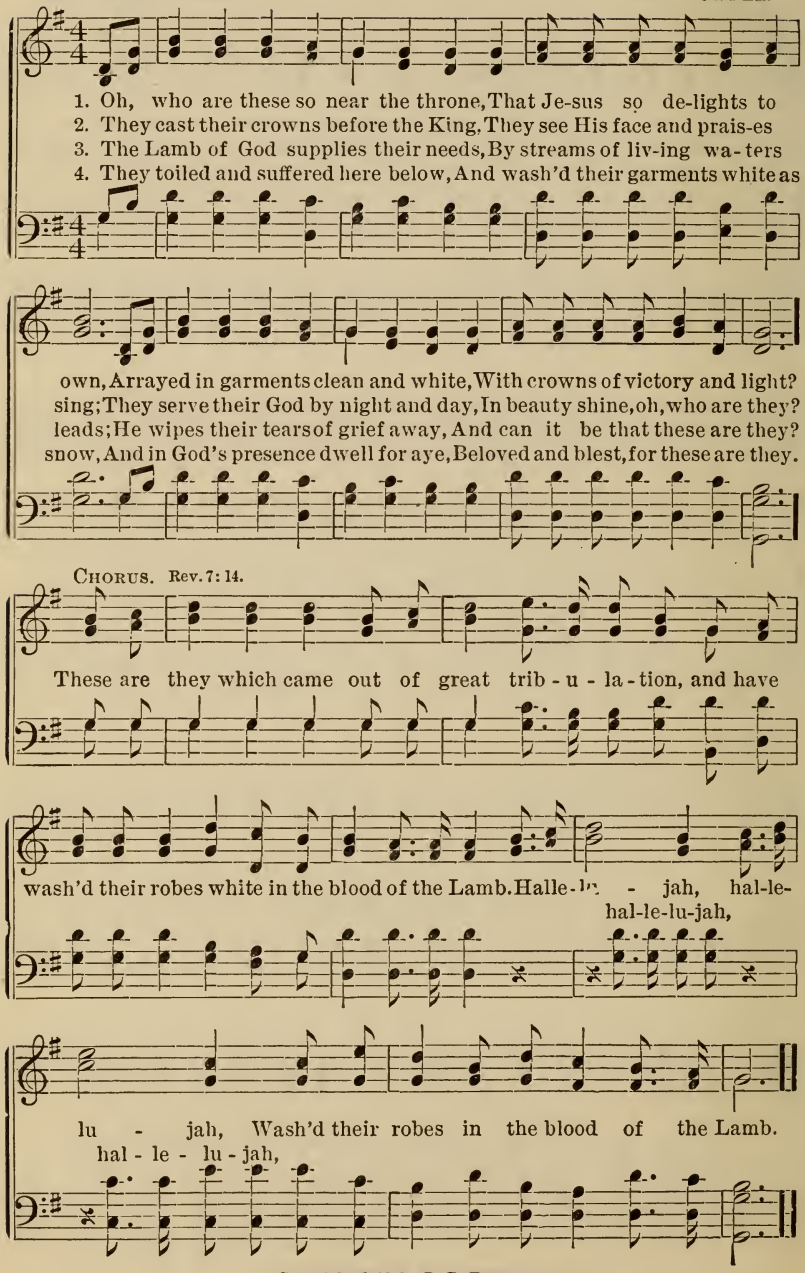
Moderato.



Copyright, 1884 & 1886, by JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

No. 42. These are They.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

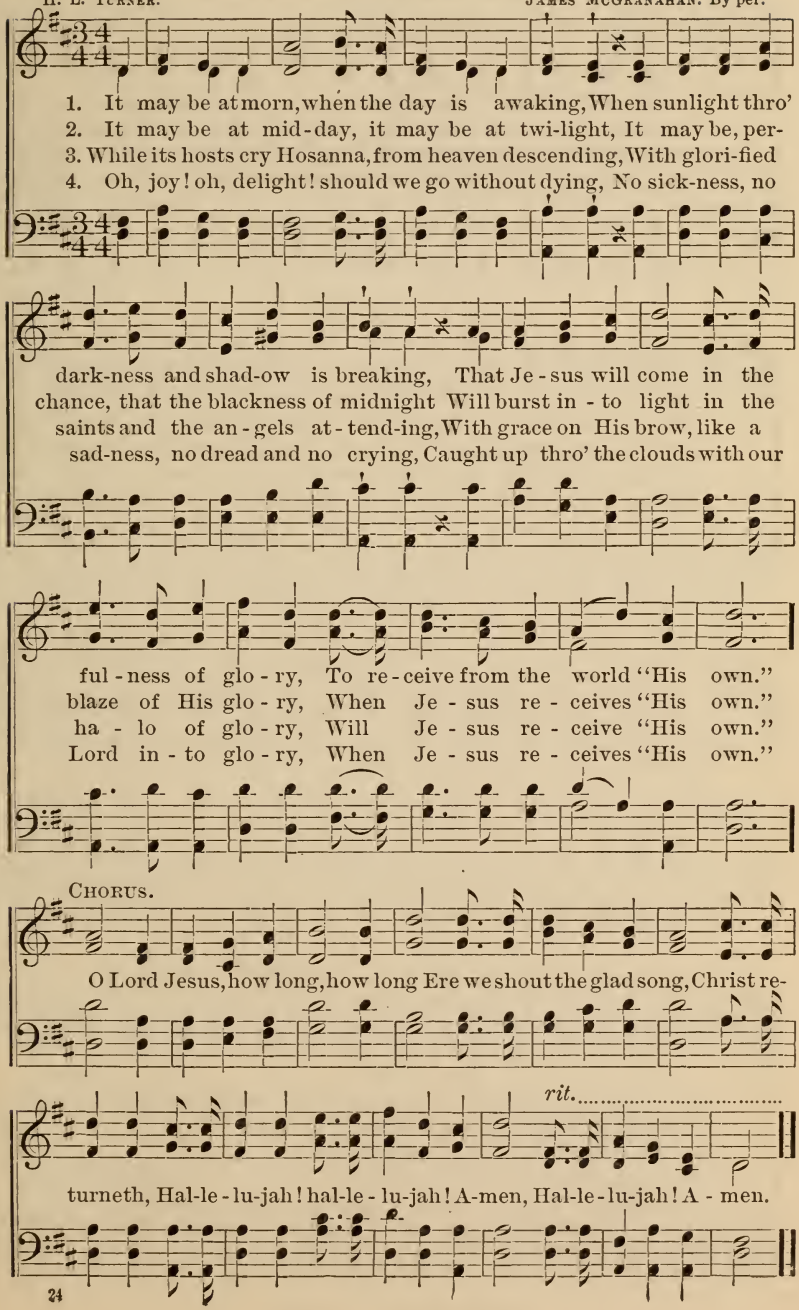


Copyright, 1887, by D. B. TOWNER.

No. 43. Christ Returneth.

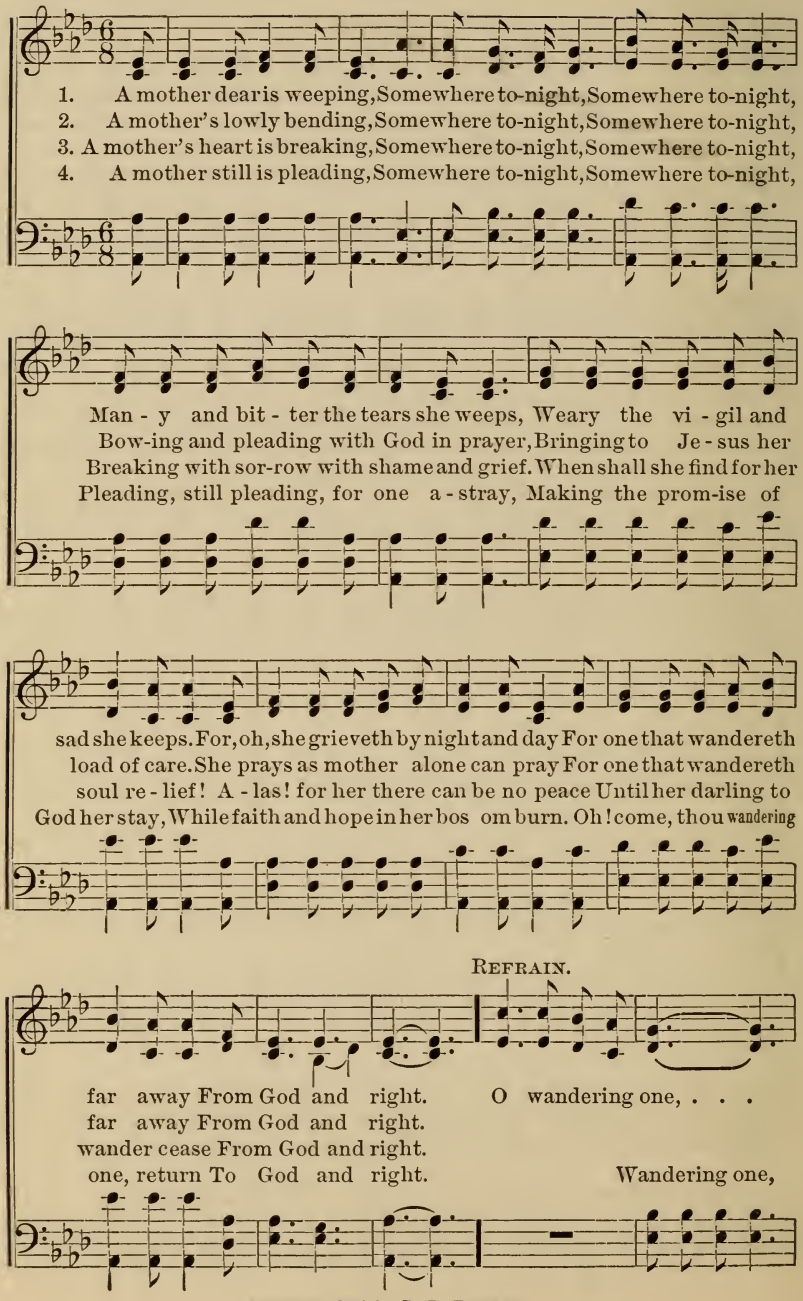
"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. Turner. James McGranahan. By per.



No. 44. Somewhere To-night.

REV. R. M. OFFORD. Prov. 23: 22. D. B. TOWNER.



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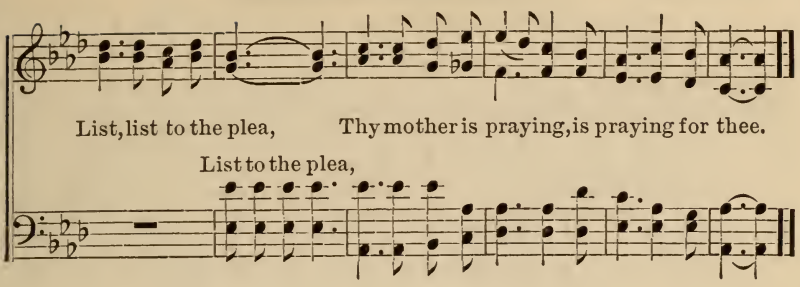
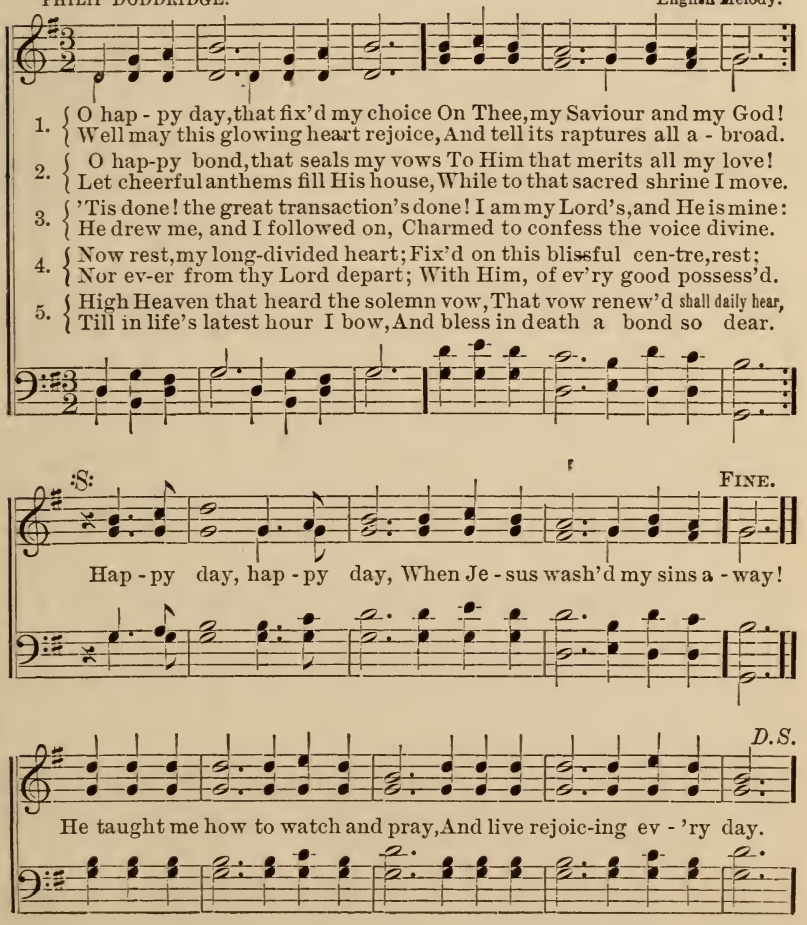
Somewhere To-night.



No. 45. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.

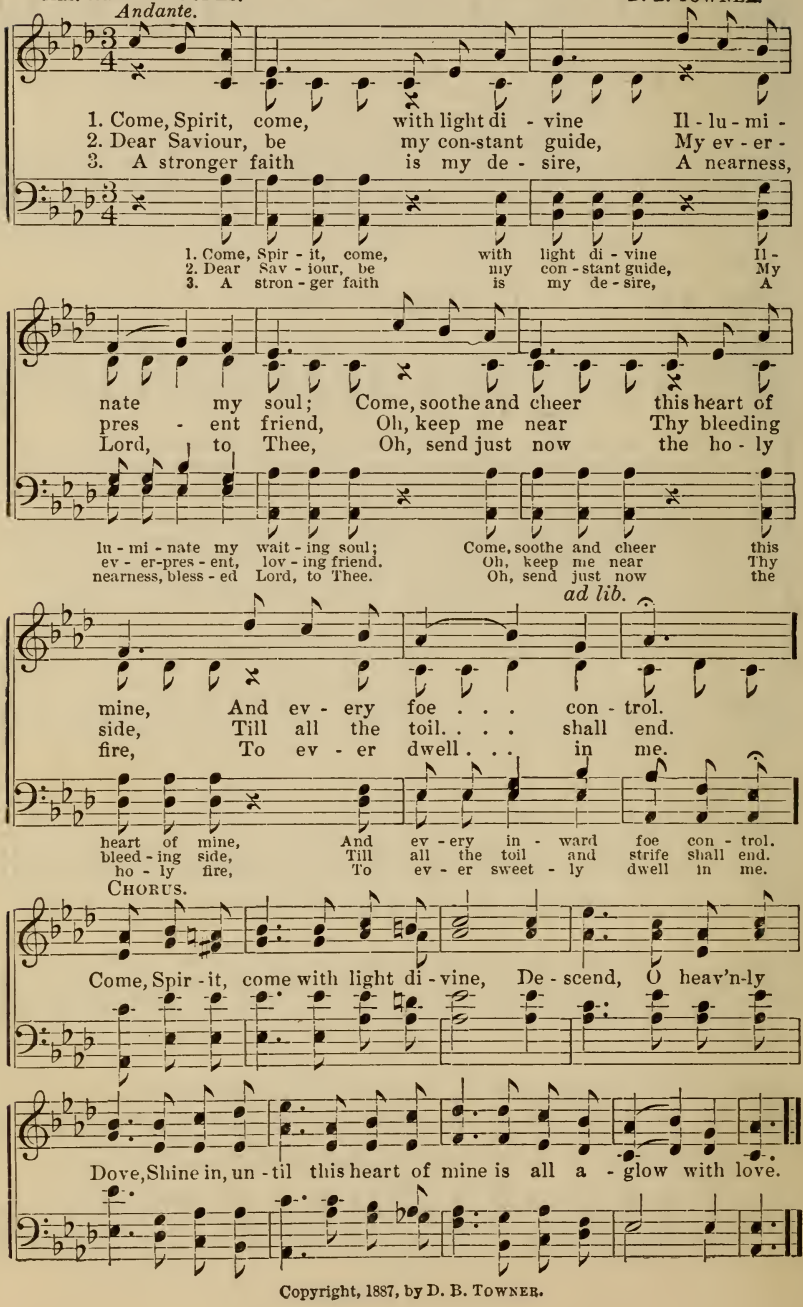


No. 46. Come Spirit, Come.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord, He is our help and our shield."—Ps. 33: 20.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.



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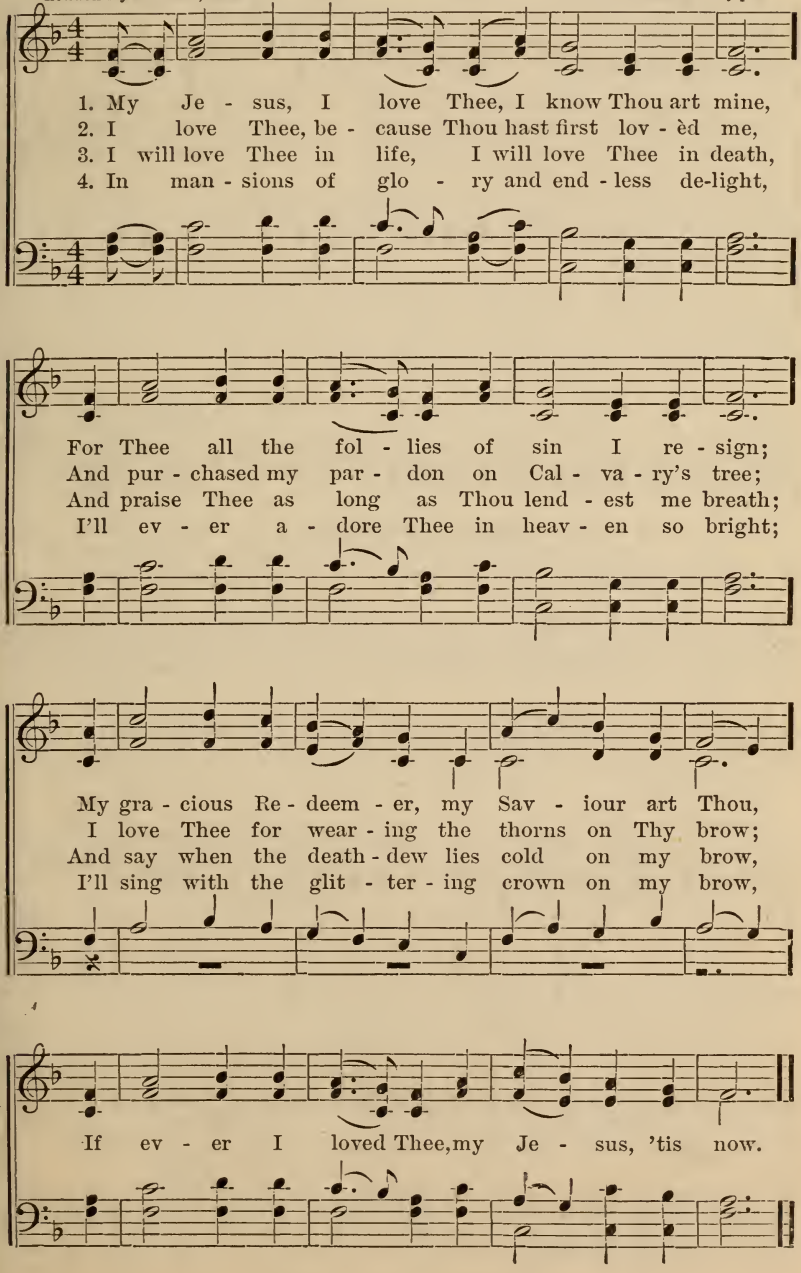
No. 47. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

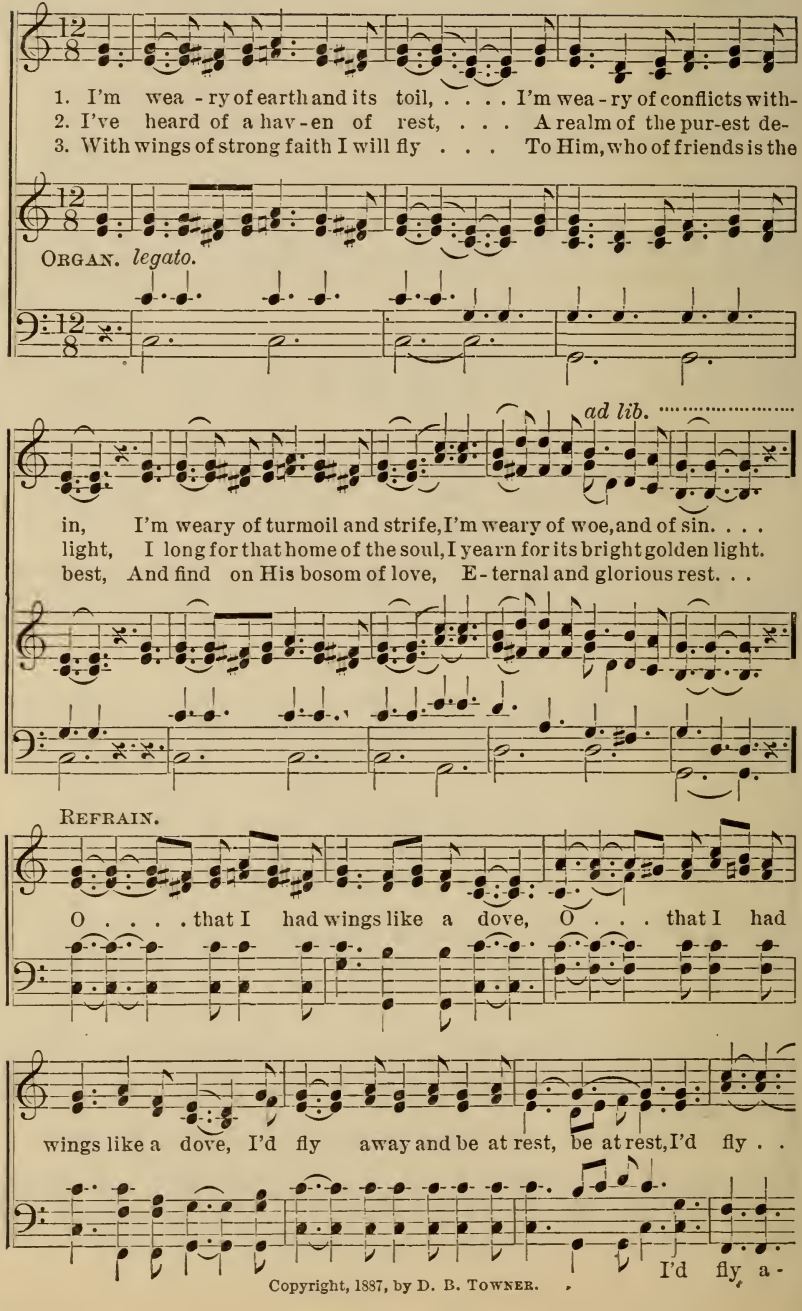
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON. By per.



No. 48. Longing for Rest.

ELIZA H. MORTON. Psalm 55: 6. D. B. TOWNER.



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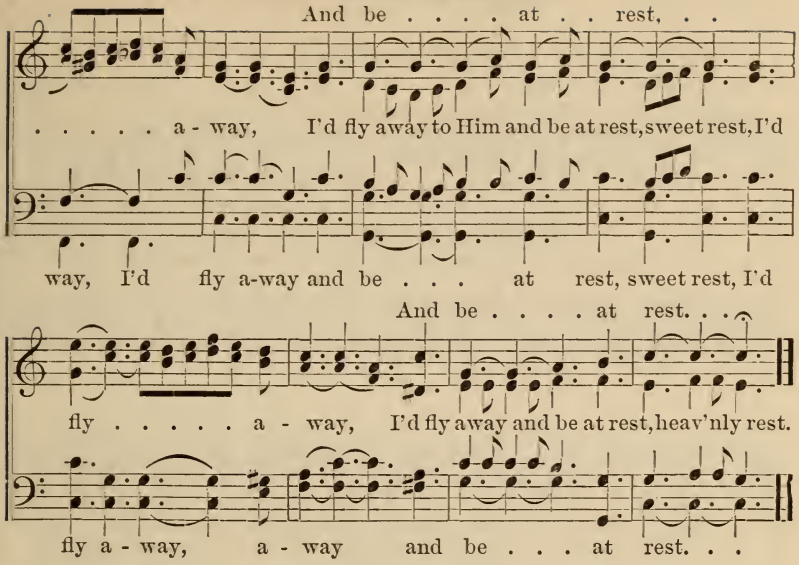
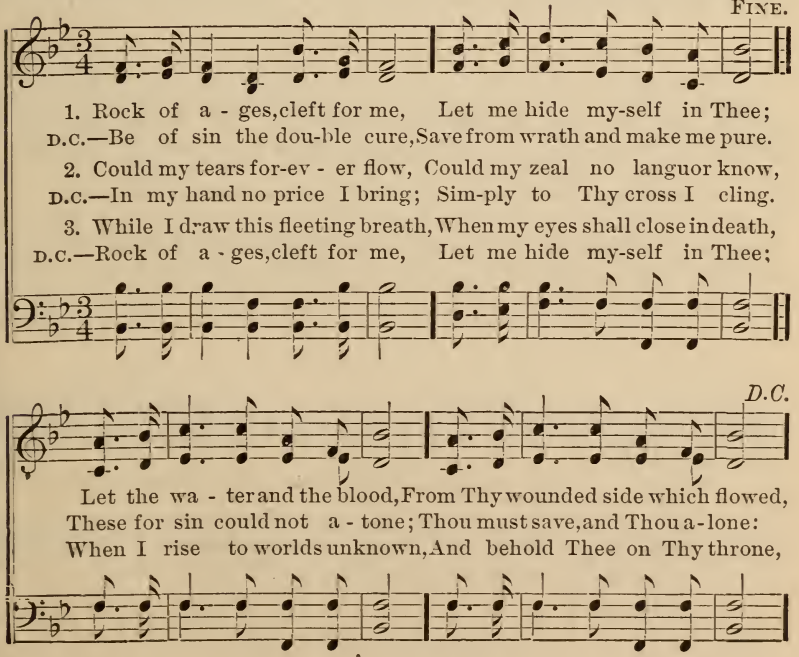
Longing for Rest.



No. 49. Rock of Ages.

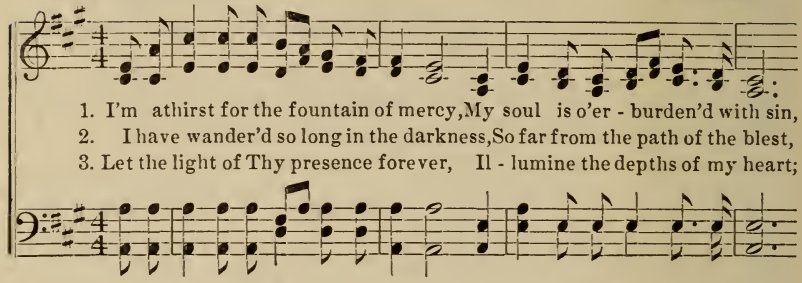
A. TOPLADY. Tune, TOPLADY. 6 lines, 7s.

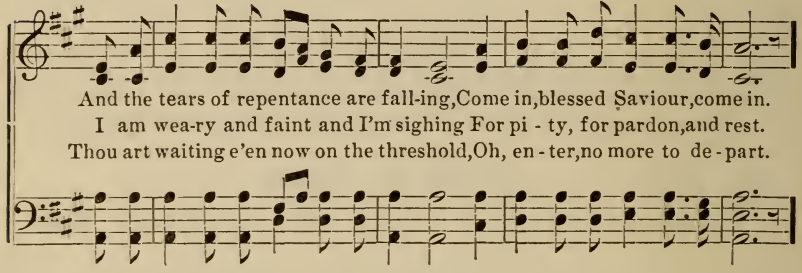


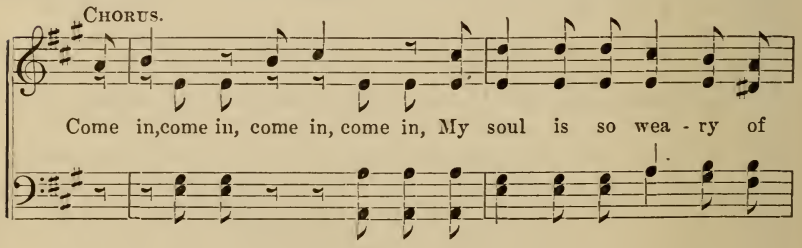
No. 50. Dear Saviour, Come in!

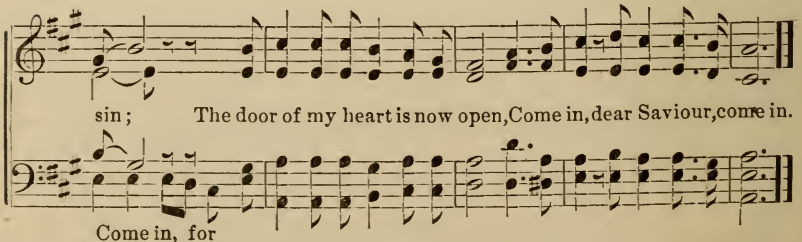
"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." —1 John 1: 9.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.









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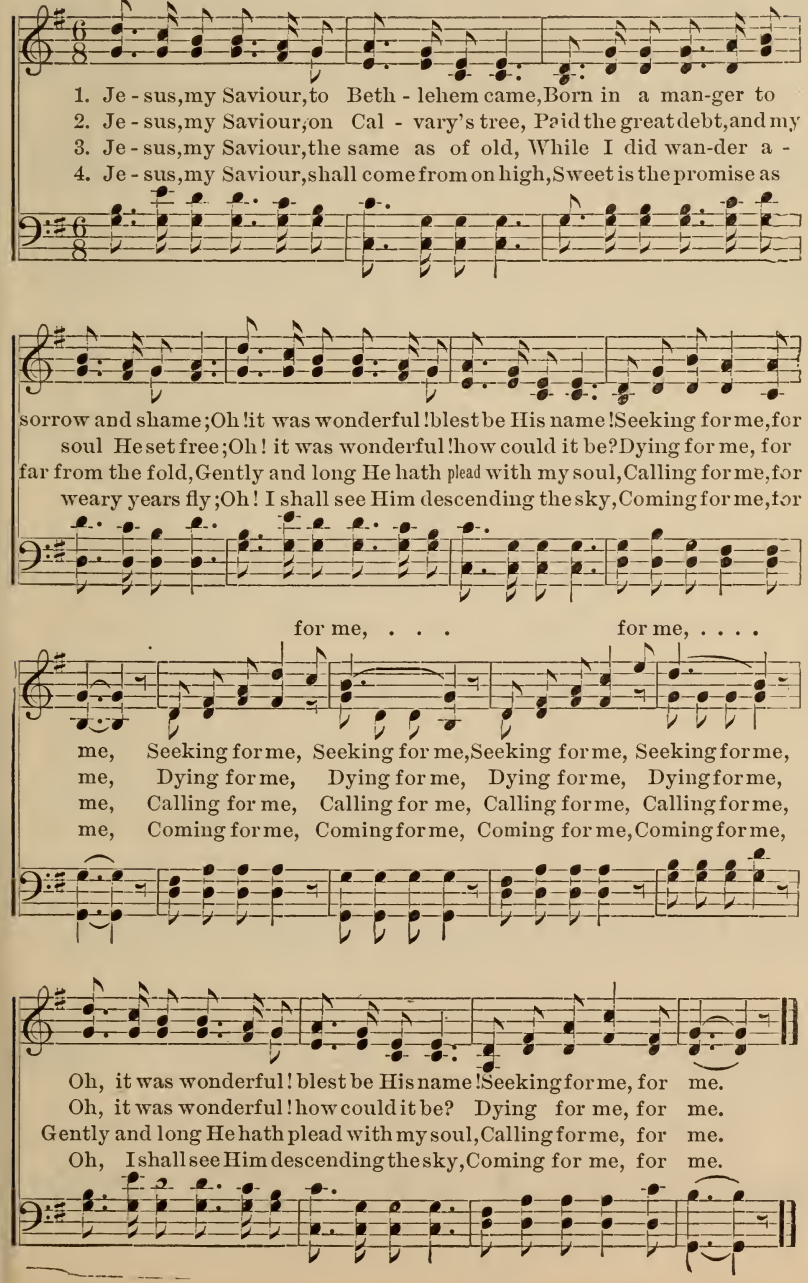
No. 51. Seeking for Me.

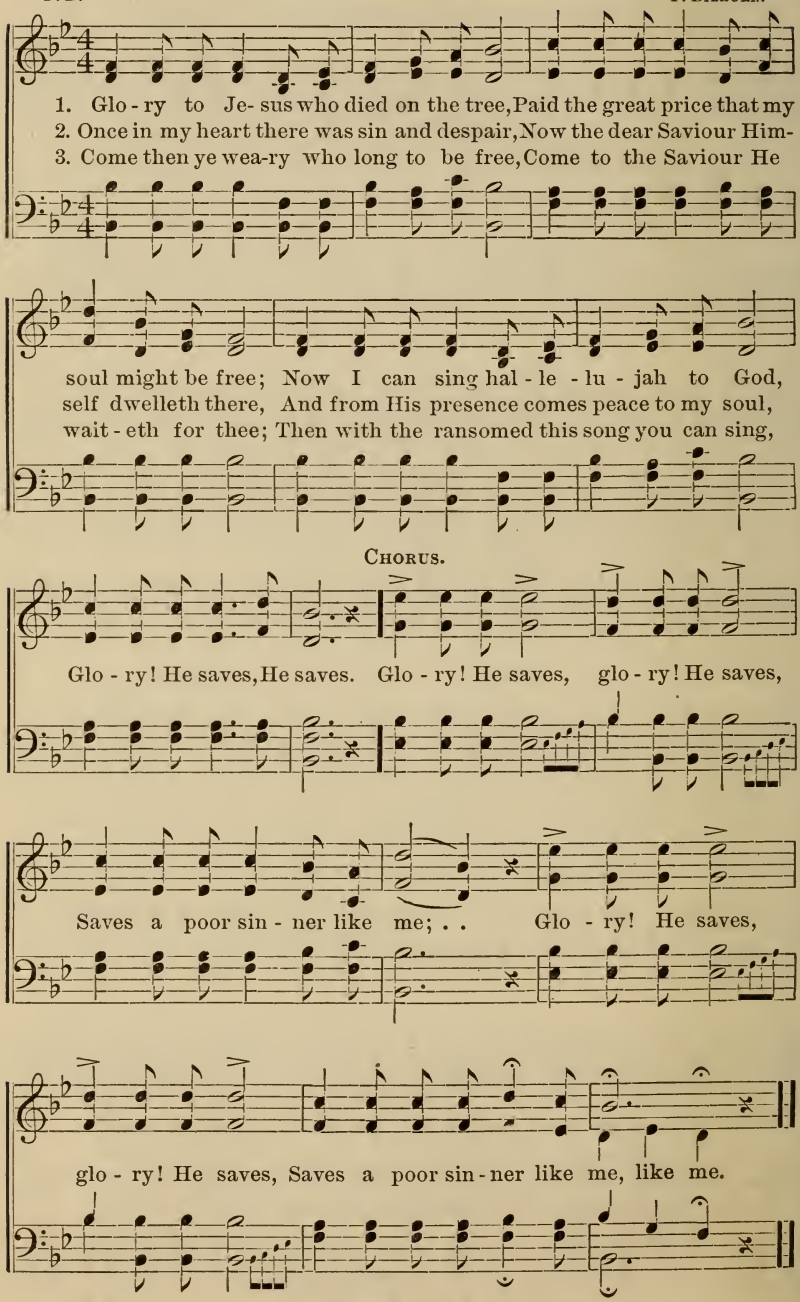
"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

E. E. Hasty. By per.



No. 52. Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B. P. BILHORN.



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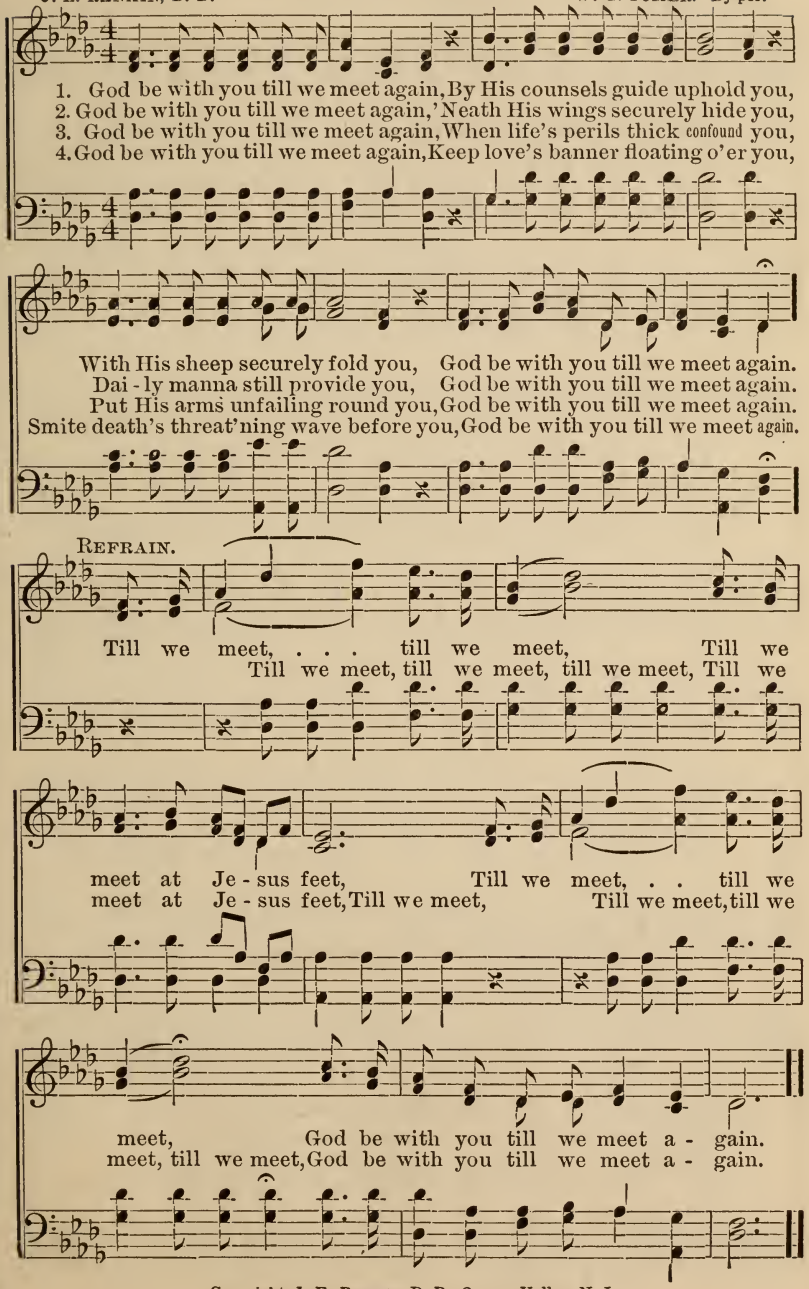
No. 53. God be with You.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER. By per.

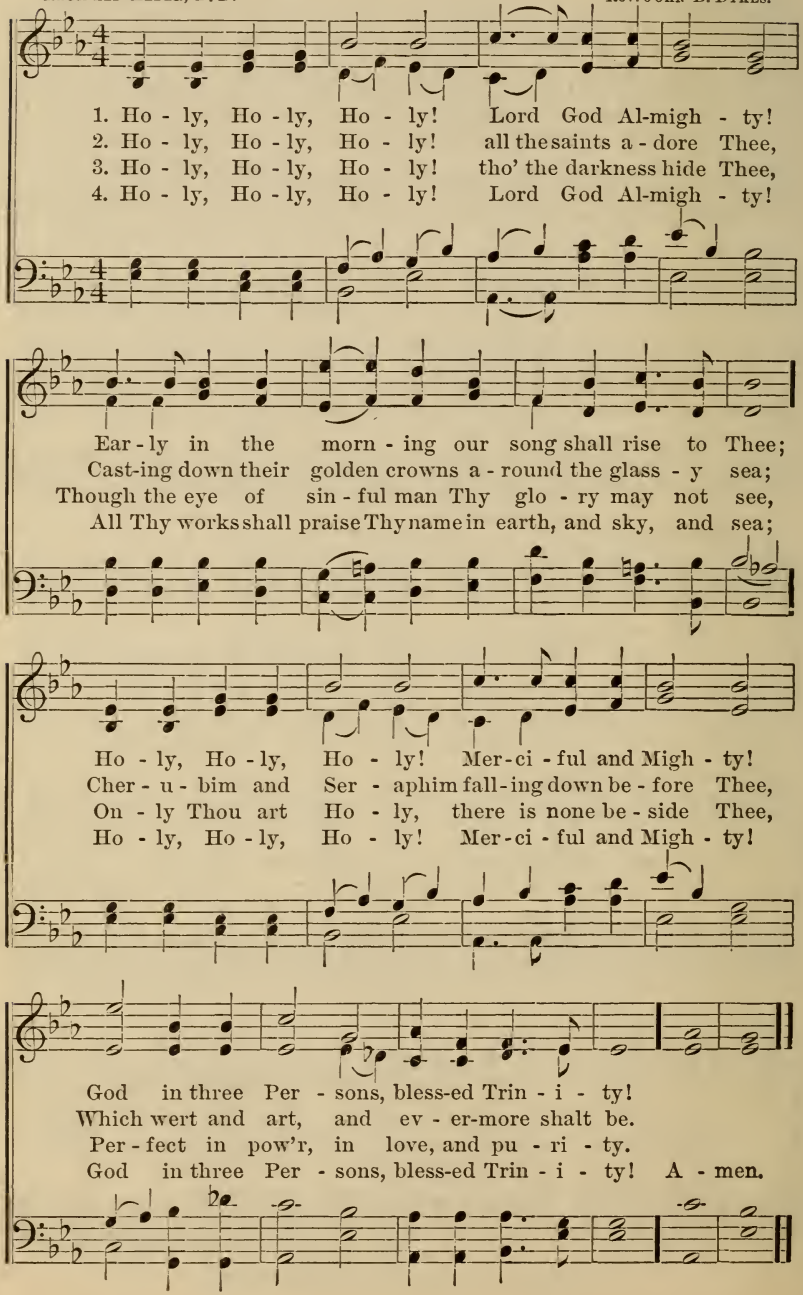


Copyright, J. E. RANKIN, D. D., Orange Valley, N. J.

No. 54. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

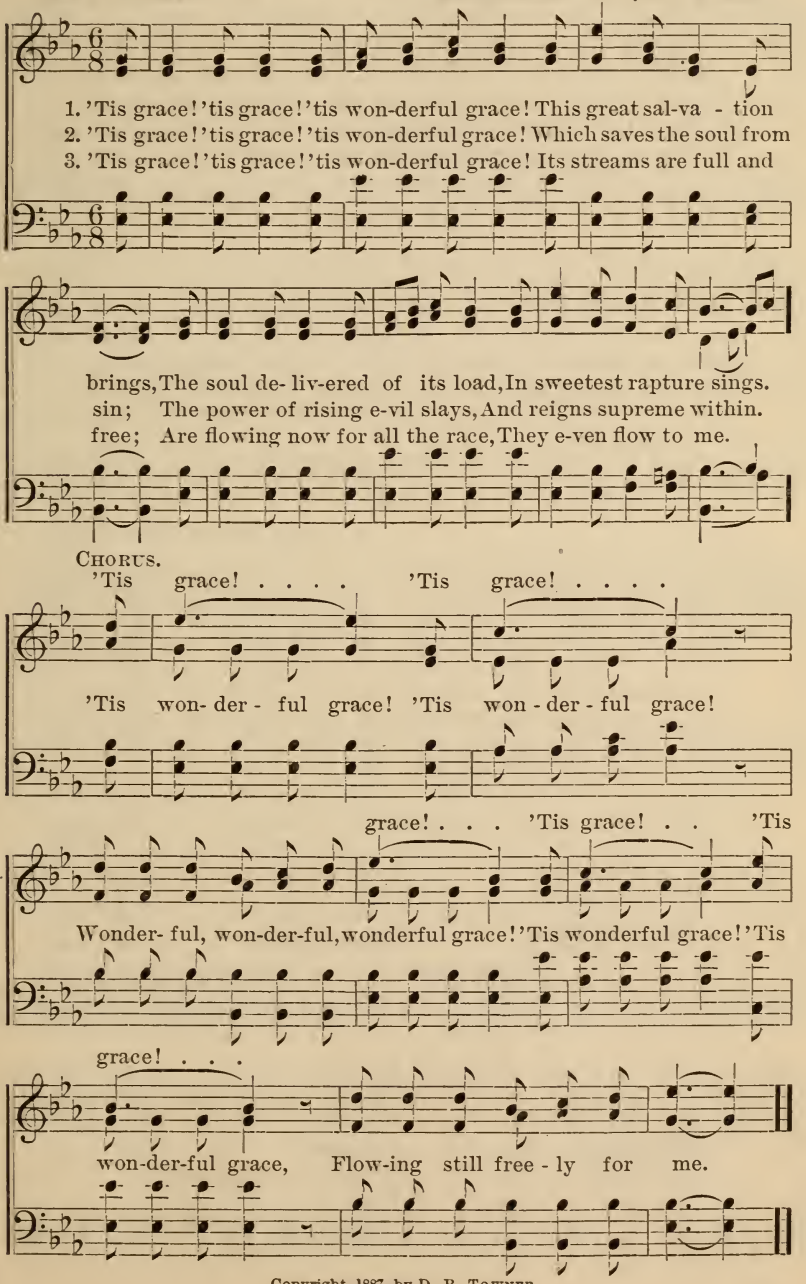
REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 55. Wonderful Grace.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith." Eph. 2: 8.

Rev. W. H. Burrell. Rev. I. Baltzell. Arr. by D. B. Towner.



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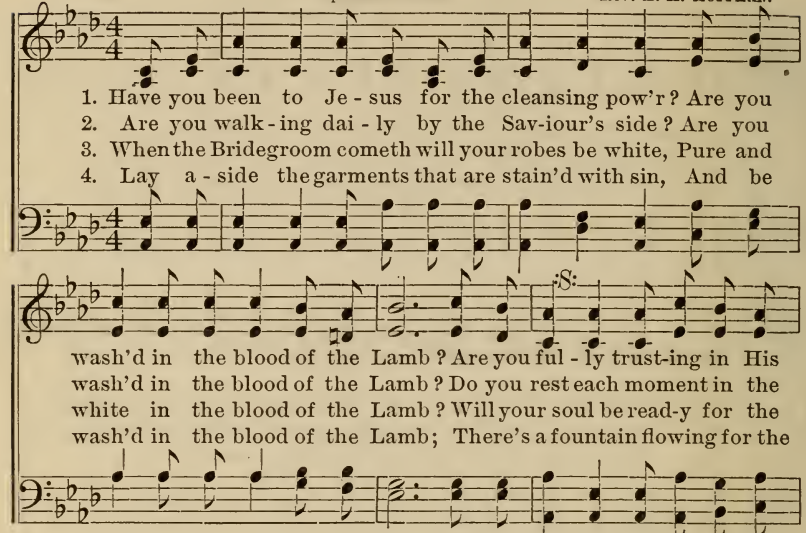
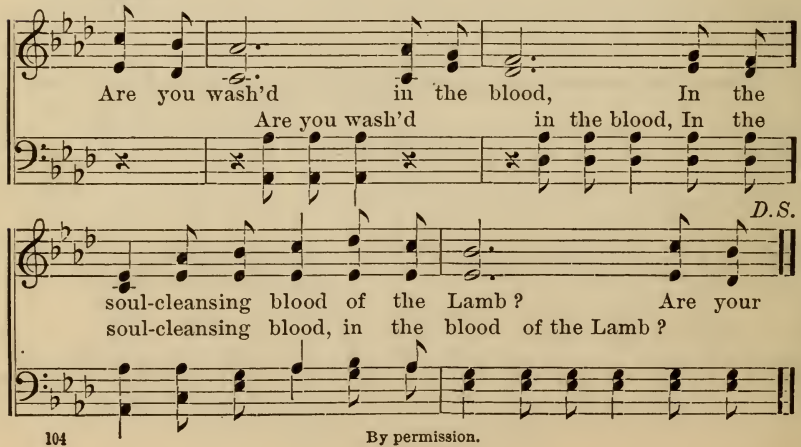
No. 56. Are You Washed in the Blood?

"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

E. A. H. Ephesians 2: 13. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



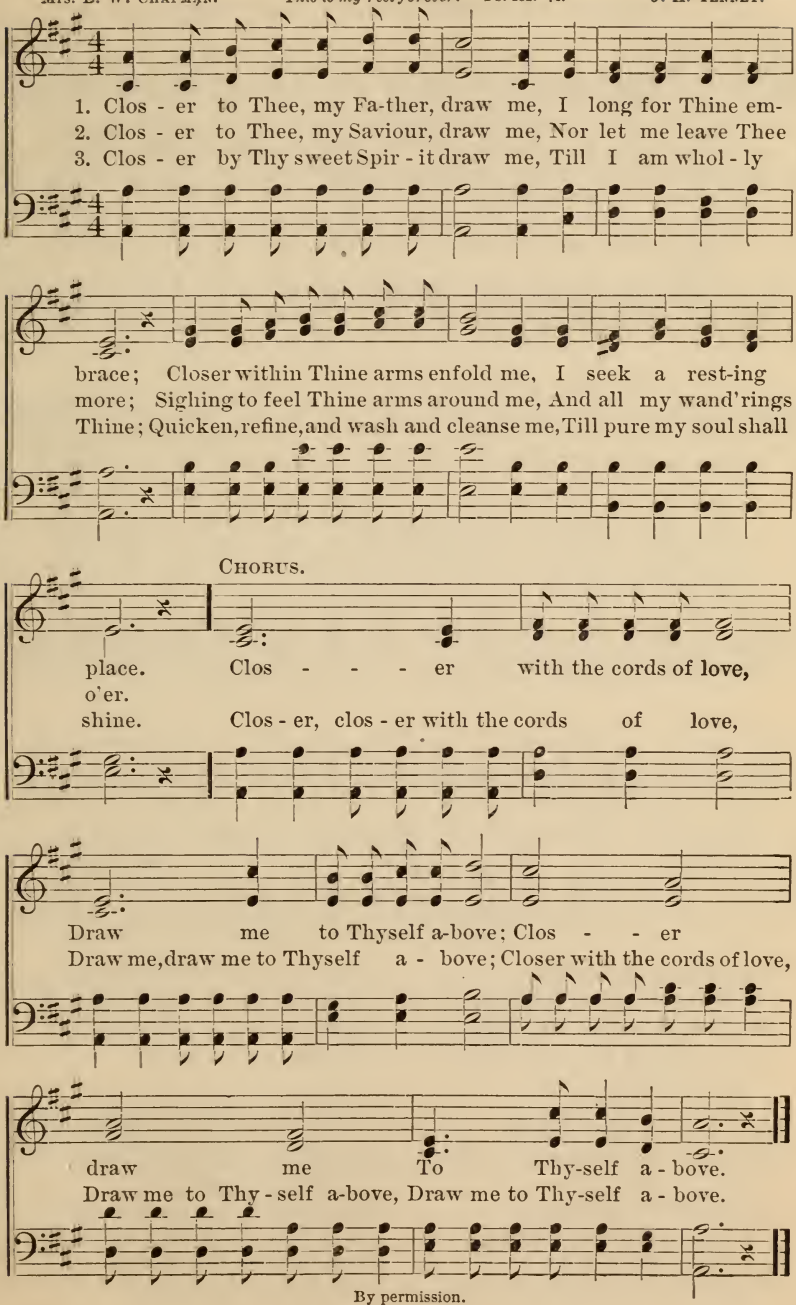
CHORUS.



By permission.

No. 57. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *"This is my rest forever."*—Ps. 132: 14. J. H. Tenney.

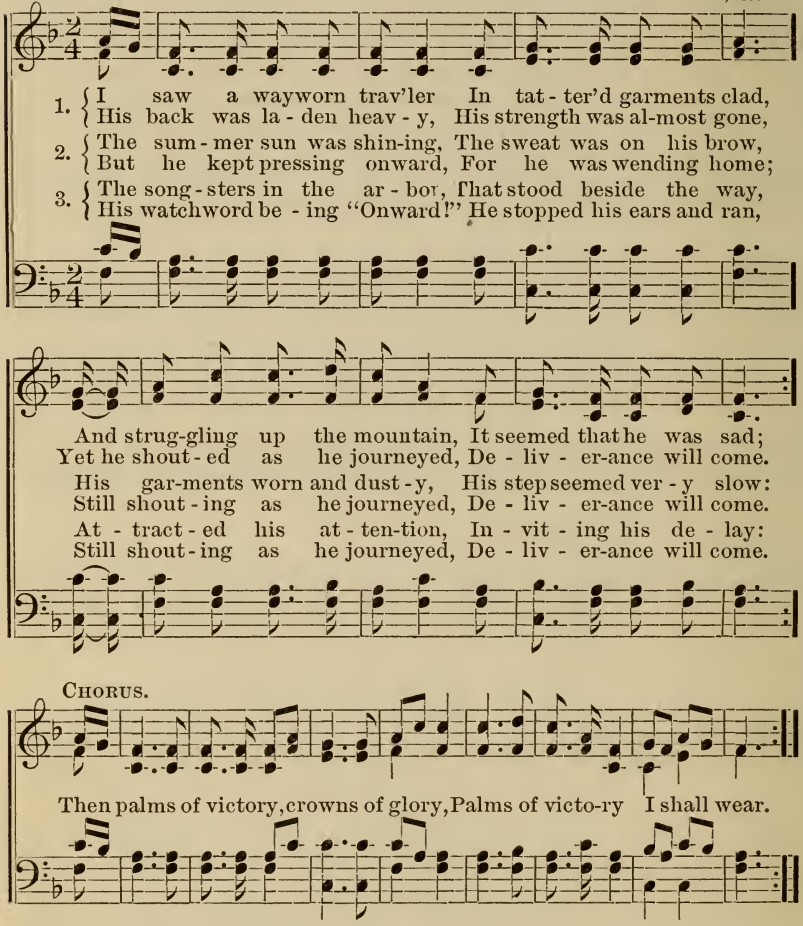


By permission.

No. 58. Deliverance will Come.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.—Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M. REV. J. B. MATTHIAS, 1836.



4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

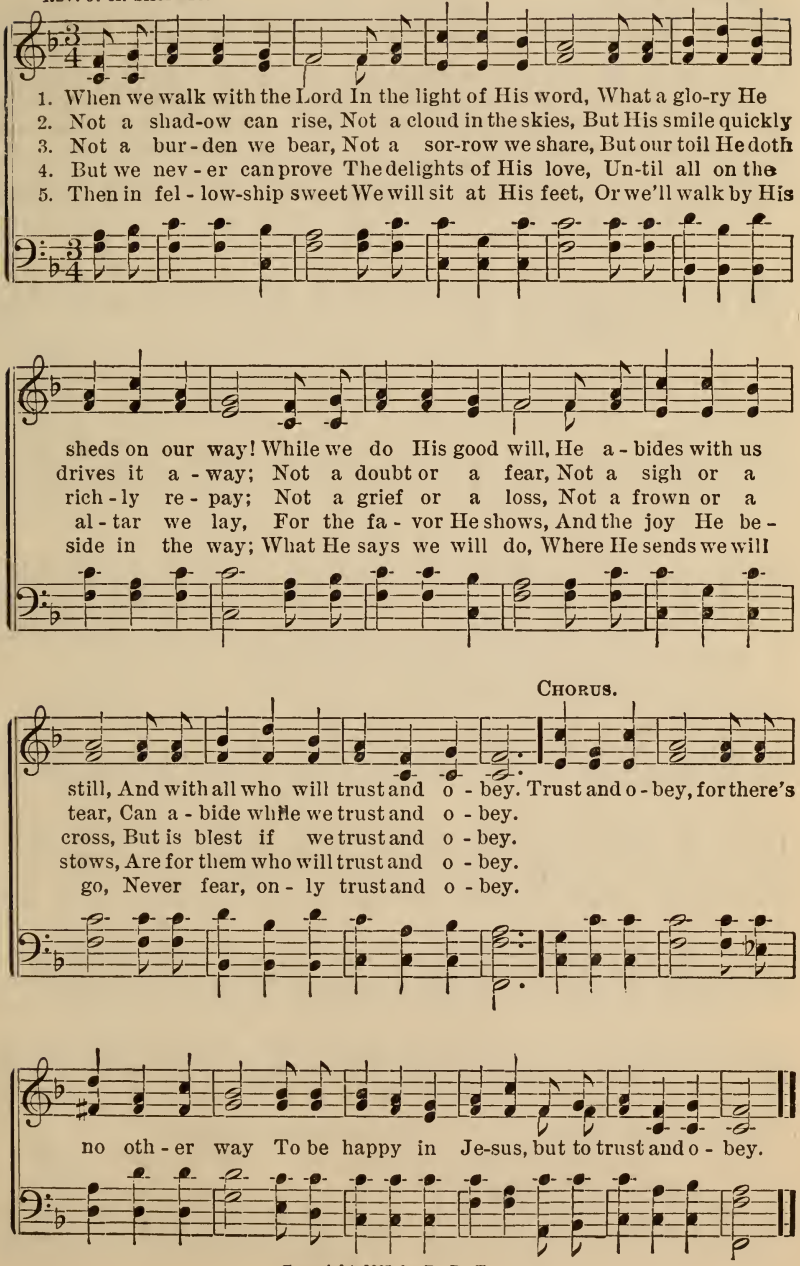
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 59. Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. 25: 14.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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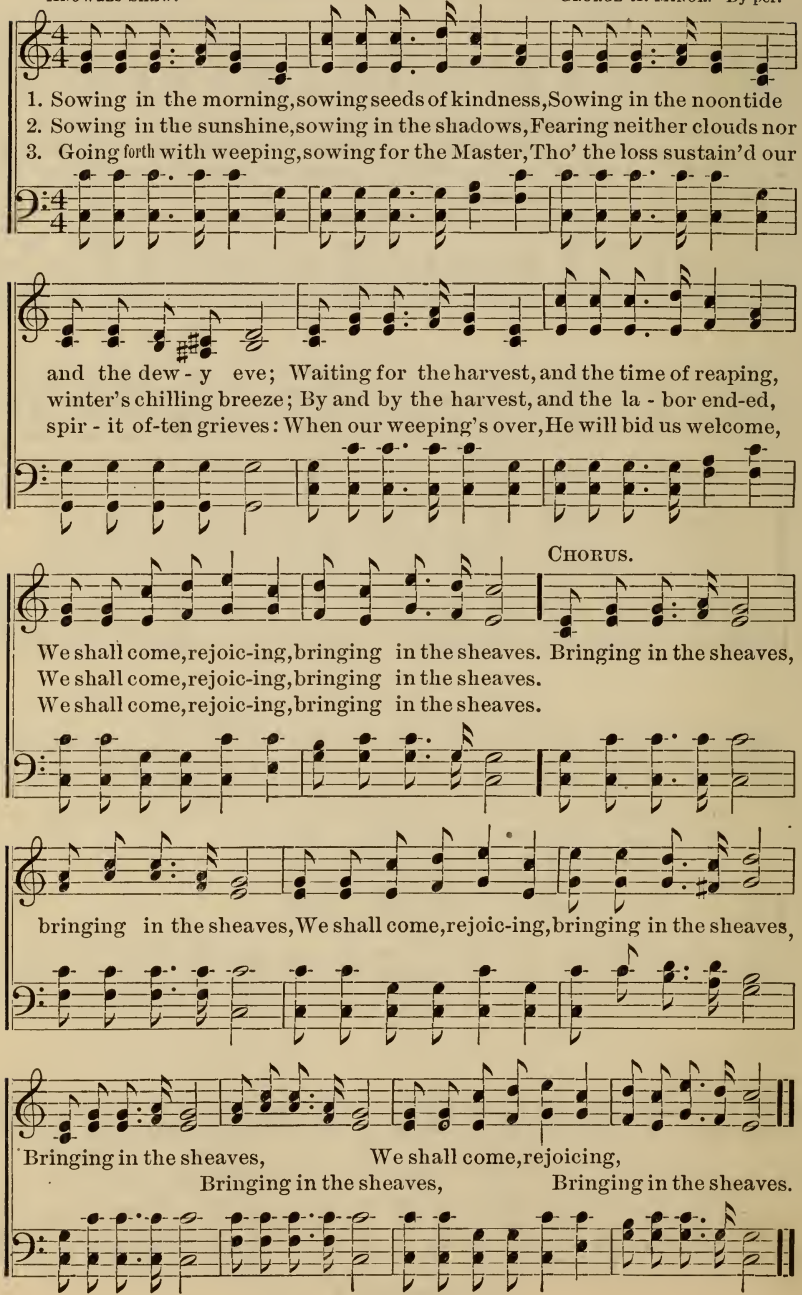
No. 60. Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

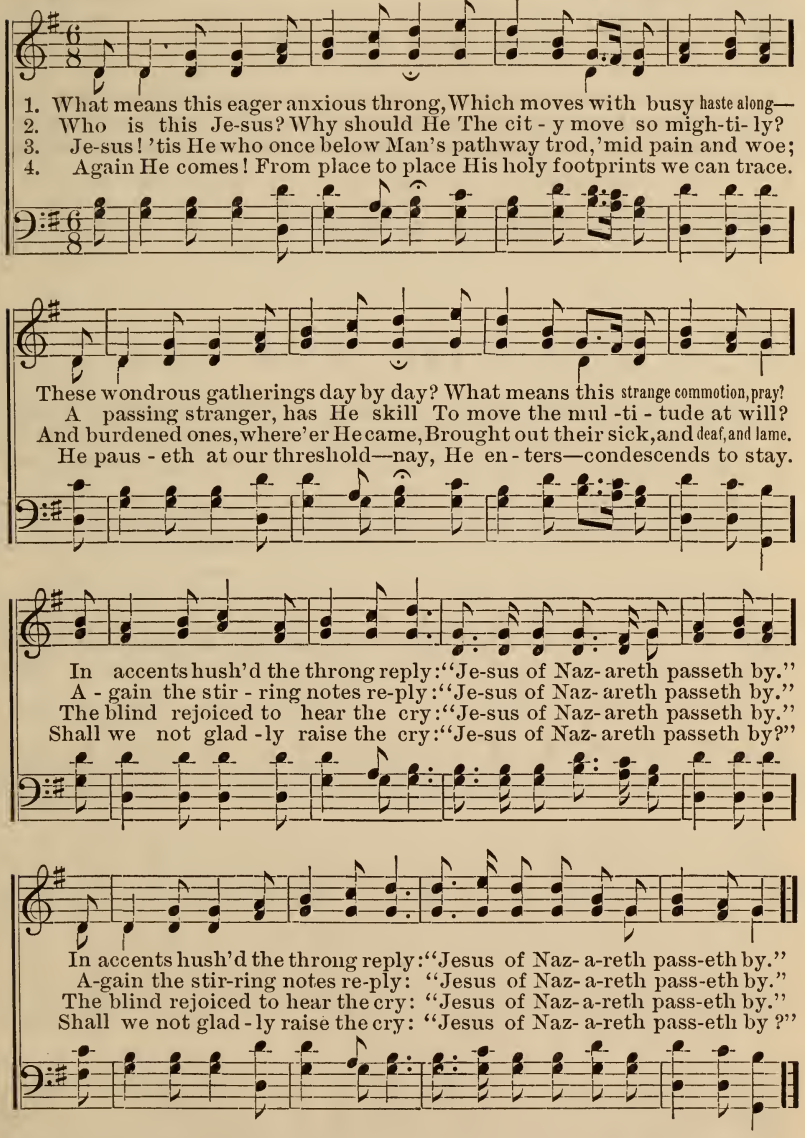
KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR. By per.



No. 61. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS. By per.

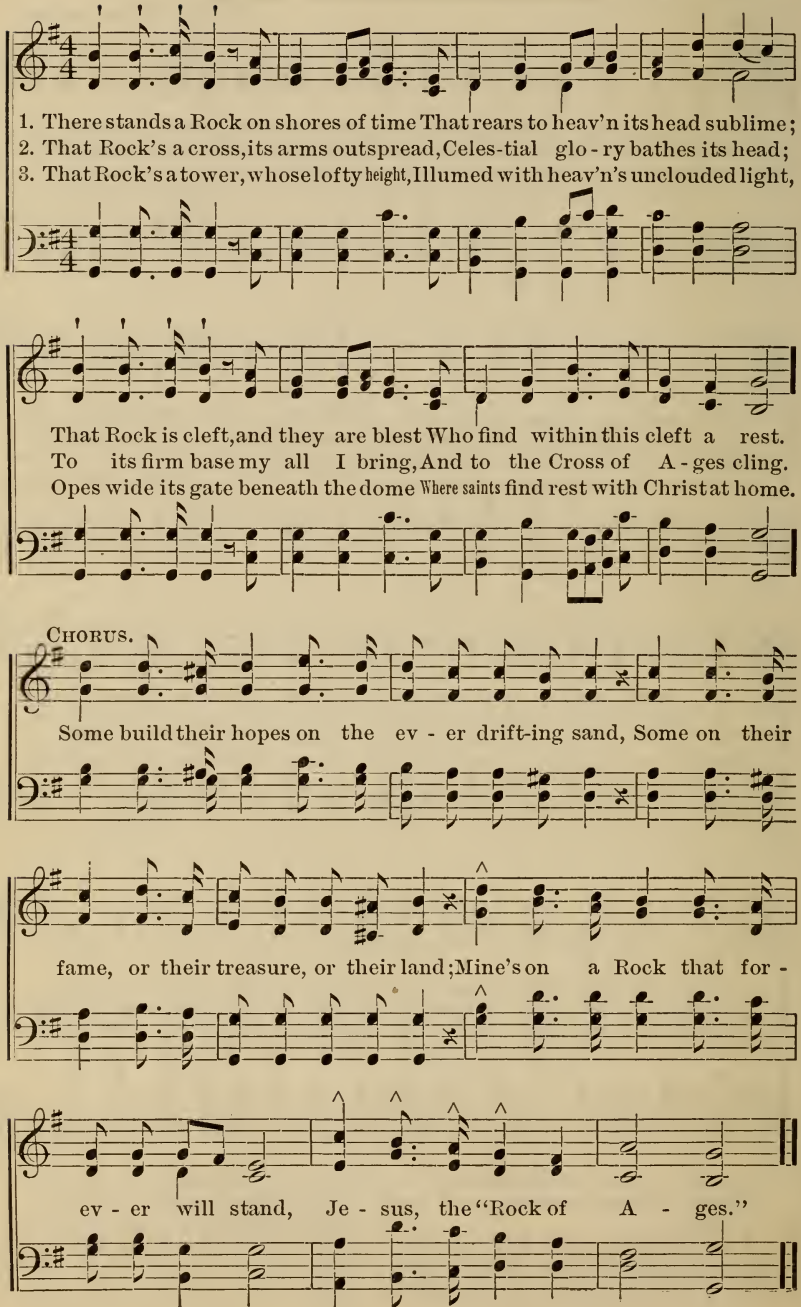


5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come?
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 62. The Sure Foundation.

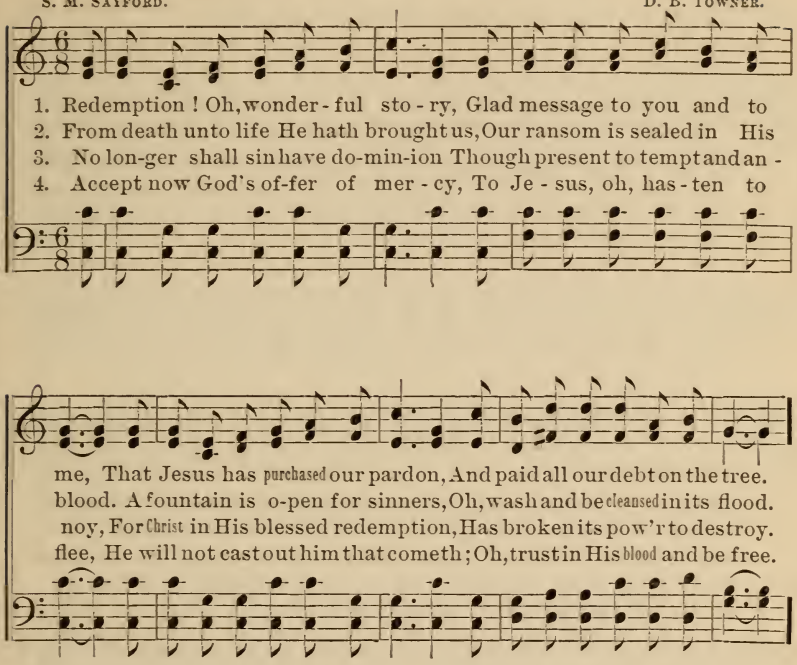
T. C. O'Kane. By per.



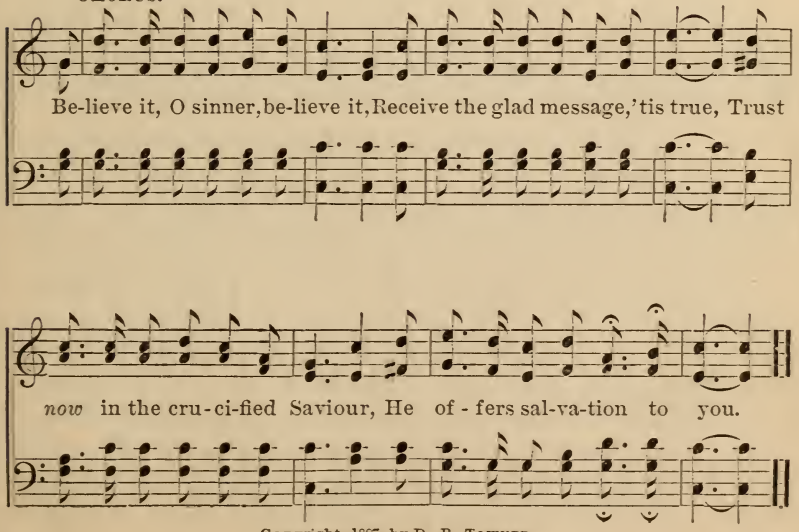
No. 63. The Glad Message.

"This is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you." 1 John 1: 5.

S. M. Sayford. D. B. Towner.



Chorus.



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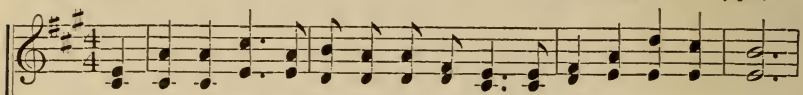
No. 64. "I Will!"

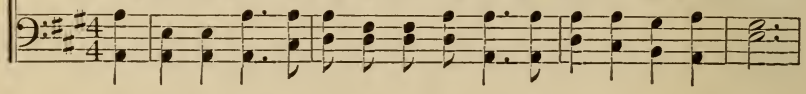
"I will trust, and not be afraid."—Isaiah 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the meetings in that city, October, 1883.)

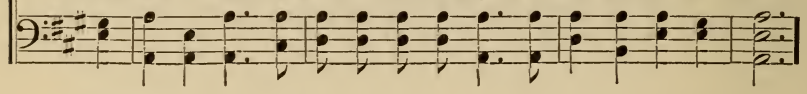
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN. By per.



1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mercy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won:
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am, And how I fear to stray:
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"

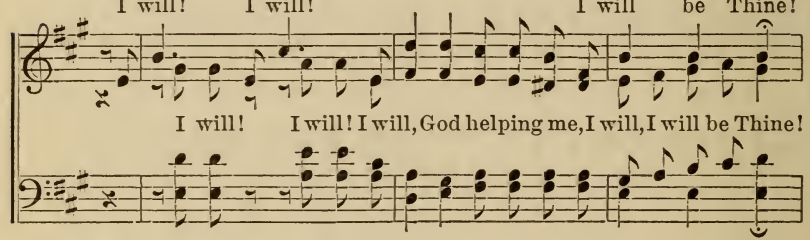


And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide: Shall I ac-cept of Thee?
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will be-lieve, And trust in Thee a-lone!
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—The strength Thou must supply!
And from the heart to gladly with us say: "I WILL to Christ belong!"
To them "I will!" was ev-er Thy re-ply: We rest up-on it now.



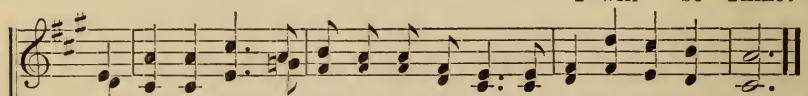
CHORUS.

I will! I will! I will be Thine!

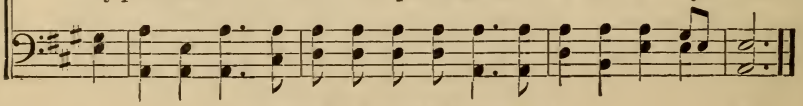


I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will, I will be Thine!

I will be Thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be wholly Thine!



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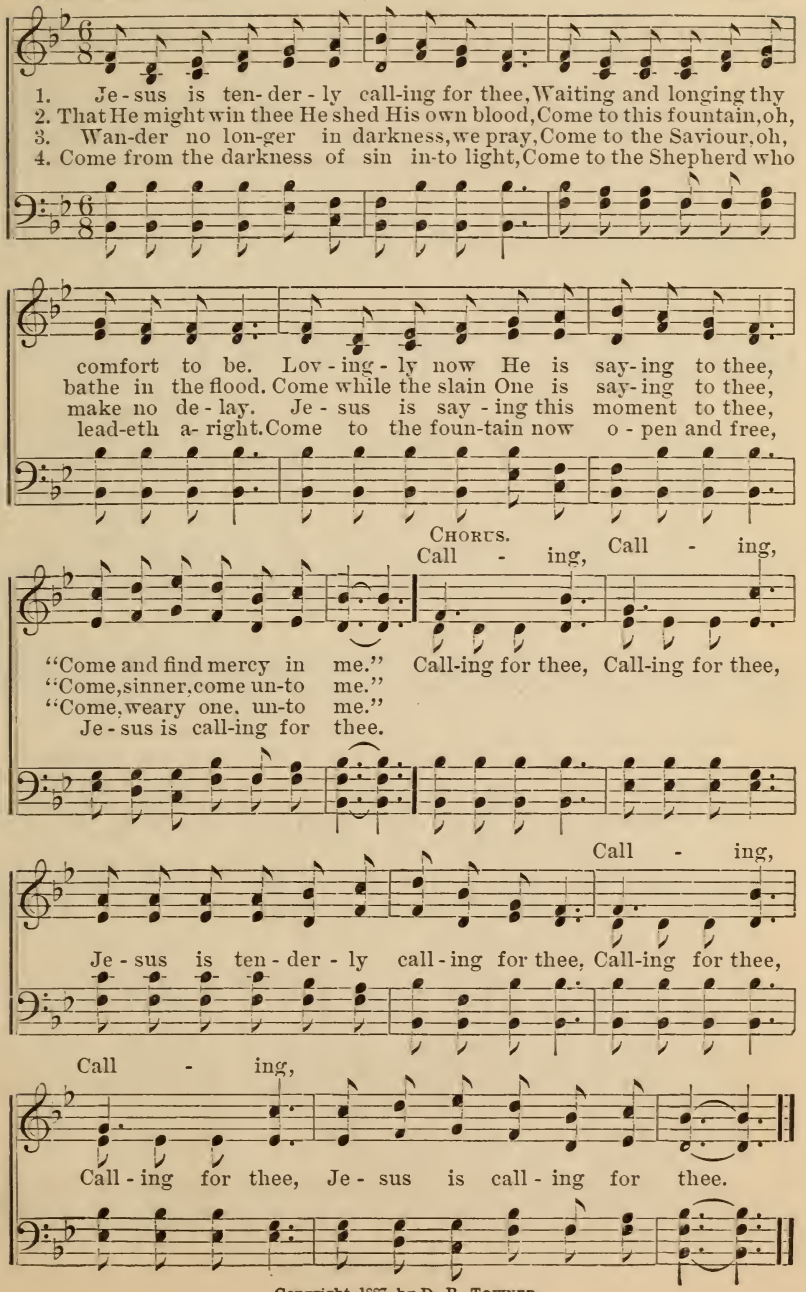
No. 65. Calling for Thee.

Arise, He calleth for thee.—Mark. 10: 49.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.



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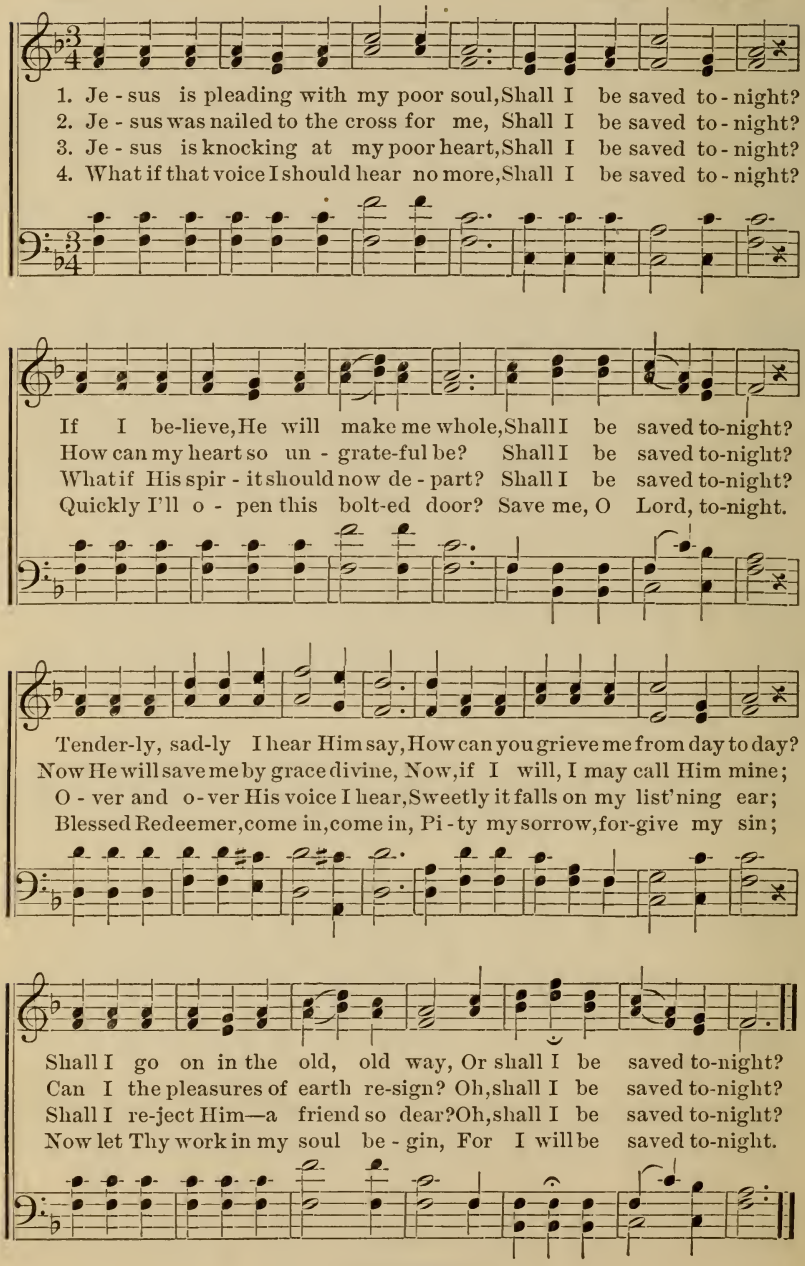
No. 66. Shall I be Saved To-night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved." — Isaiah 45: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. M. BLISS WILSON.

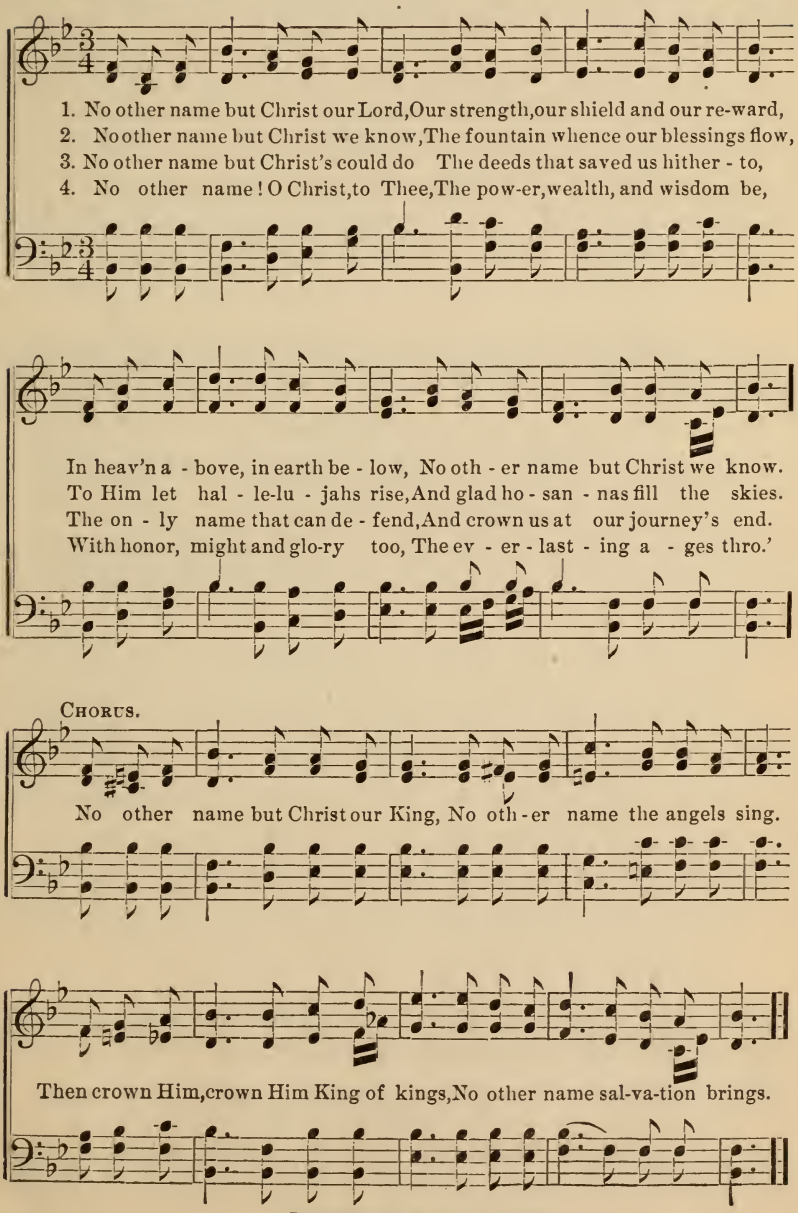


By permission.

No. 67. No other Name!

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts 4: 12.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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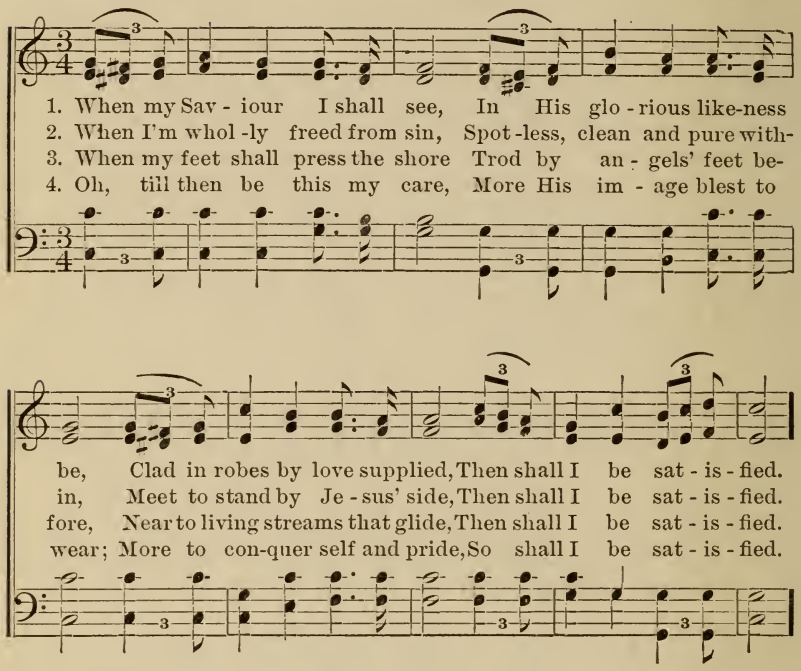
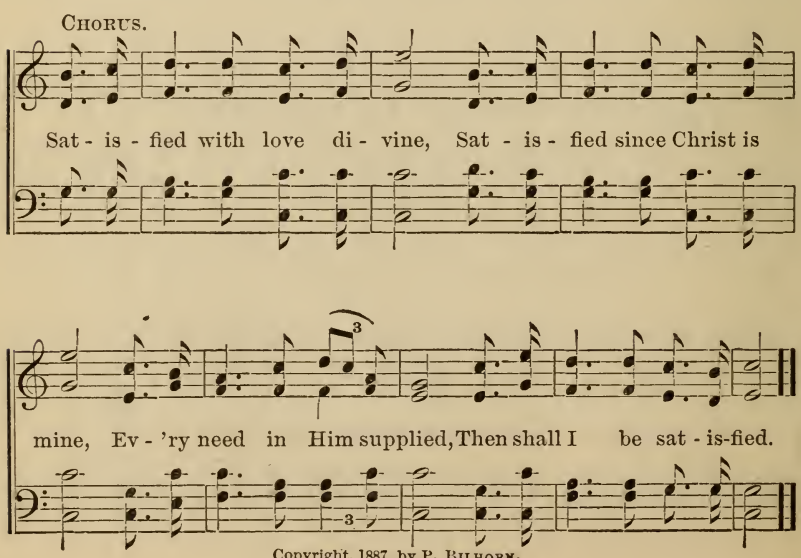
No. 68. When my Saviour I shall see.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Arr. P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.



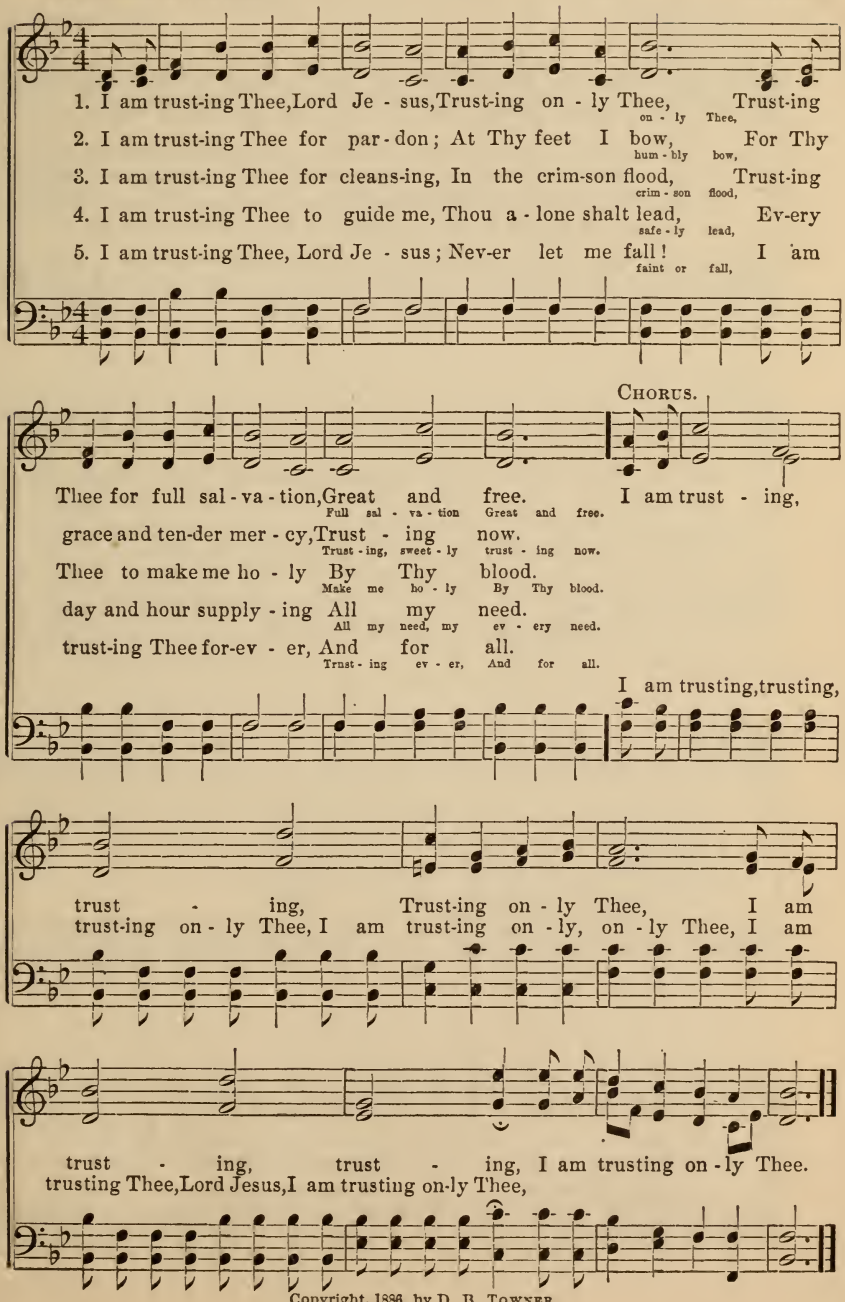


Copyright, 1887, by P. Bilhorn.

No. 69. Trusting Jesus.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Job 13: 15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.



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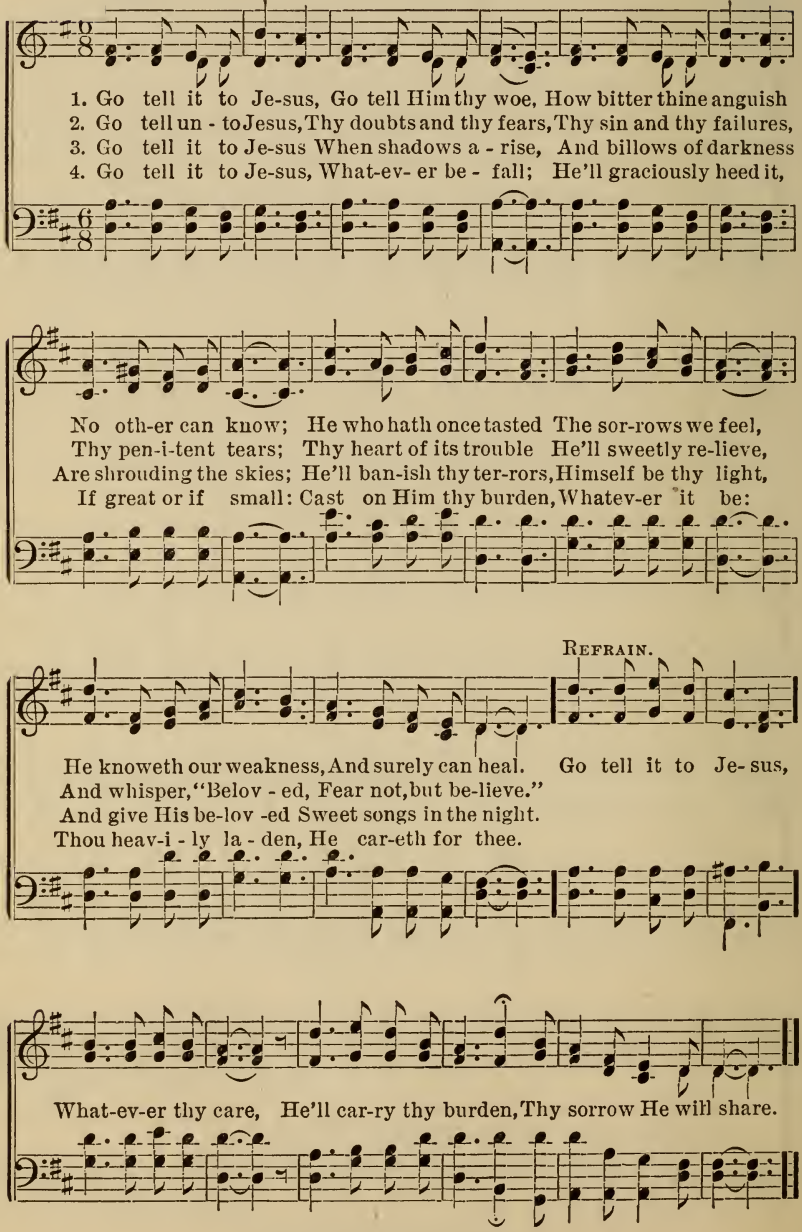
No. 70. Go tell it to Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Pet. 5: 7.

H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

Cantabile.



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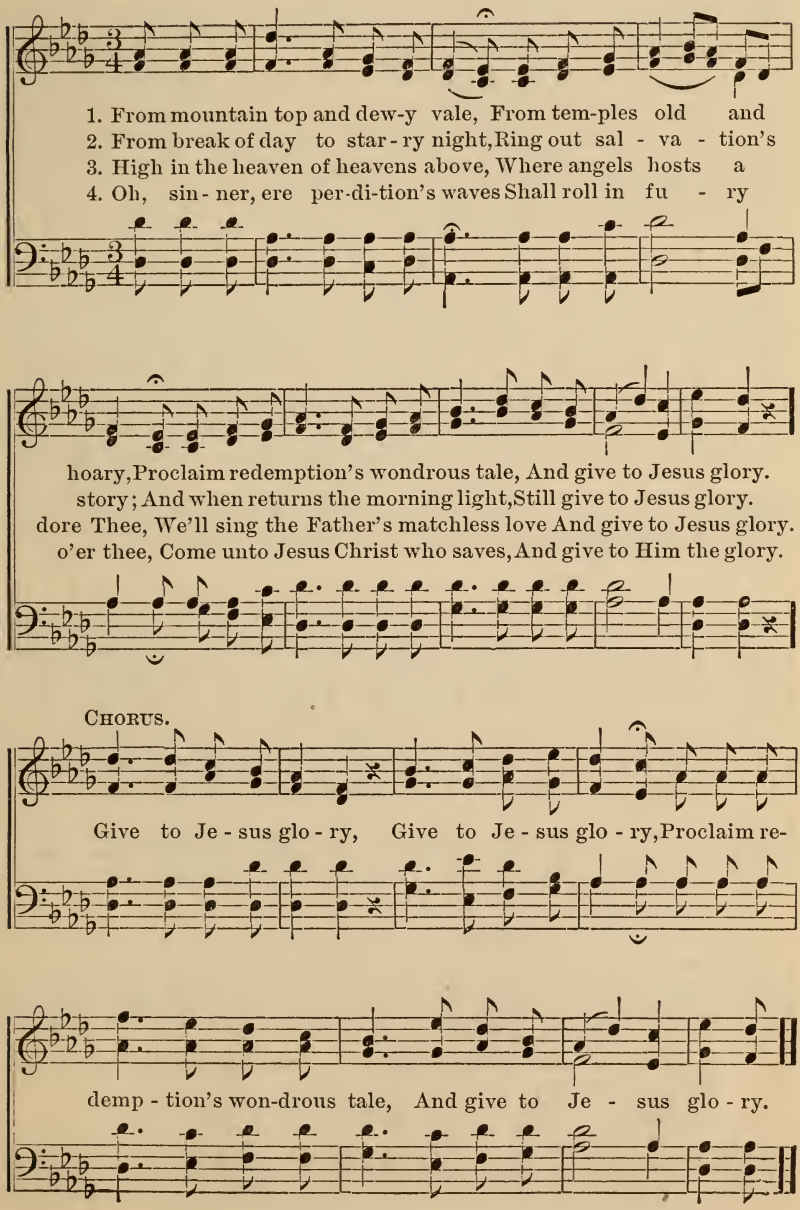
No. 71. Give to Jesus Glory.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength.—Ps. 96:7."

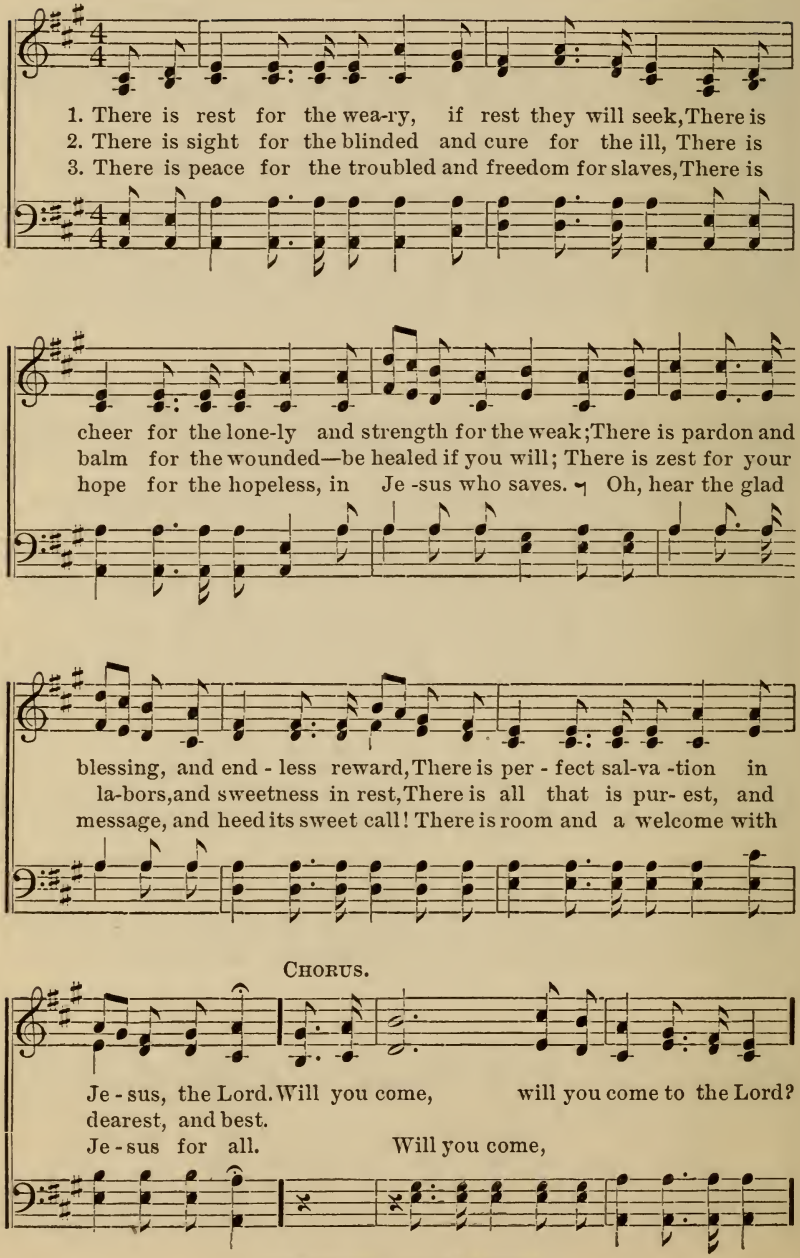
W. H. Clark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.

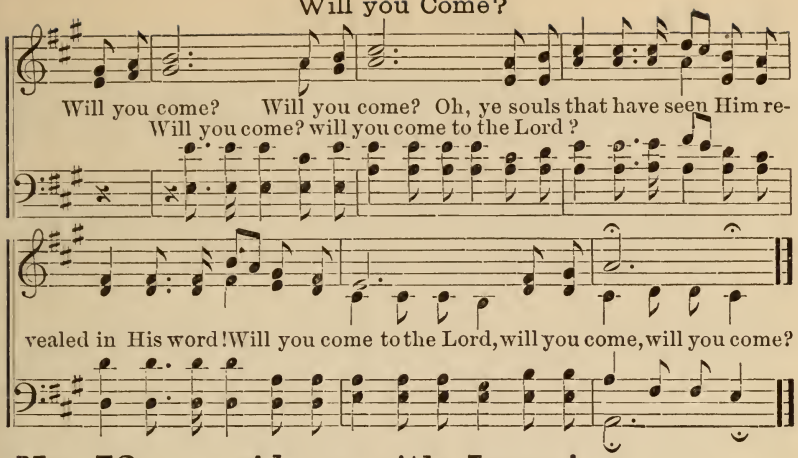
No. 72. Will You Come?

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE. By per.



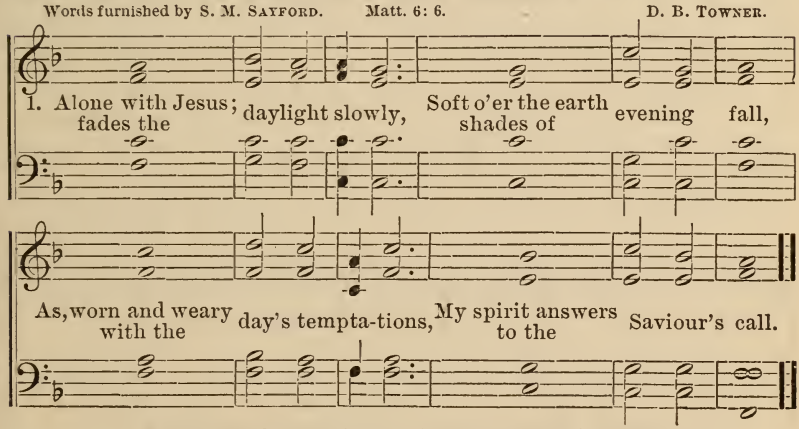
Copyright, 1887, by FILLMORE BROS.

Will you Come?



No. 73. Alone with Jesus!

Words furnished by S. M. Sayford. Matt. 6: 6. D. B. Towner.



2 Alone with Jesus! from the | day's hard | conflict,
What have I brought that I His | grace may | win!
Only the burden of my | sin and | longing,—
Only the same heart-cry, For- | give my | sin.

3 Alone with Jesus; He hath | seen each | wandering,
Hath watched each failure from His | throne a- | bove,
And yet, to-night He bids me | come con- | fiding
In the great wealth of His un- | changing | love.

4 Alone with Jesus; oh, the | hush, the | rapture!
My spirit yieldeth to His | gracious | will,
What though the day's sad failure | lies be- | hind me,
I am content because He | loves me | still.

5 Alone with Jesus; in His | presence | holy,
Cometh no thought of sin or | pain to | me,
Close, close His loving arms are | thrown a- | round me,
Almost the glory of His | face I | see.

6 Alone with Jesus; here can | come no | sorrow,
From sin and conflict here my | soul is | free,
This be my prayer to-night, O | Jesus, | Saviour,
Teach me through life to dwell a- | lone with | Thee.

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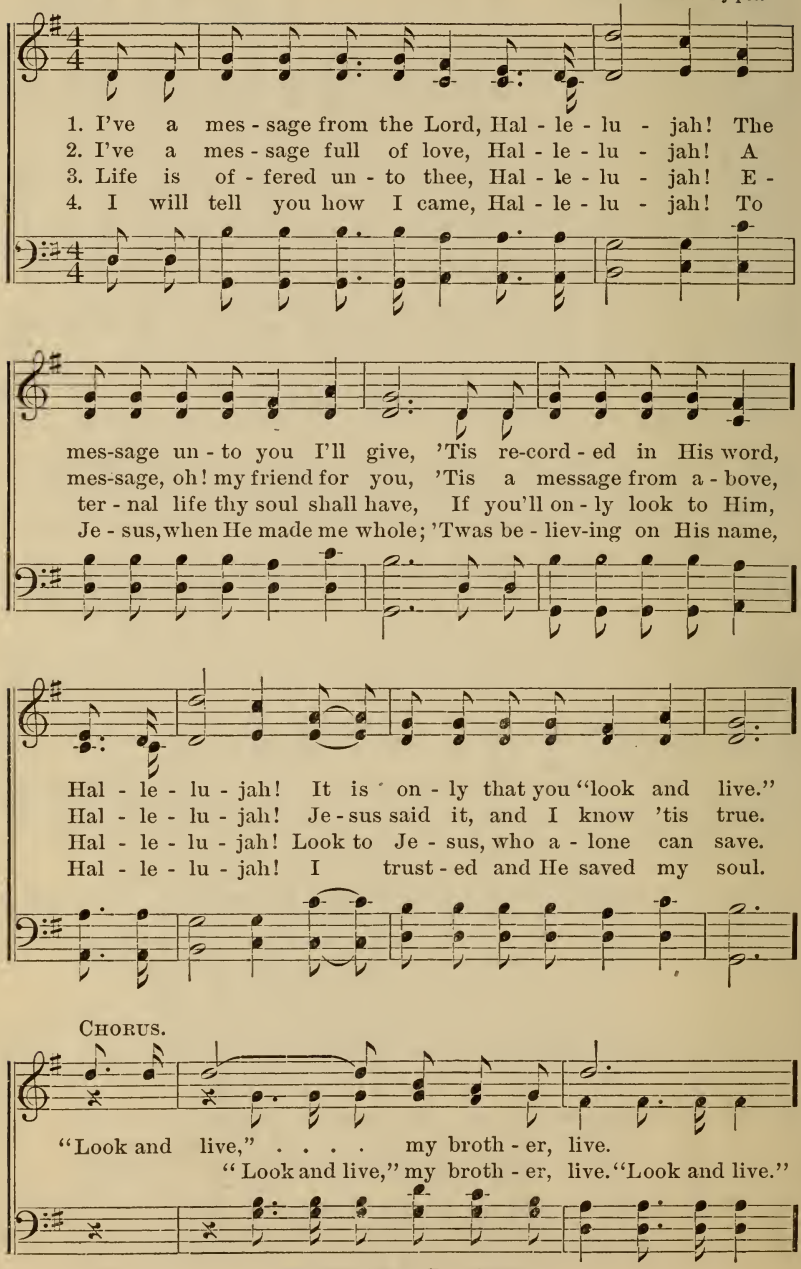
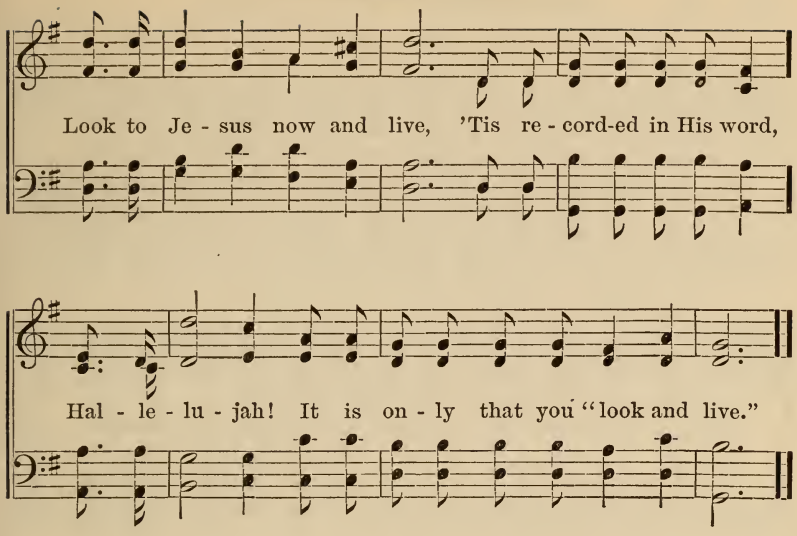
No. 74. Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden. By per.



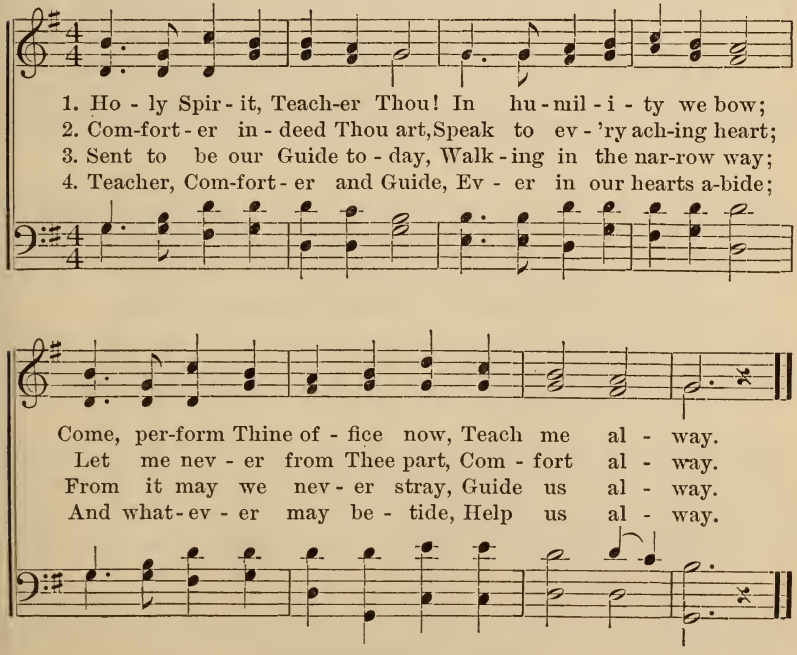
Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

Look and Live.



No. 75. Supplication.

Dr. L. W. Munhall. John 16: 13, 14. D. B. Towner.



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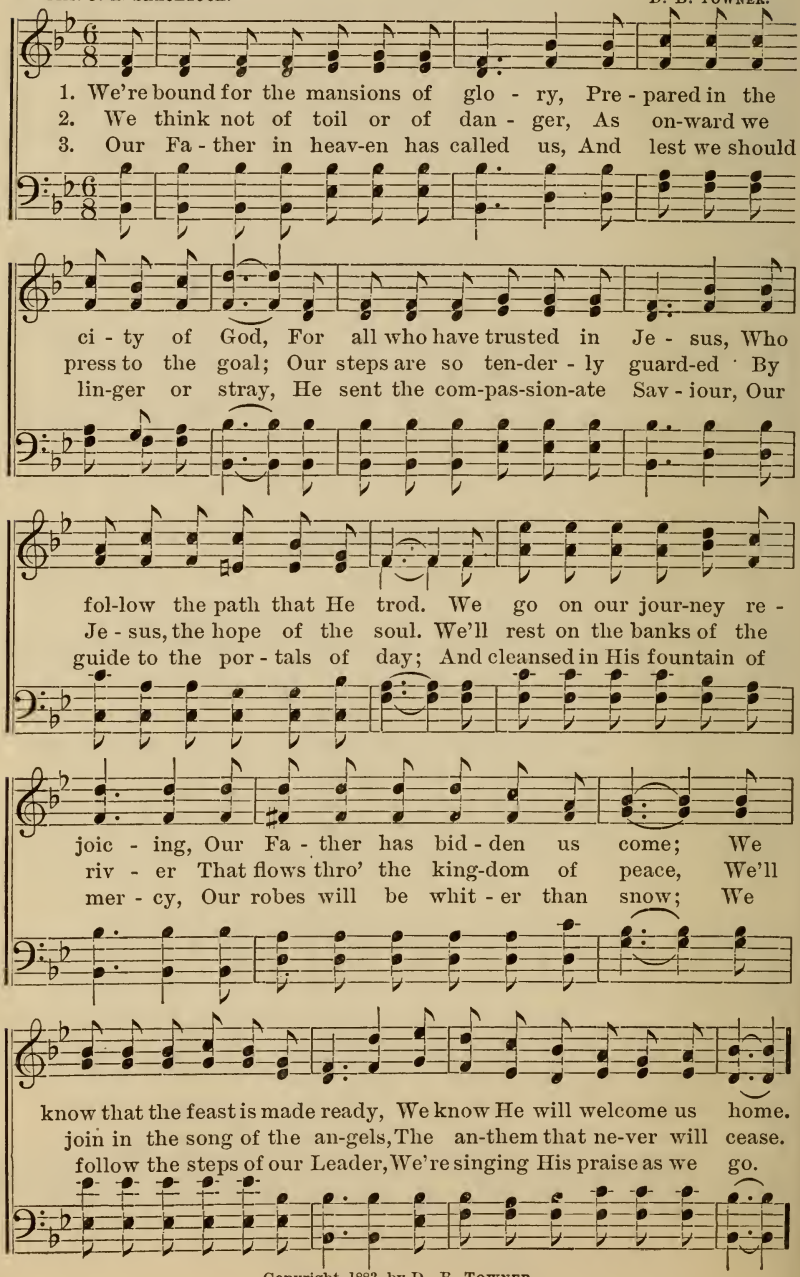
No. 76. Marching to our Home.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."— Heb. 11: 16.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. B. Towner.



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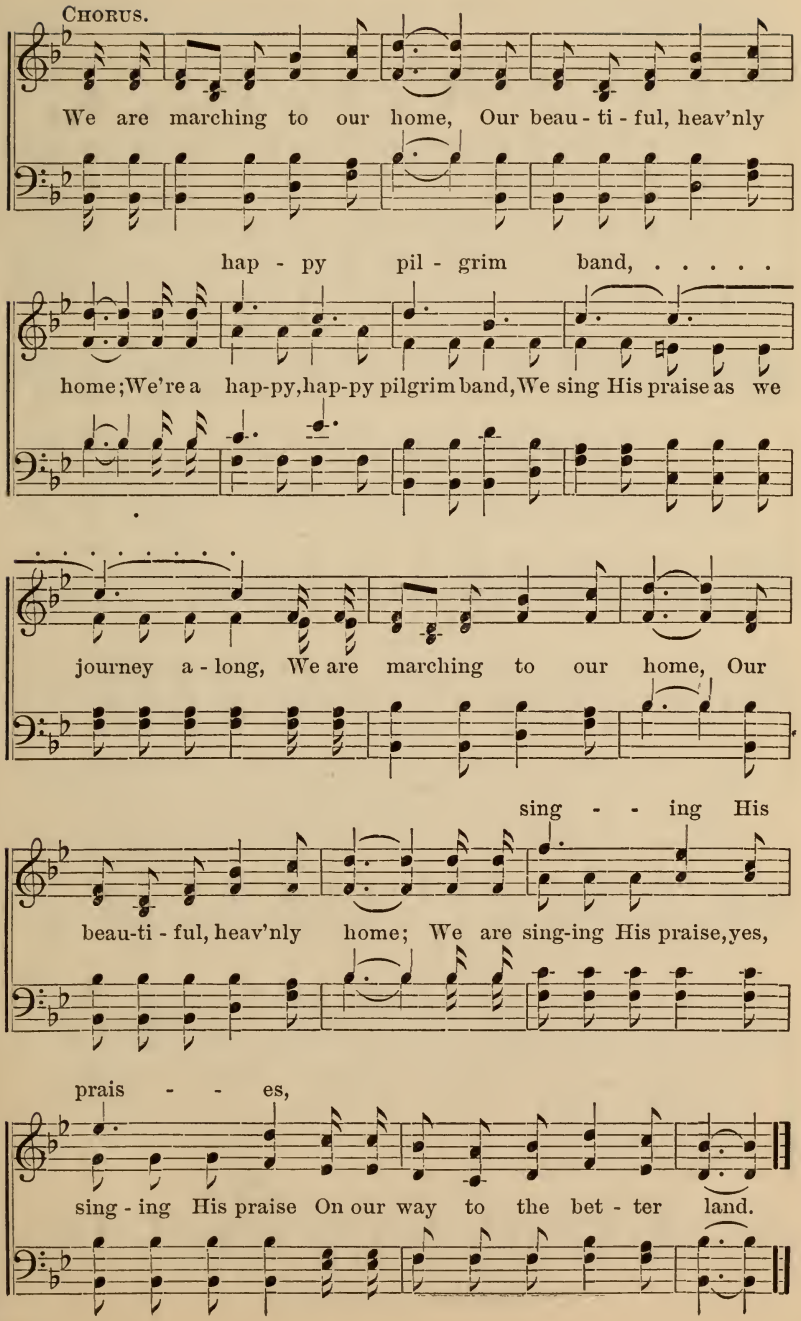
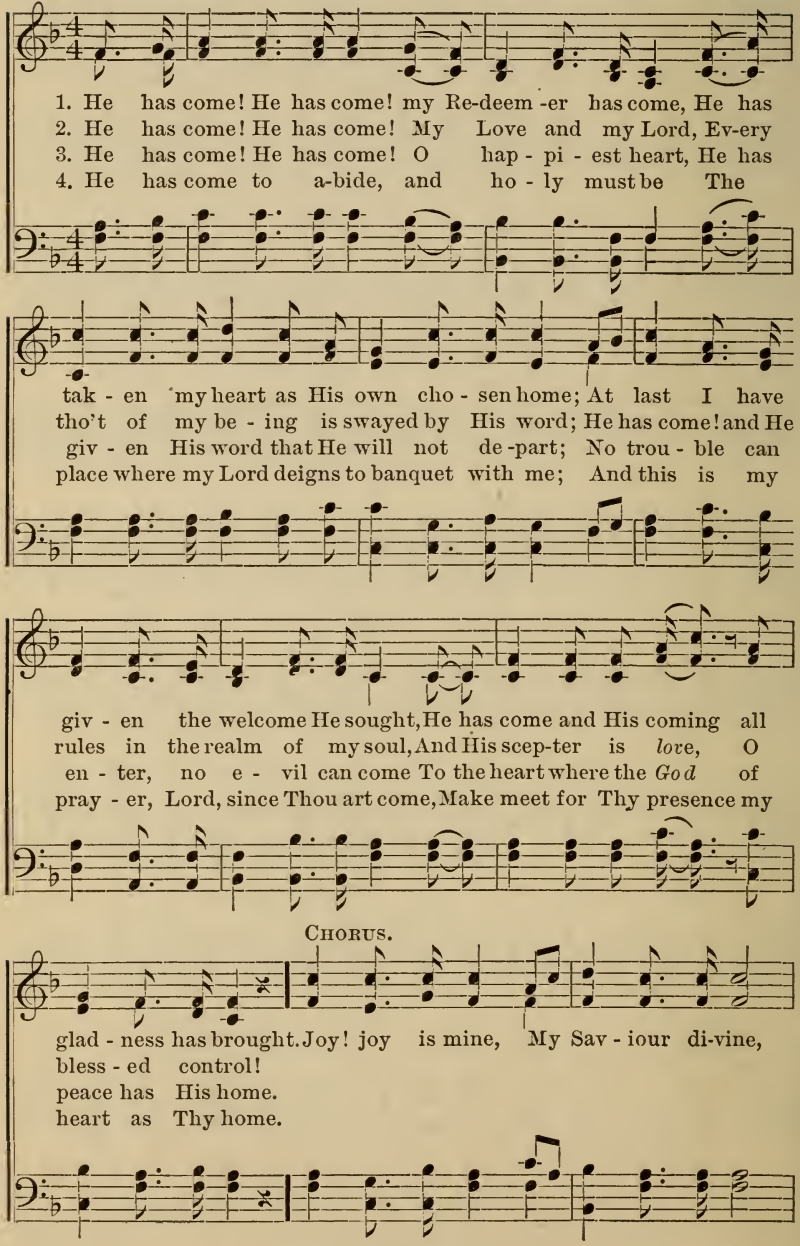
Marching to our Home.



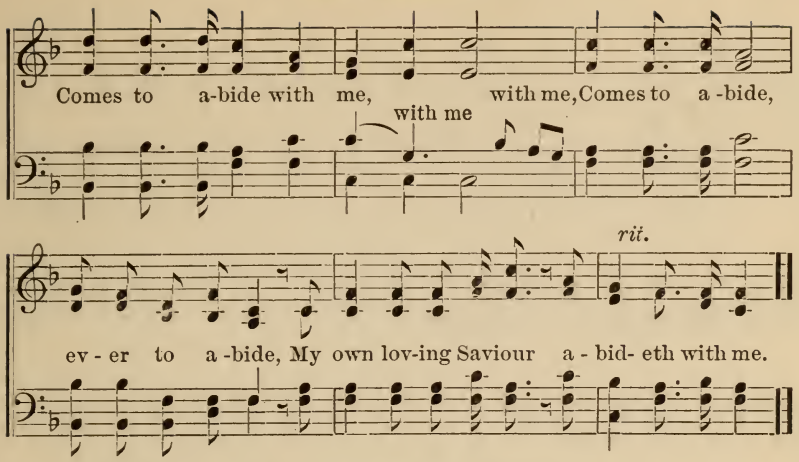
No. 77. He has Come.

*Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; * * * behold, thy King cometh unto thee.*—Zech. 9: 9.

Mrs. J. H. Knowles. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp. By per.



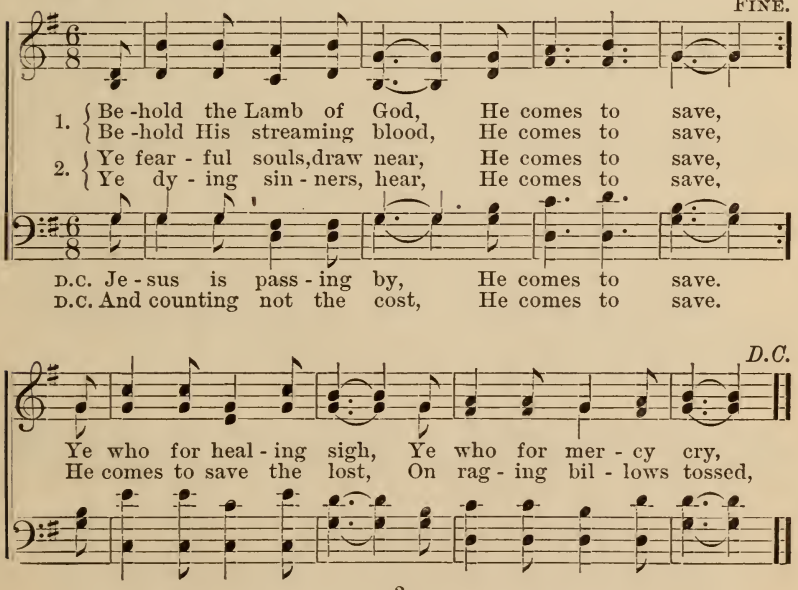
Copyright, 1882, by Joseph F. Knapp.



No. 78. He comes to Save.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1: 29.

Rev. W. T. Sleeper. D. B. Towner.



3

He comes thy love to win, He comes to save,
He comes to conquer sin, He comes to save.
He comes to crush thy foe, The path of life to show,
And rescue thee from woe, He comes to save.

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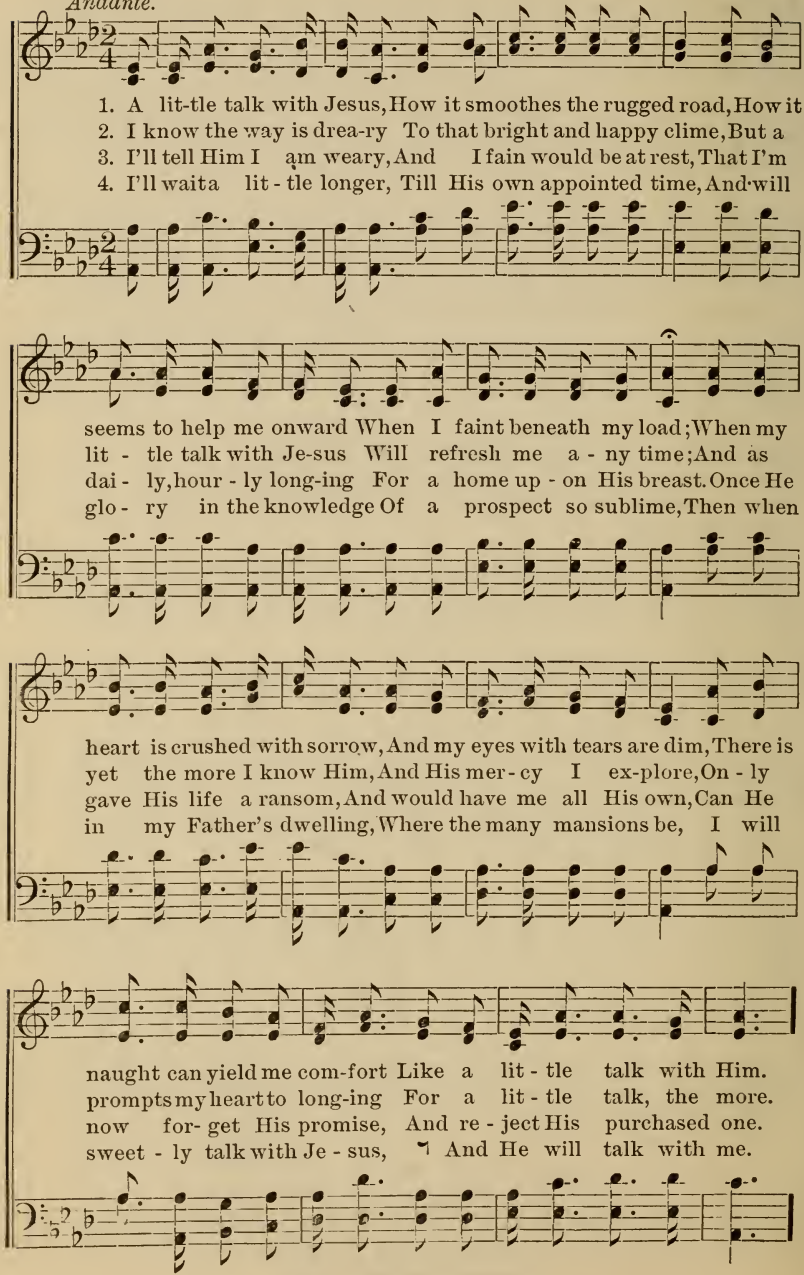
No. 79. A Little Talk with Jesus.

And I will come down and talk with thee.—Numbers 11: 17.

Words arranged. D. B. Towner.

Andante.



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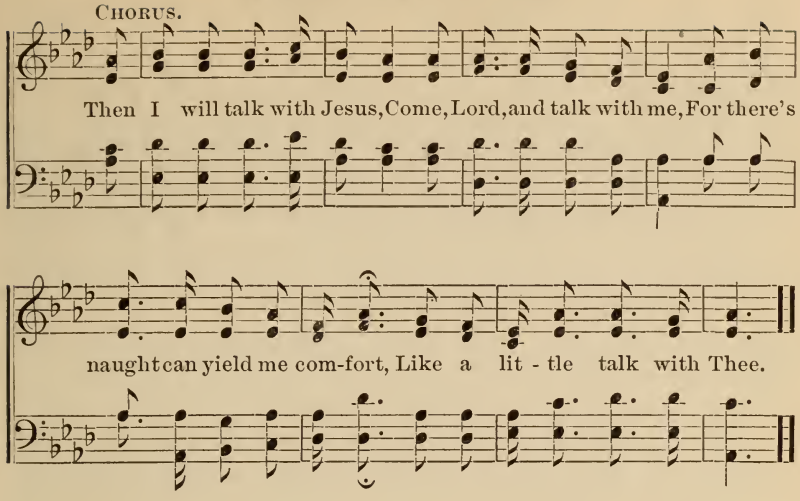
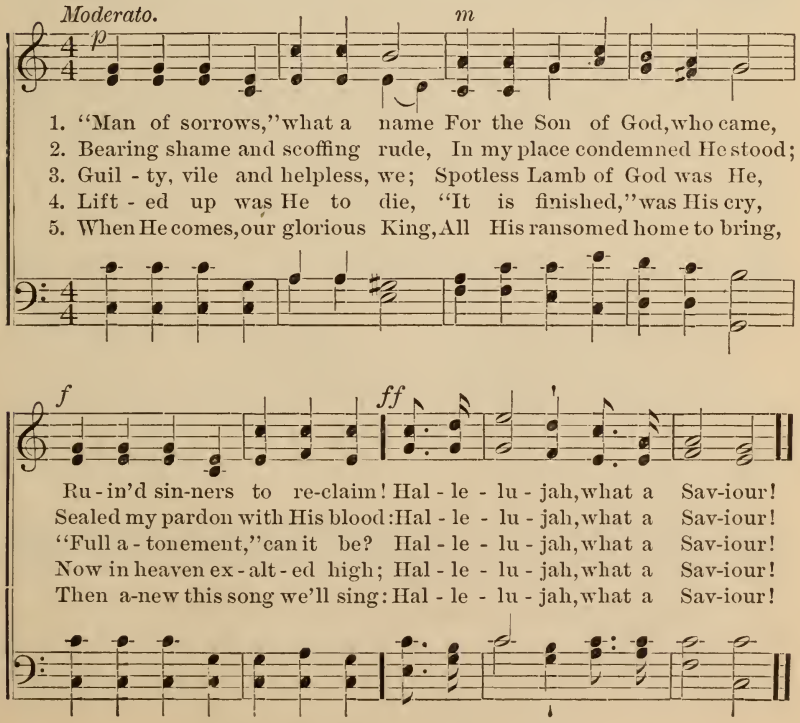


No. 80. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

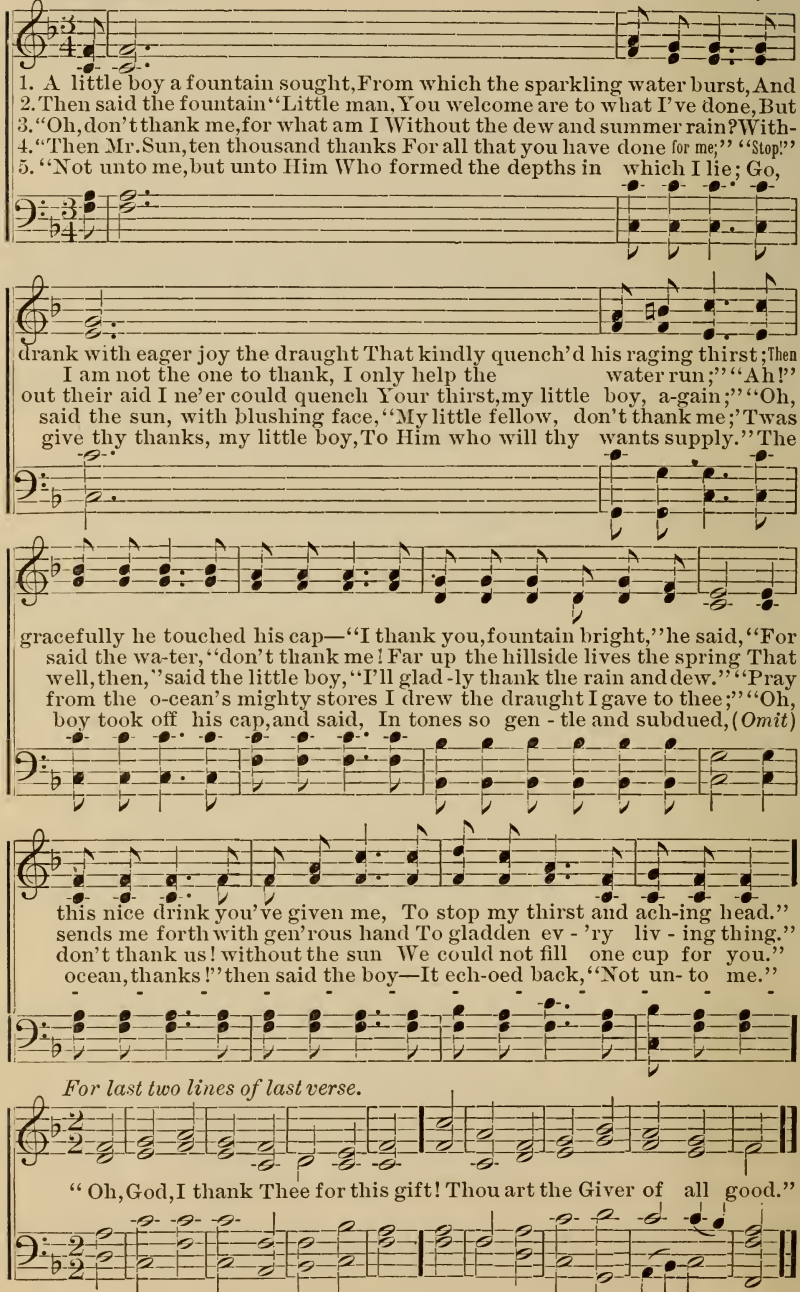
A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. — Isa. 53: 3.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS. By per.



No. 81. The Boy and the Fountain.

Recitando. DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

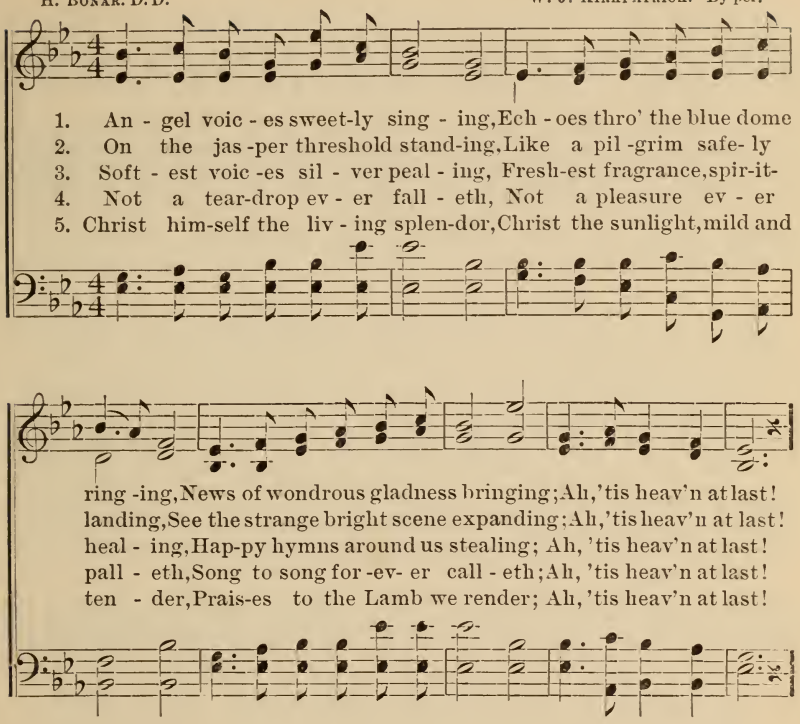


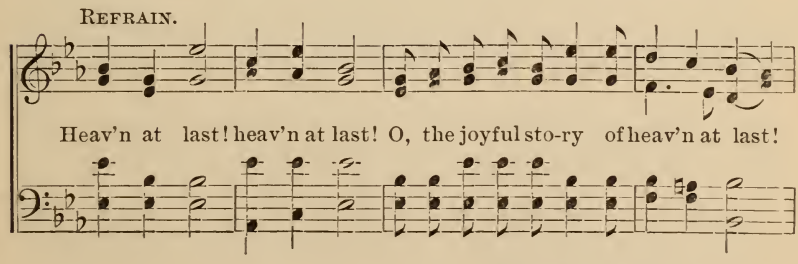
For last two lines of last verse.

By per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS, owners of copyright.

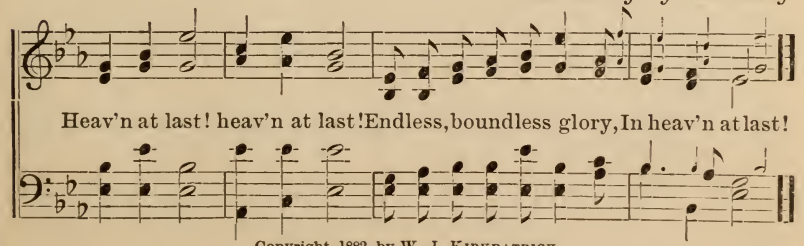
No. 82. Heaven at Last.

H. Bonar, D.D. W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.





Small notes for final ending.



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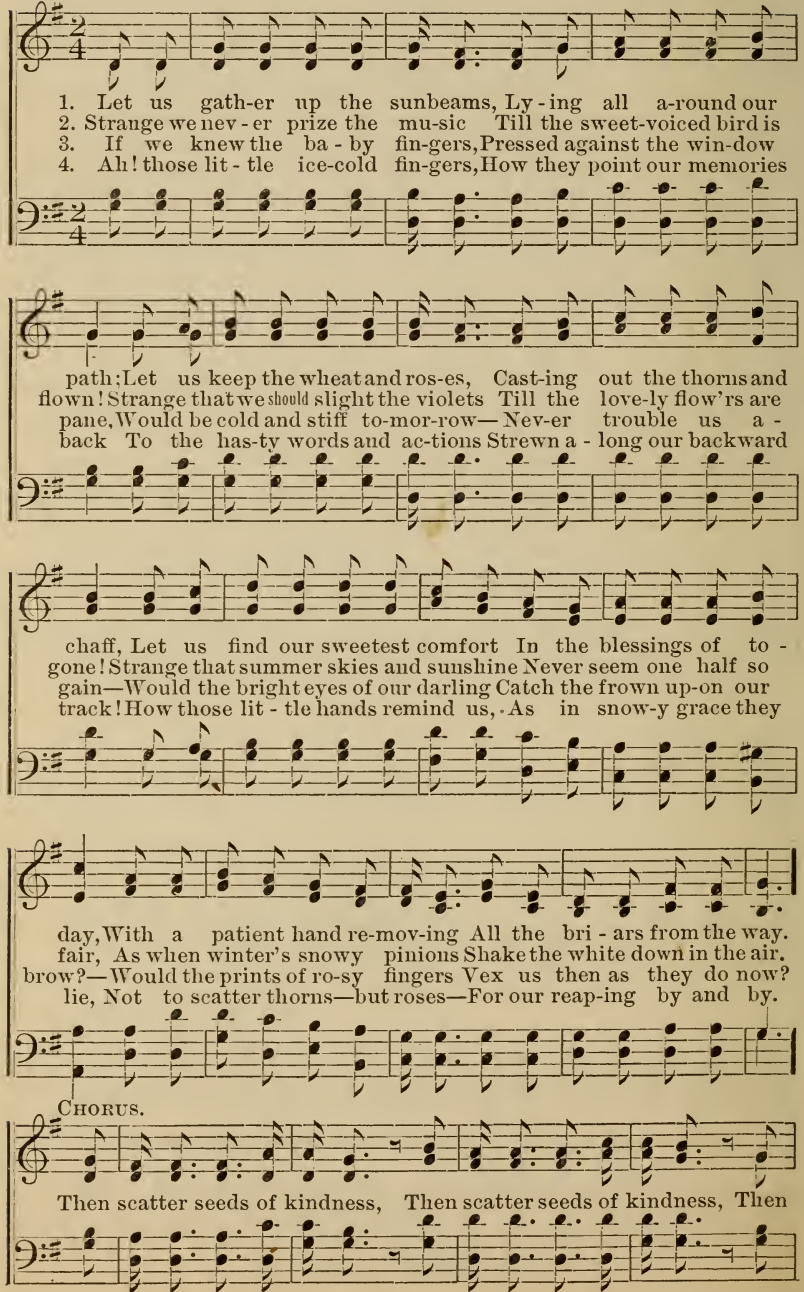
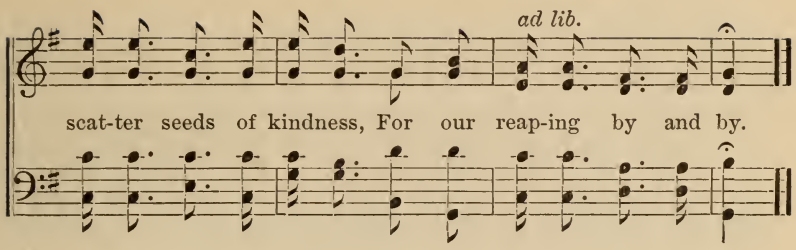
No. 83. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Be kindly affectioned one to another.—Rom. 12: 10.

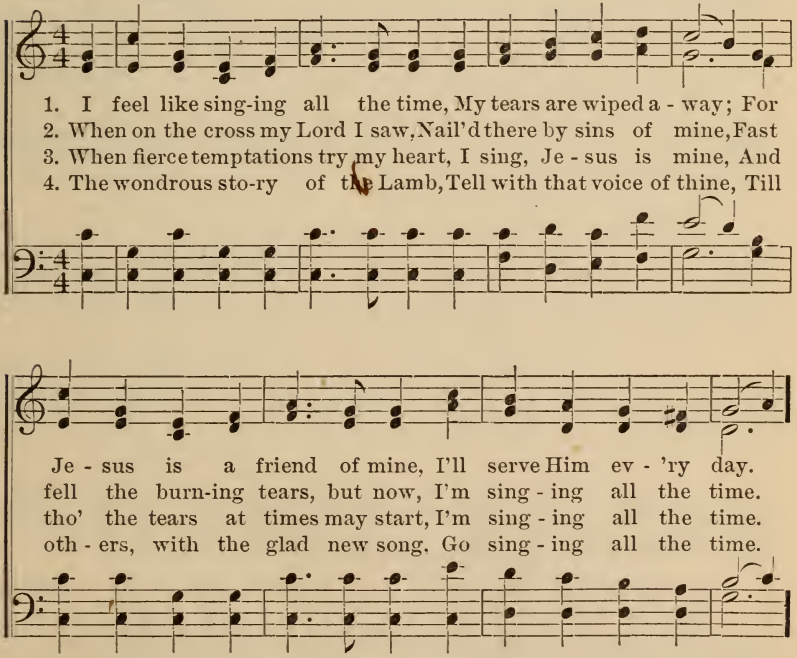
MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL. By per.



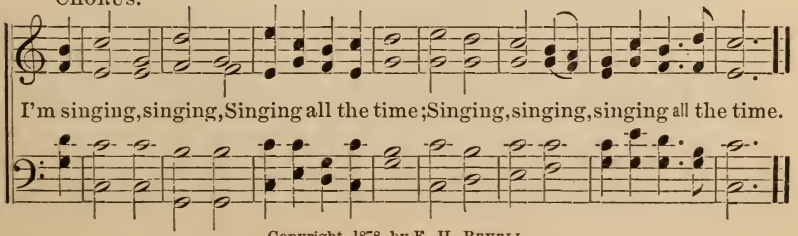


No. 84. Singing all the Time.

Rev. E. P. Hammond. Geo. C. Stebbins.



Chorus.

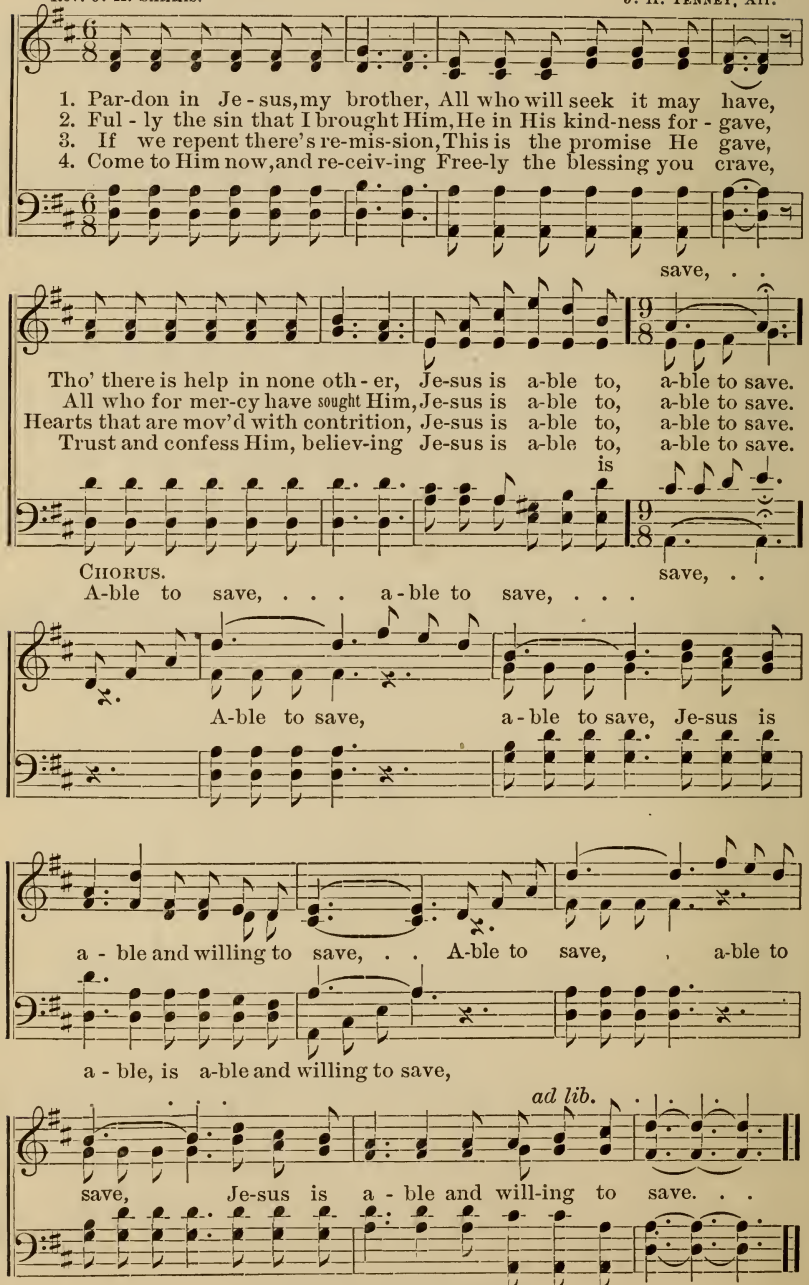


Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell.

No. 85. Able to Save.

Wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost.— Heb. 7 : 25.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. J. H. Tenney, Arr.



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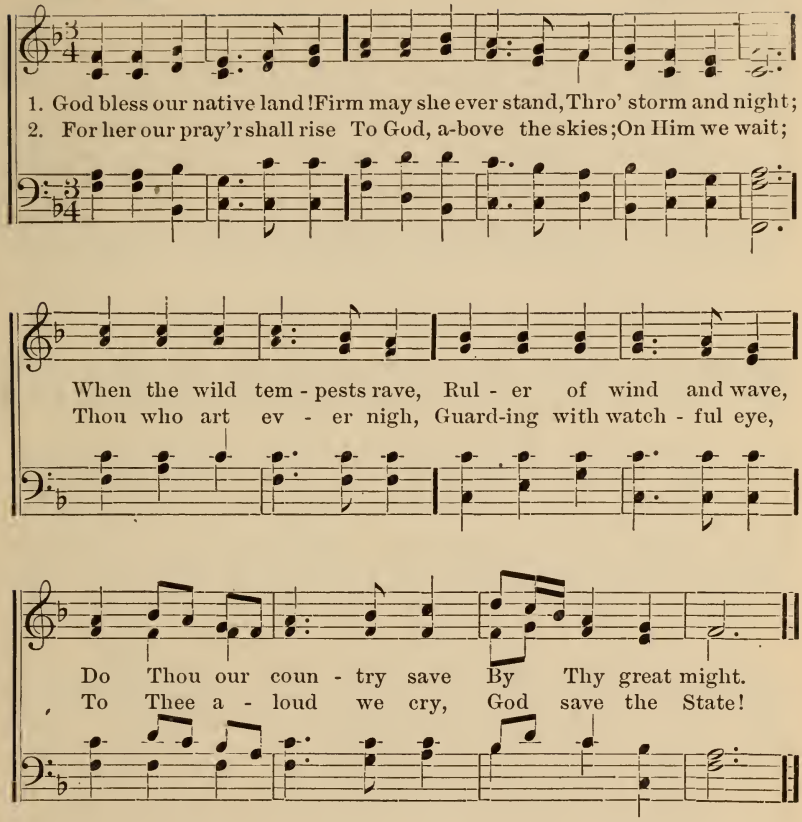
No. 86. America.

JOHN S. DWIGHT. HENRY CAREY



No. 87. National Hymn.

Tune — AMERICA.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake:
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong!

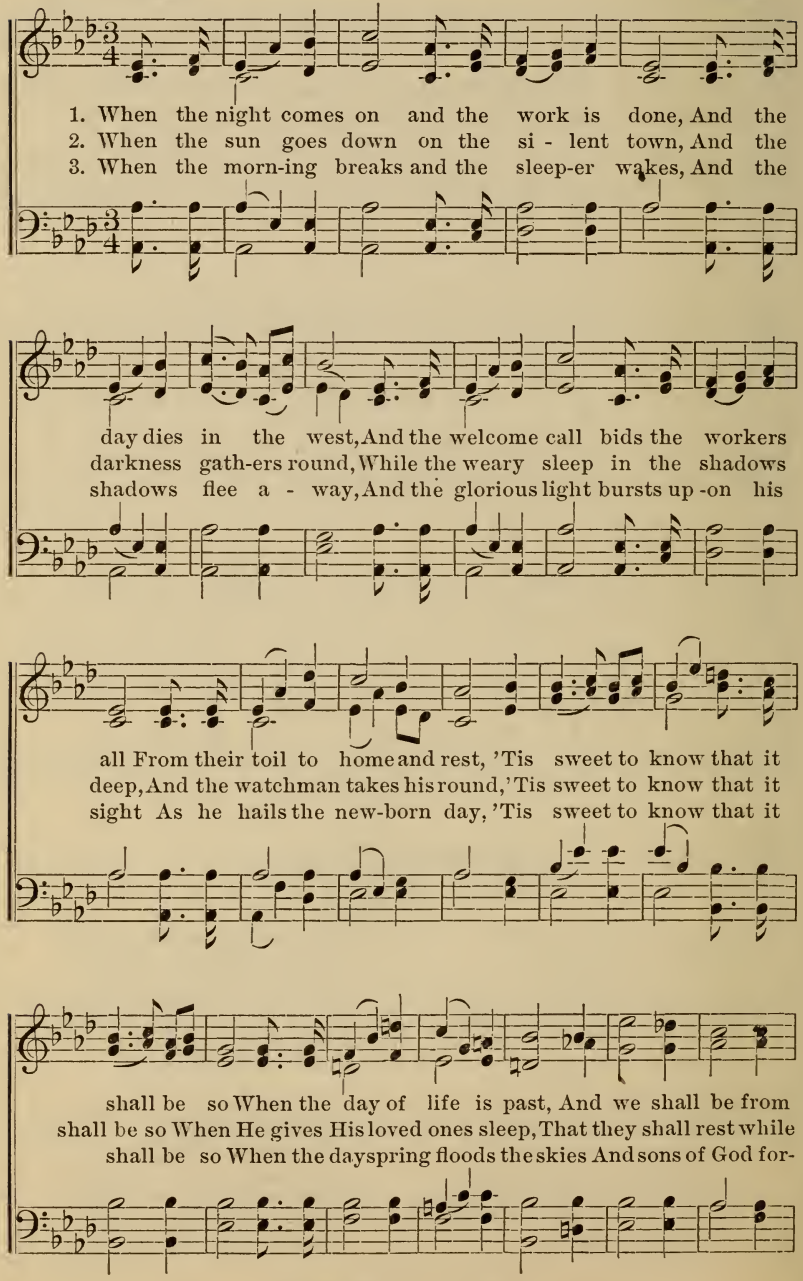
4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

No. 88. When the Night Comes on!

Watchman, what of the night?— Isaiah 21 : 11.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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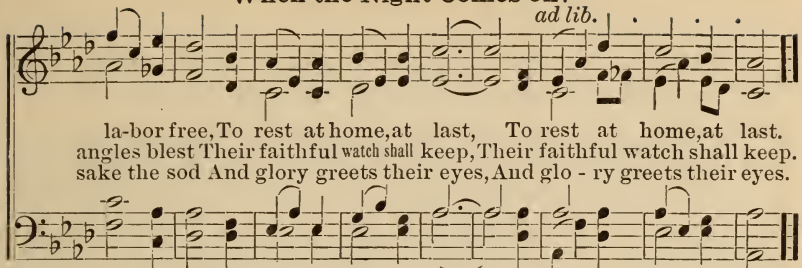
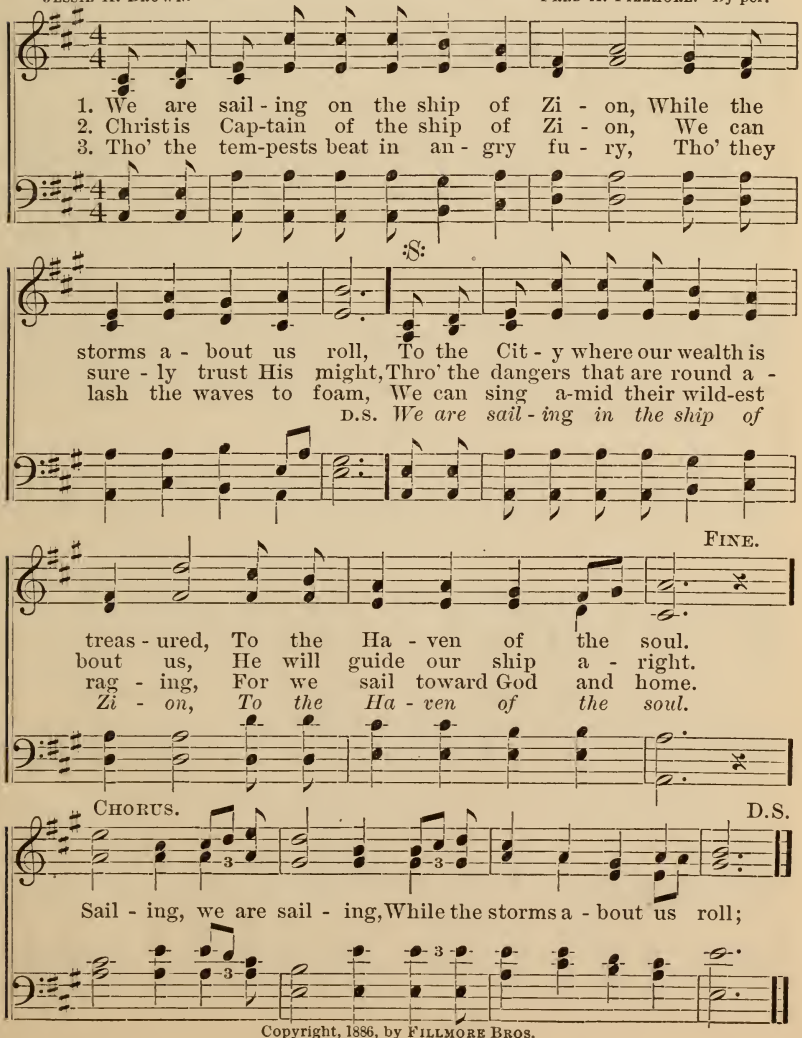
When the Night Comes on!



No. 89. The Haven of the Soul.

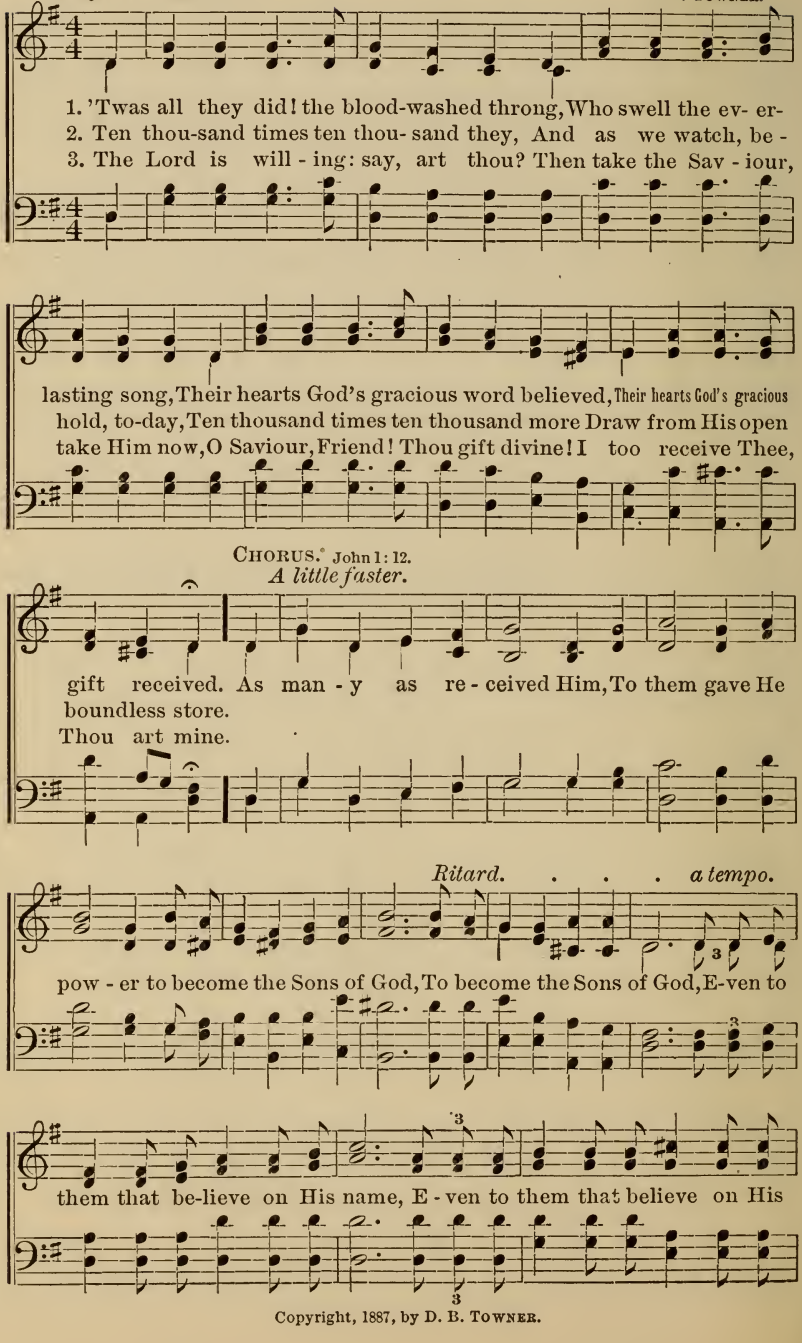
JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED A. FILLMORE. By per.



Copyright, 1886, by FILLMORE BROS.

No. 90. As Many as Received Him!

Arr. by C. B. COMFORT. D. B. TOWNER.



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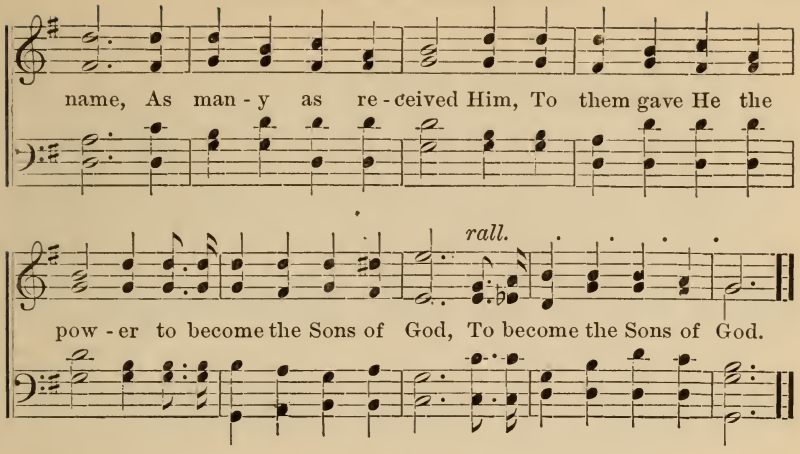
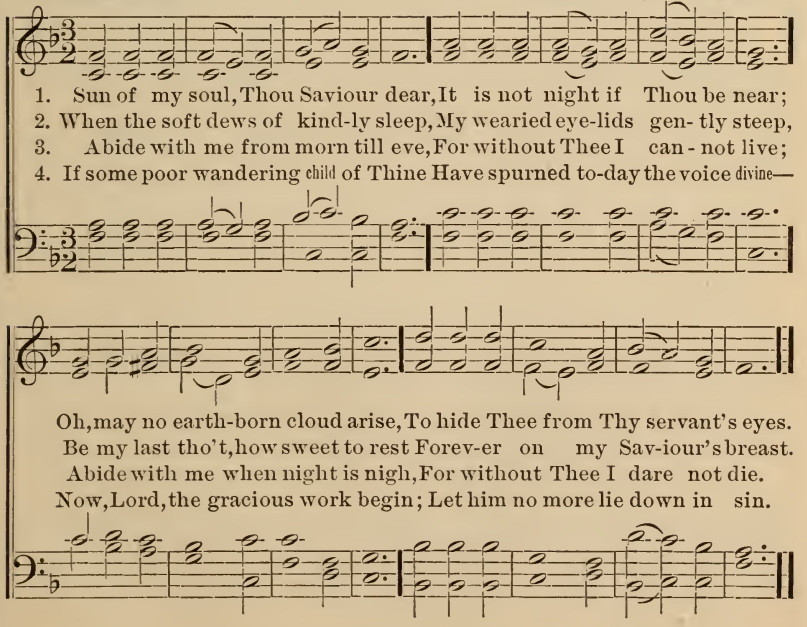


No. 91. Sun of My Soul.

The Lord God is a sun.— Ps. 74: 11.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827. German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



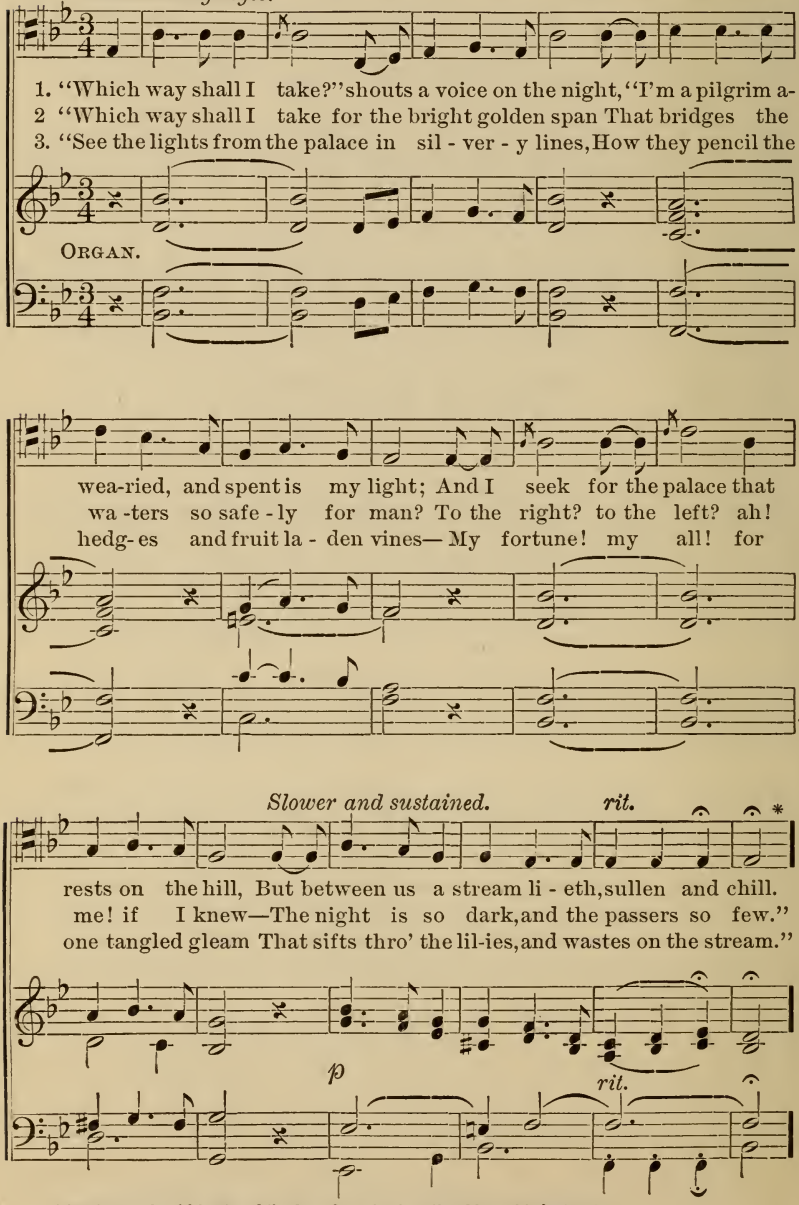
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 92. The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

Solo *ad lib. May be sung by a smooth bass voice, or by all voices in unison.*
Declamatory style.

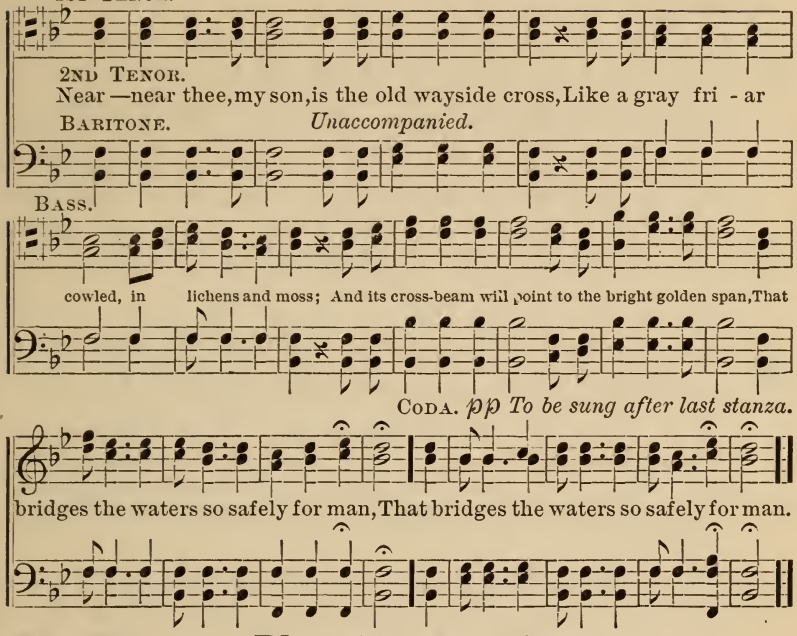


* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

By per. Dr. H. R. Palmer. owner of copyright.

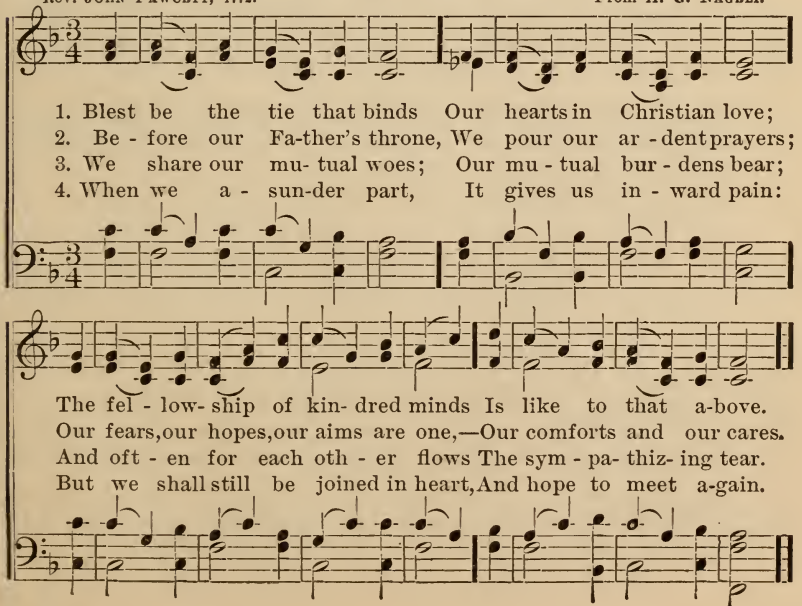
The Wayside Cross.

CHORUS. *The 1st and 2nd tenor parts may be sung by ladies in the tenor voice, tenors singing baritone.*



No. 93. Blest be the Tie.

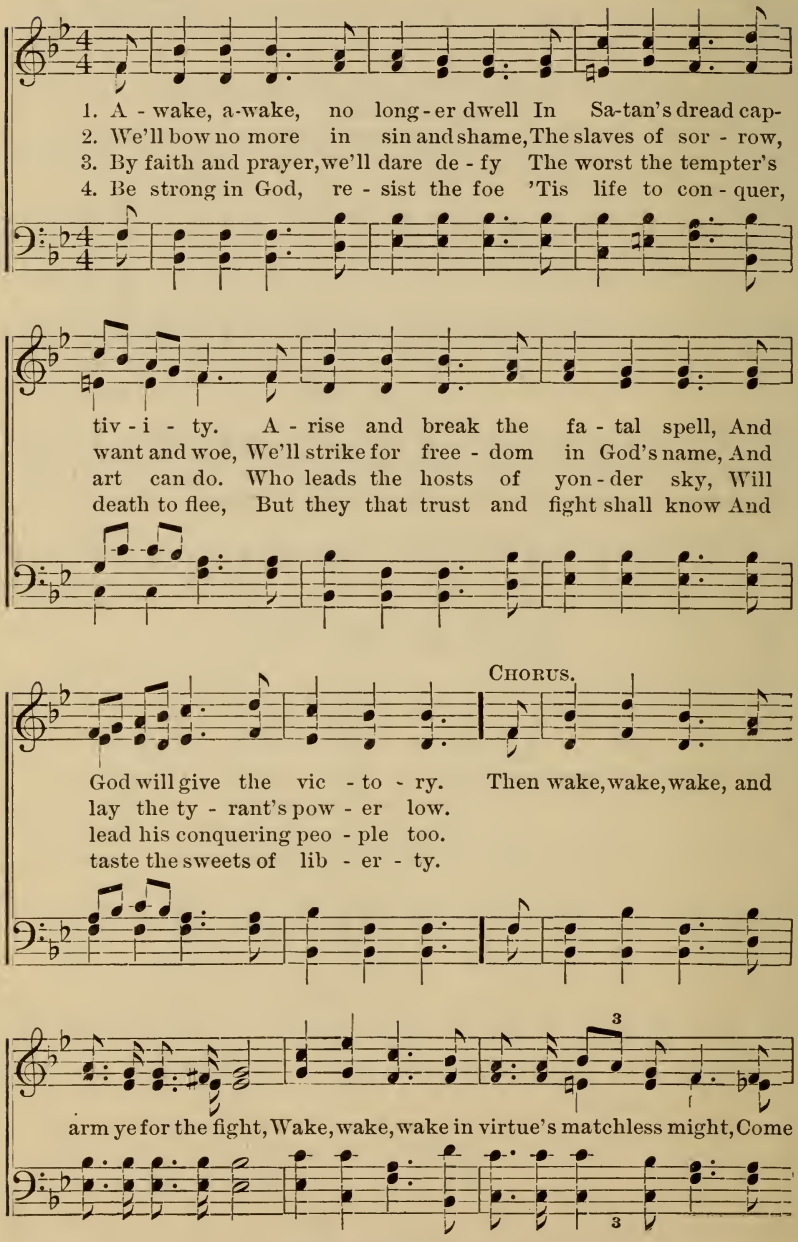
Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. From H. G. NAGELI.



No. 94. Awake, Awake.

"Awake, awake, put on your strength." — Isaiah 51: 9.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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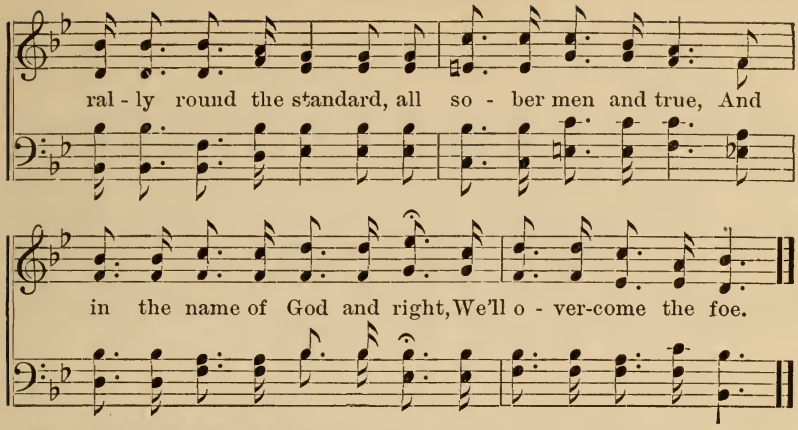
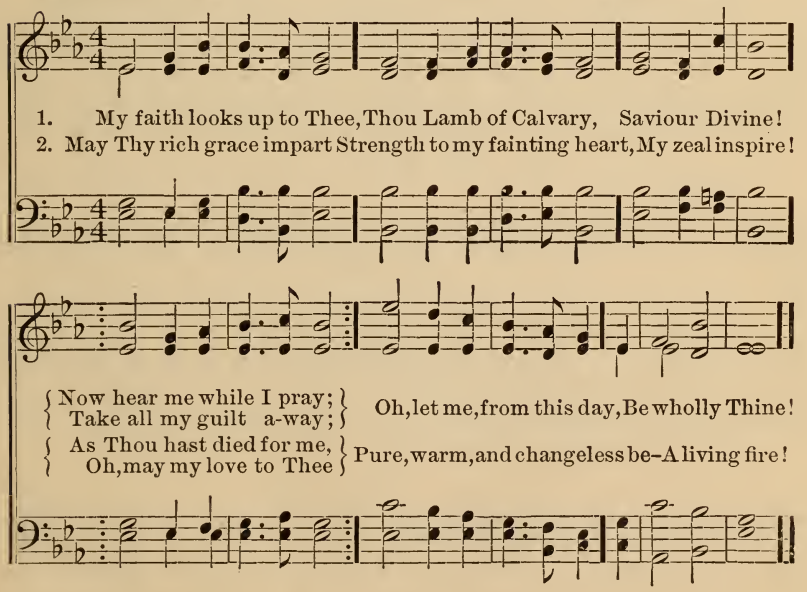


No. 95. My Faith looks up to Thee.

Words by RAY PALMER. Music by L. MASON.



3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

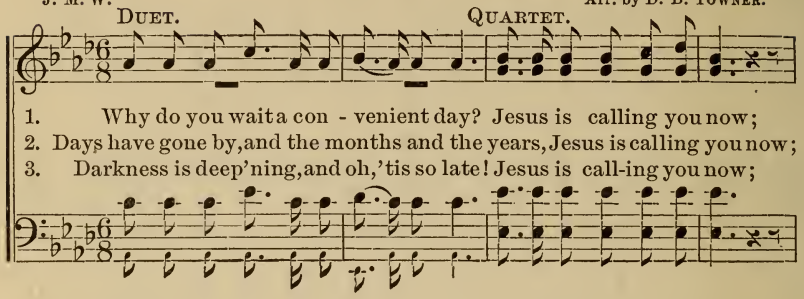
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

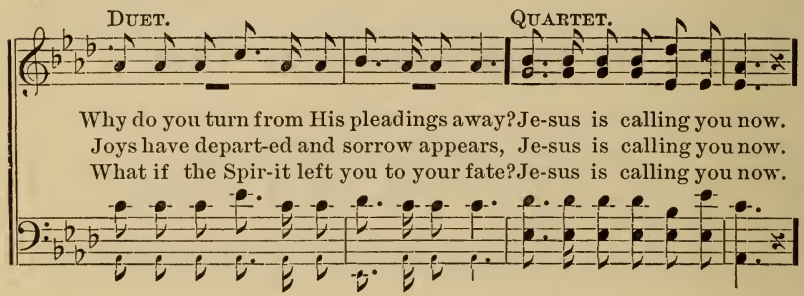
No. 96. Jesus is Calling You Now.

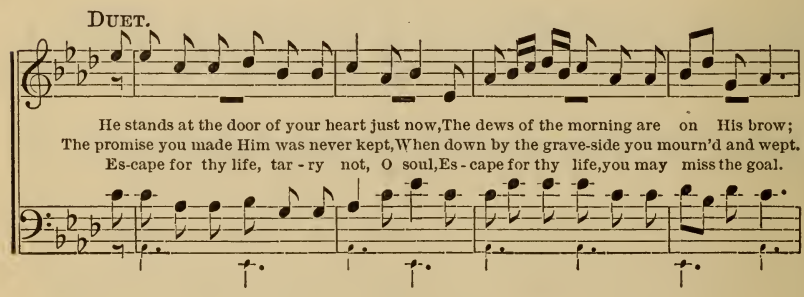
How long halt ye between two opinions?—1 Kings 18: 21.

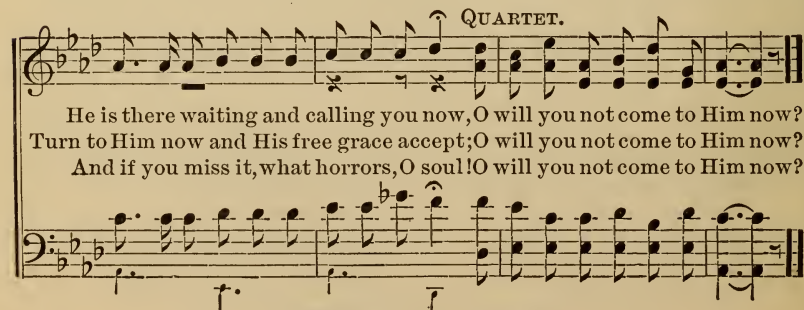
J. M. Whyte.
Arr. by D. B. Towner.

J. M. W.









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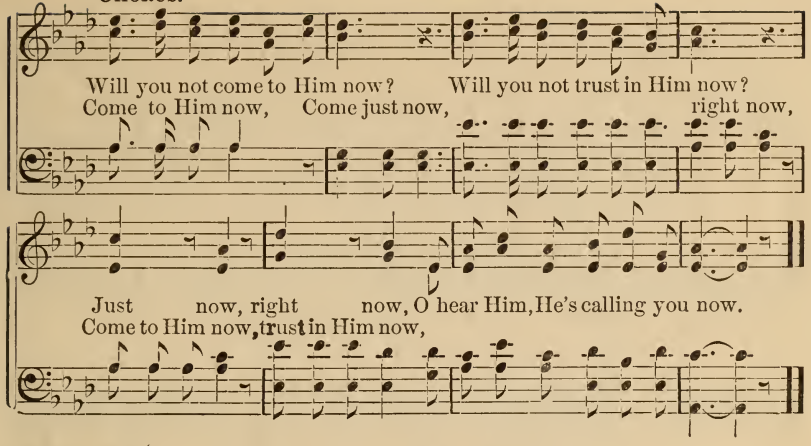
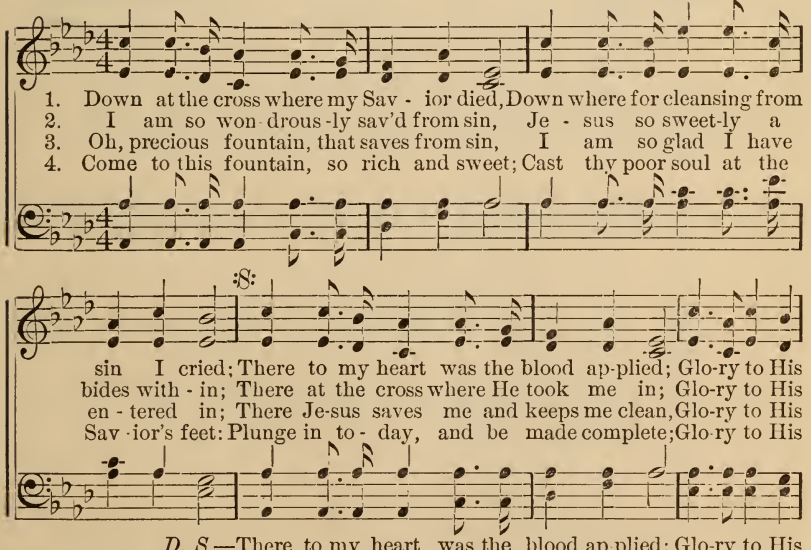
CHORUS.



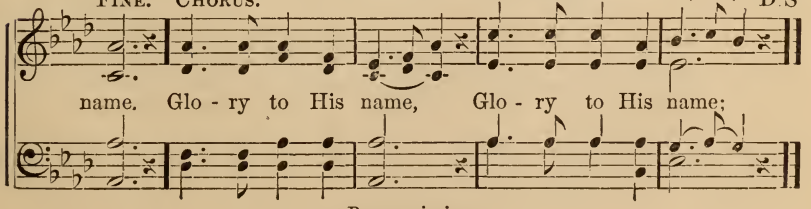
No. 97. Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify Thy name forevermore."

REV E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

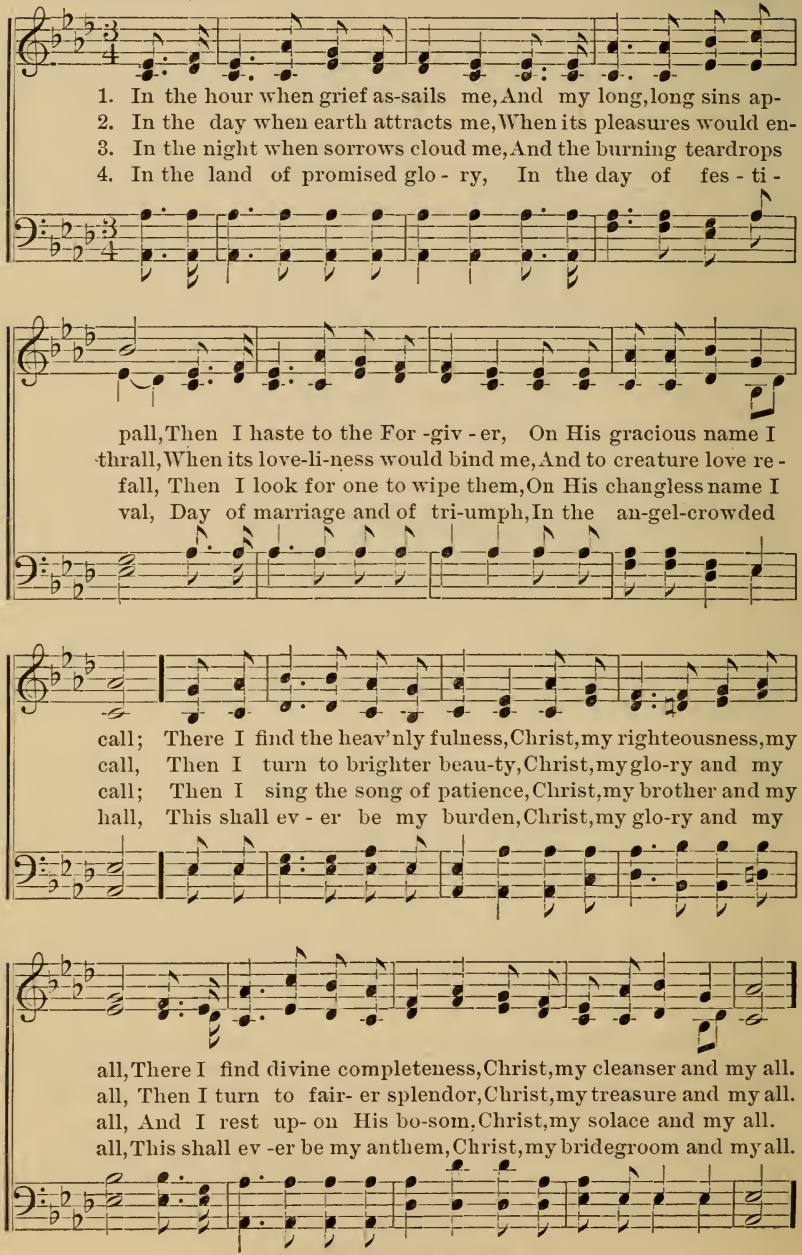


By permission.

No. 98. All in All.

"Thou art my refuge, and my portion."— Ps. 142: 5.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.



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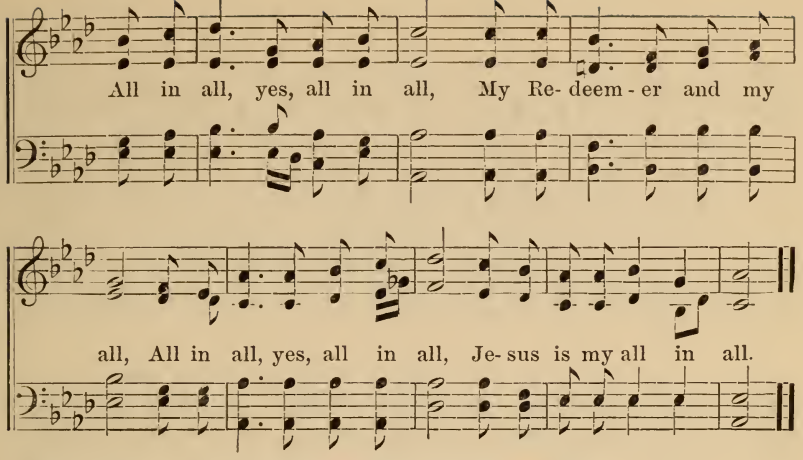
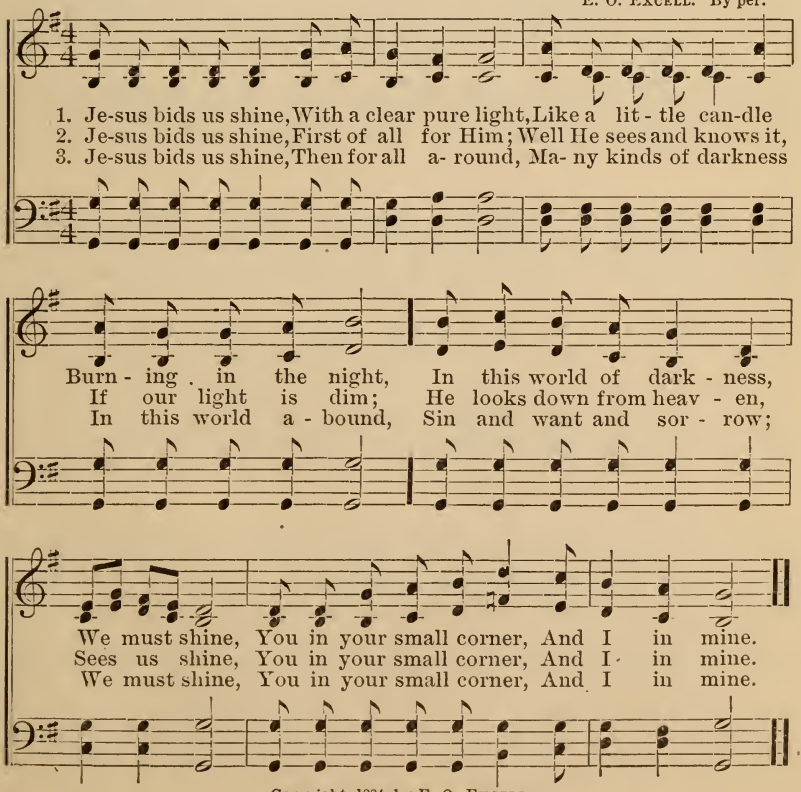
CHORUS.



No. 99. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.

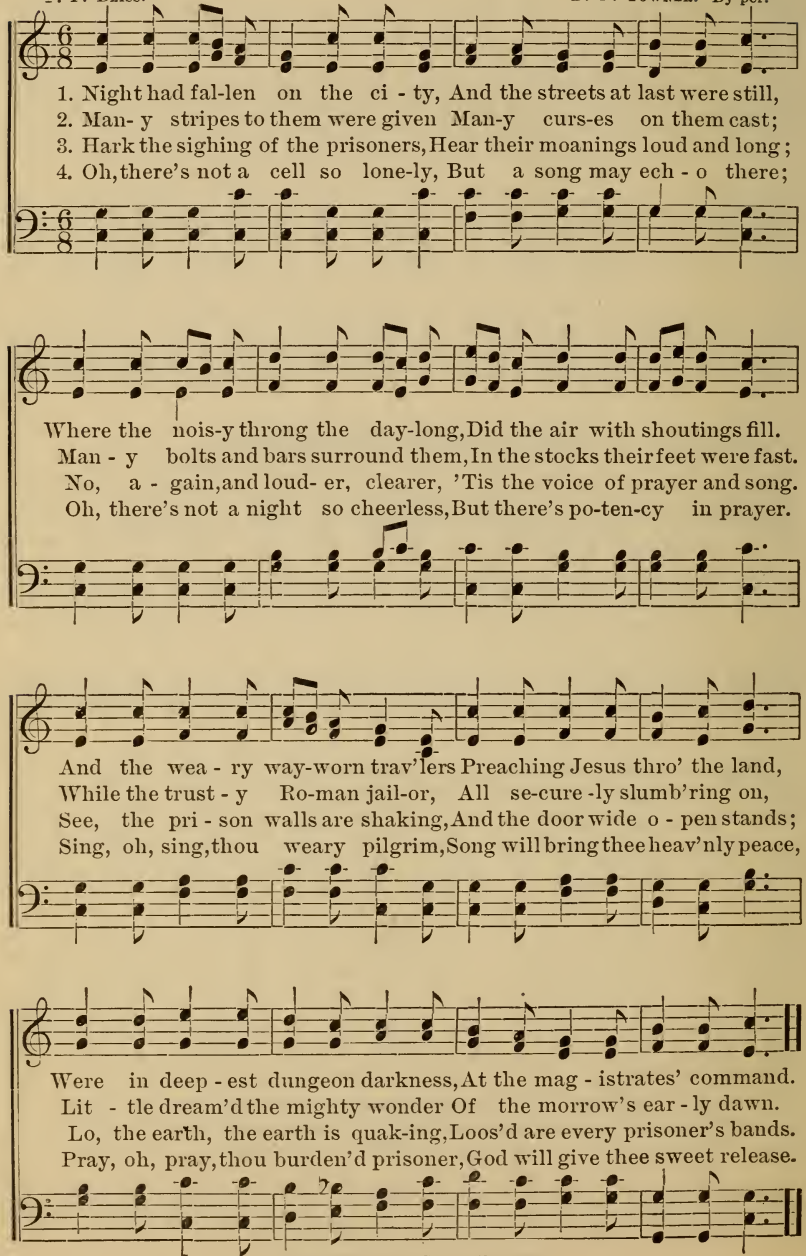


Copyright, 1884, by E. O. EXCELL.

No. 100. Paul and Silas.

Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God.—Acts 16: 25.

P. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner. By per.



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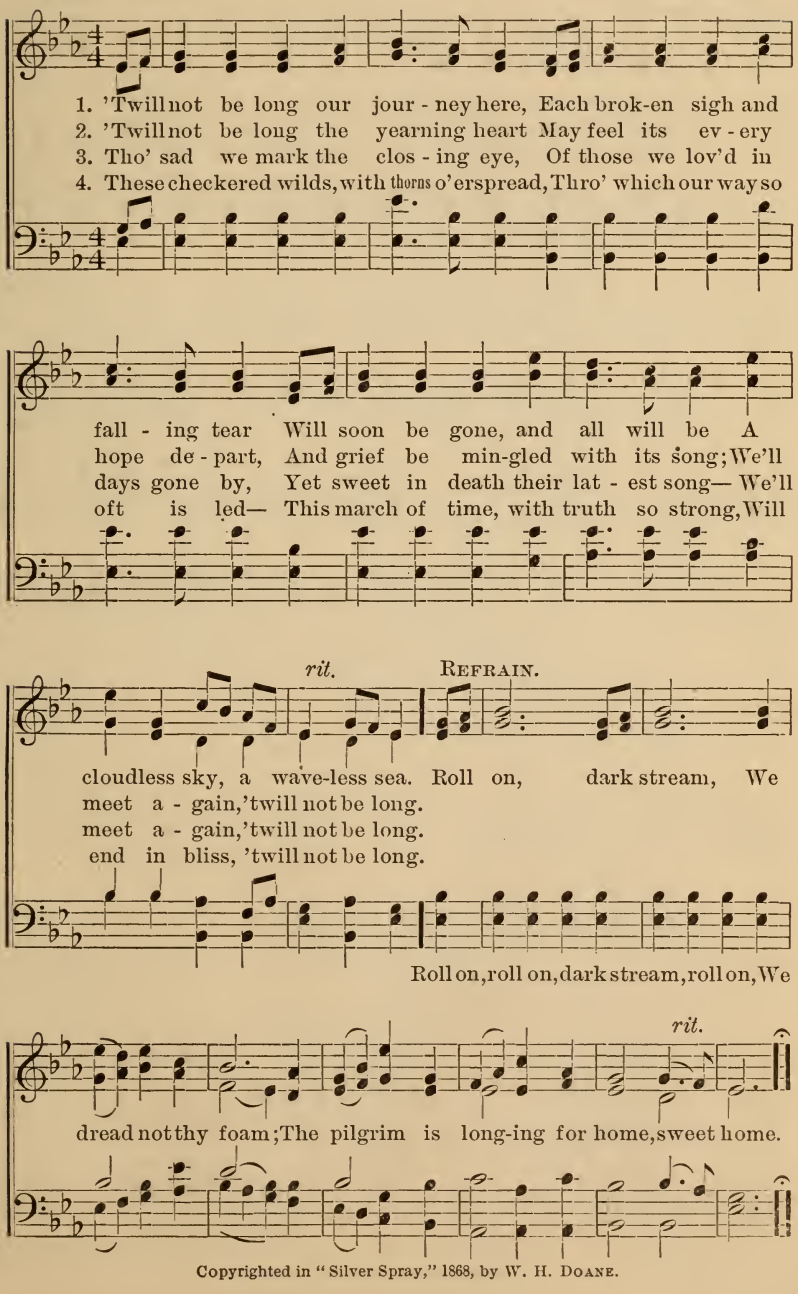
No. 101. 'Twill not be Long.

We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.—Num. 10: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

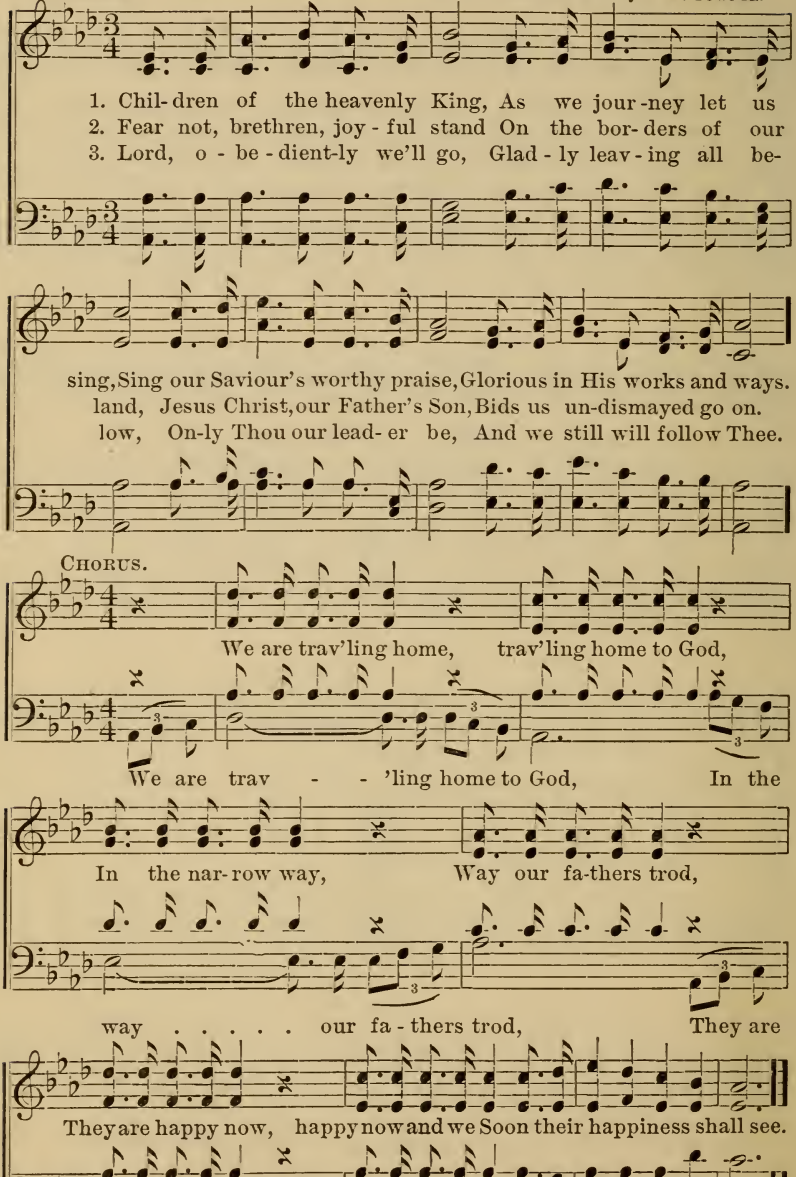


Copyrighted in "Silver Spray," 1868, by W. H. DOANE.

No. 102. Travelling Home.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. 149: 2.

J. Cennick. T. C. O'Kane. Arr. by D. B. Towner.



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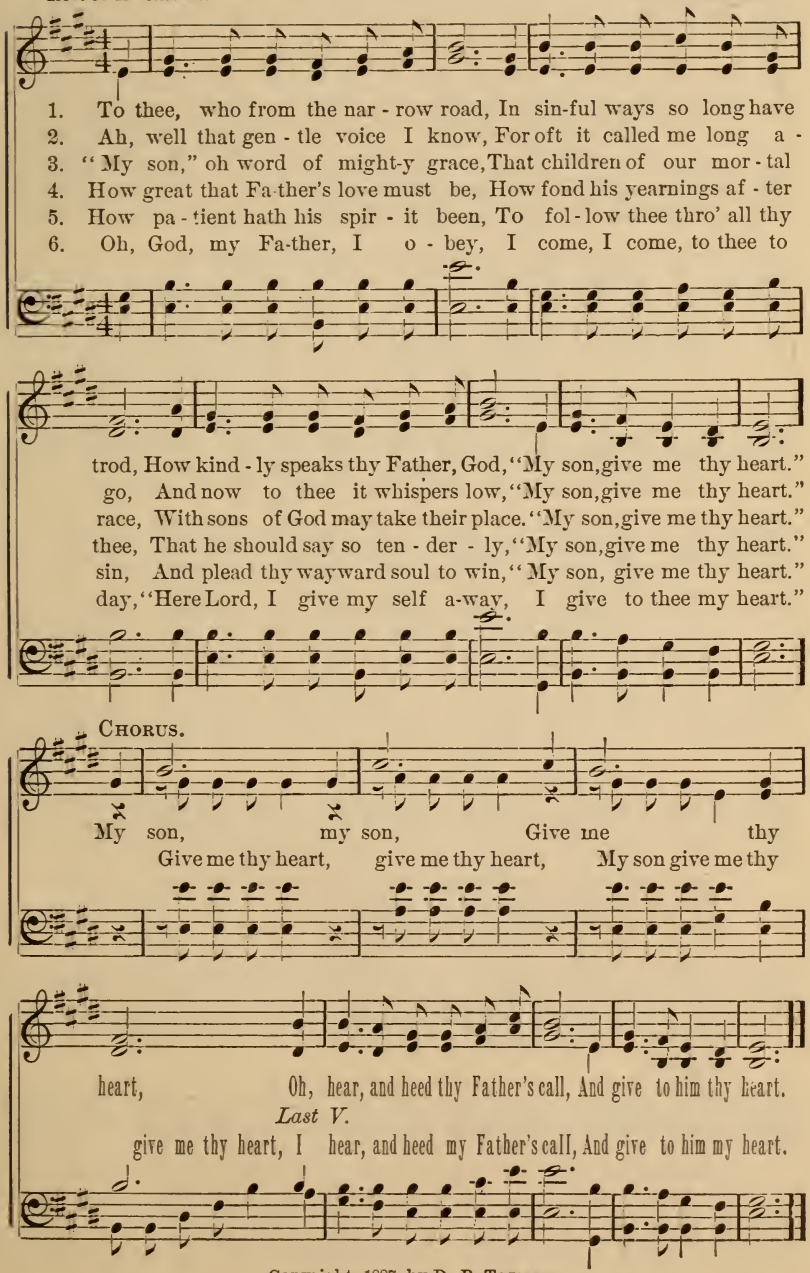
No. 103. Give Me Thy Heart.

"My Son give me Thine heart."—Prov. 23: 26.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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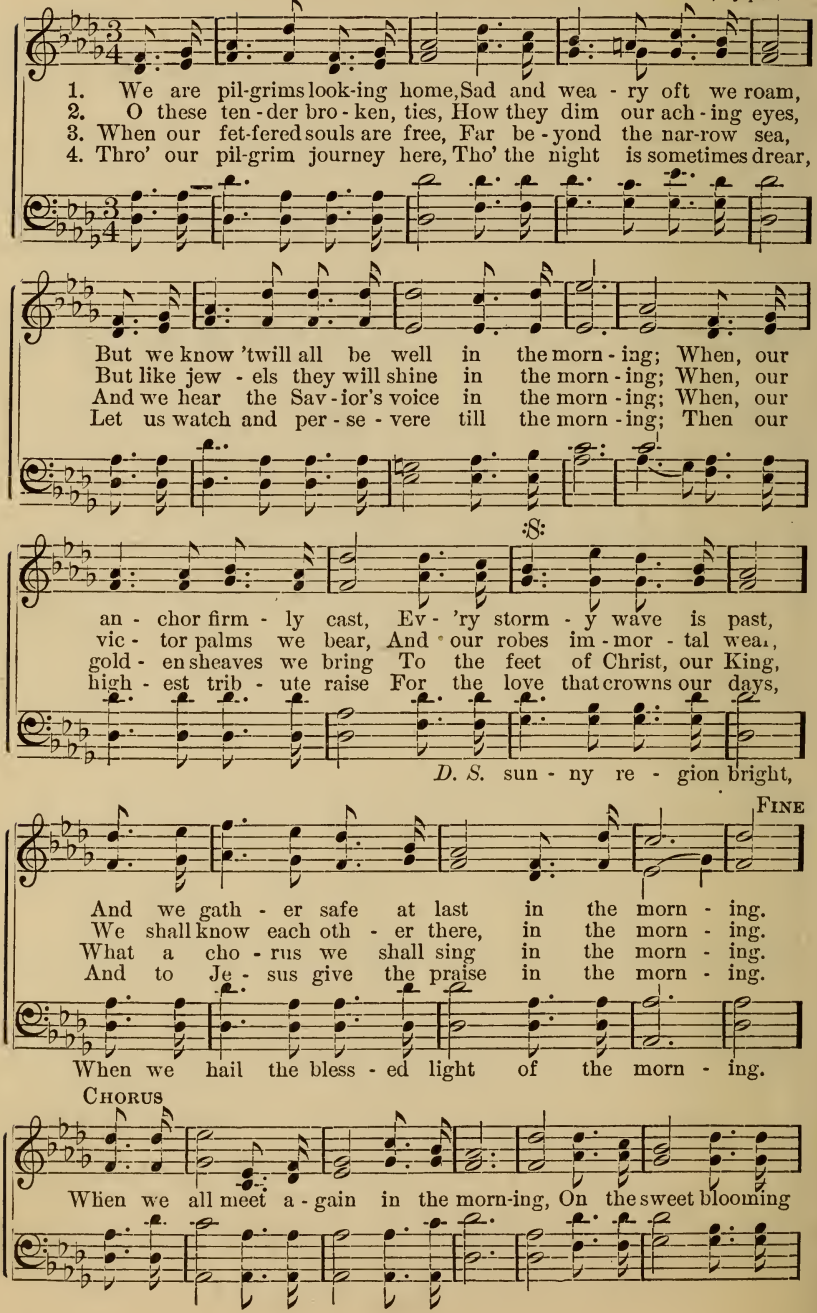
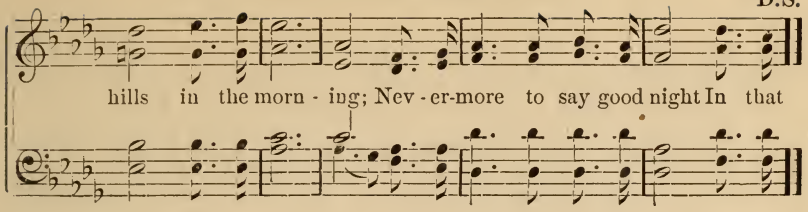
No. 104. In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



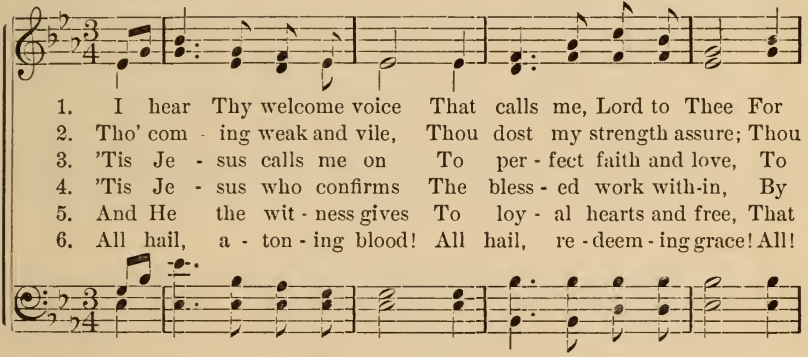
D.S.



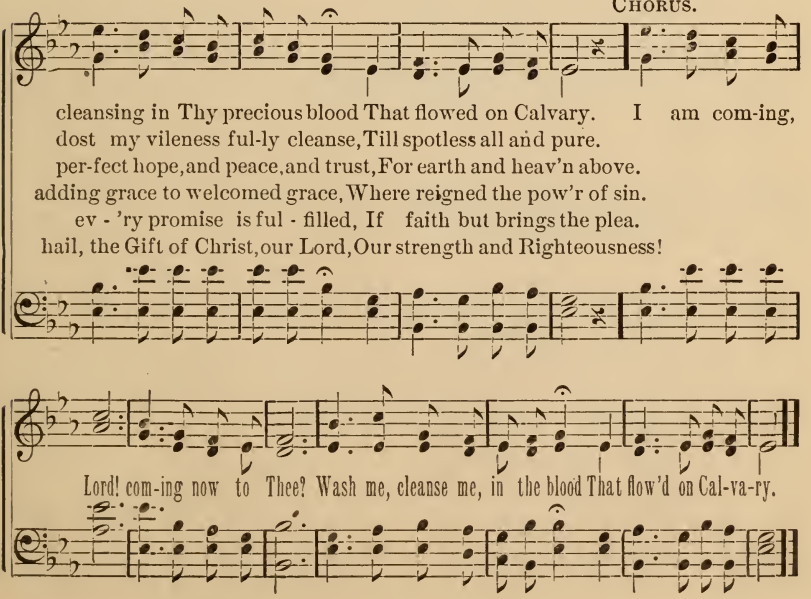
No. 105. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Rev. L. Hartsough. Rev. Lewis Hartsough, by per.

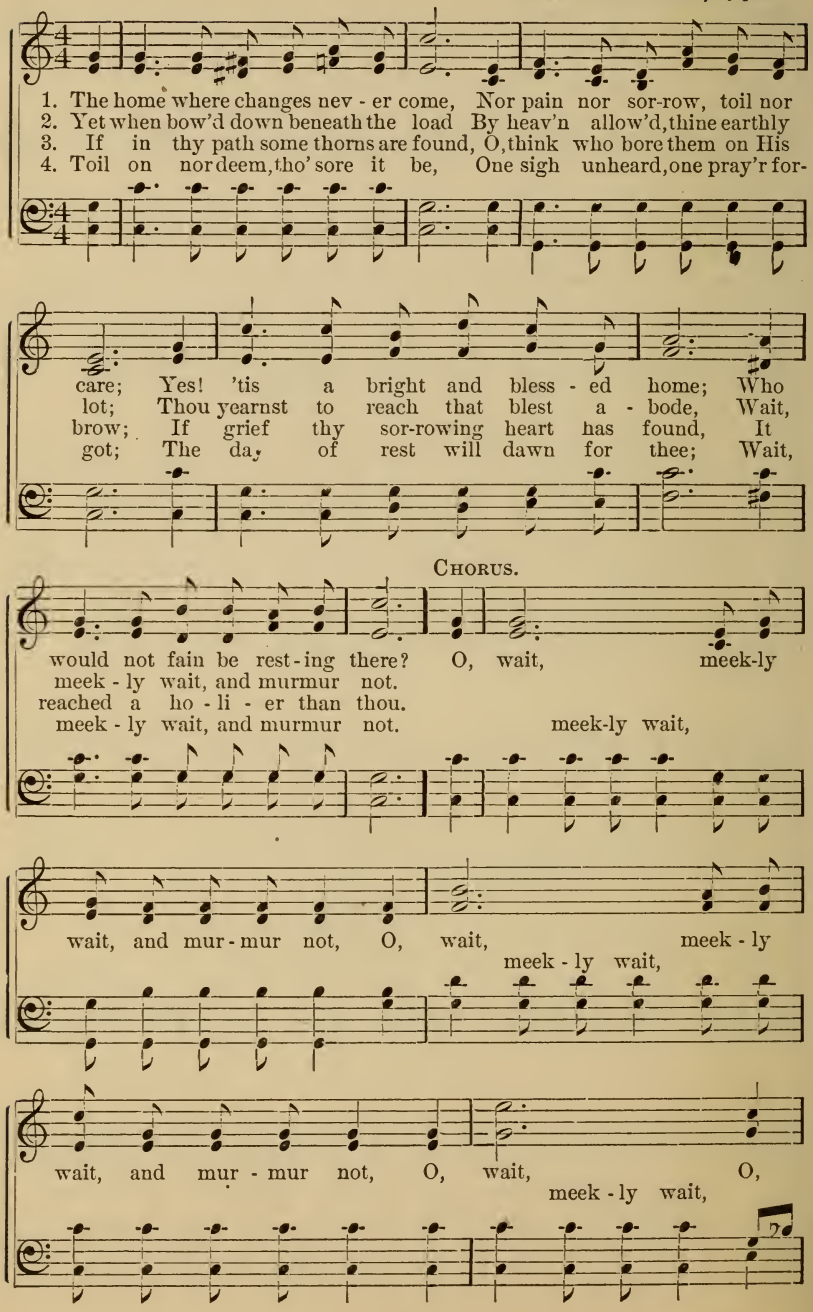


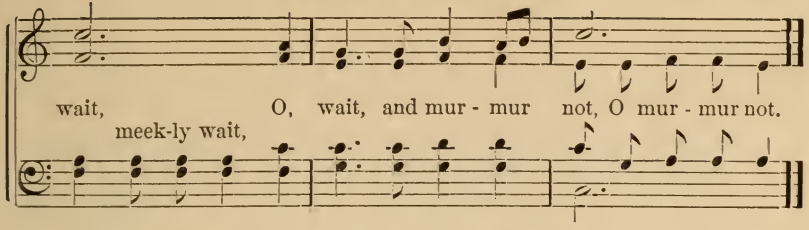
Chorus.



No. 106. Wait and Murmur Not.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

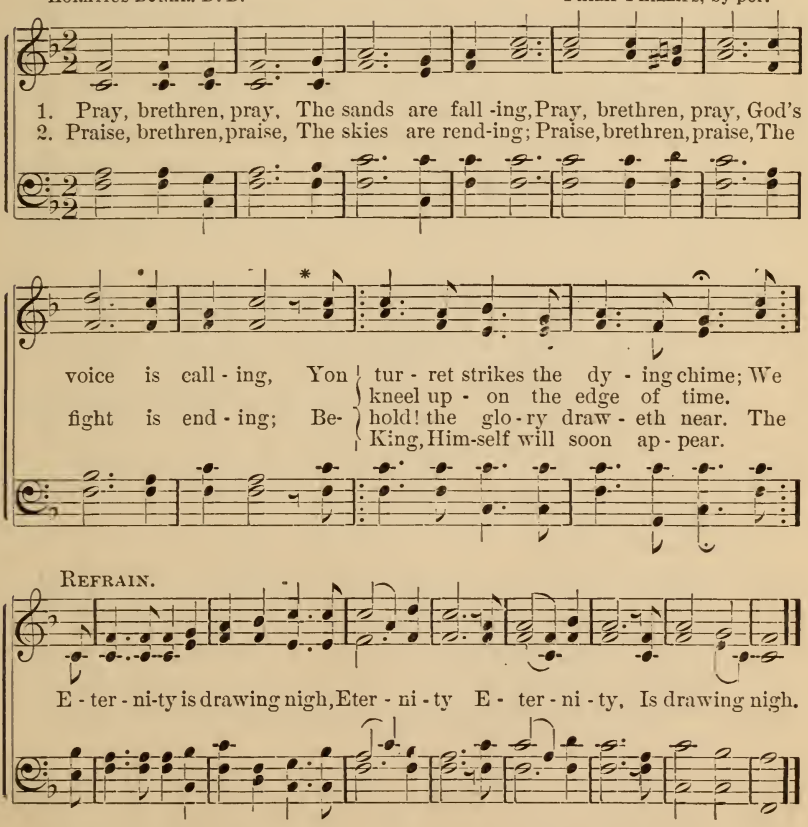




No. 107. Eternity is Drawing Nigh.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Rom. 13: 12.

Horatius Bonar. D. D. Philip Phillips, by per.



3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The day is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
The time is flying,
Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.

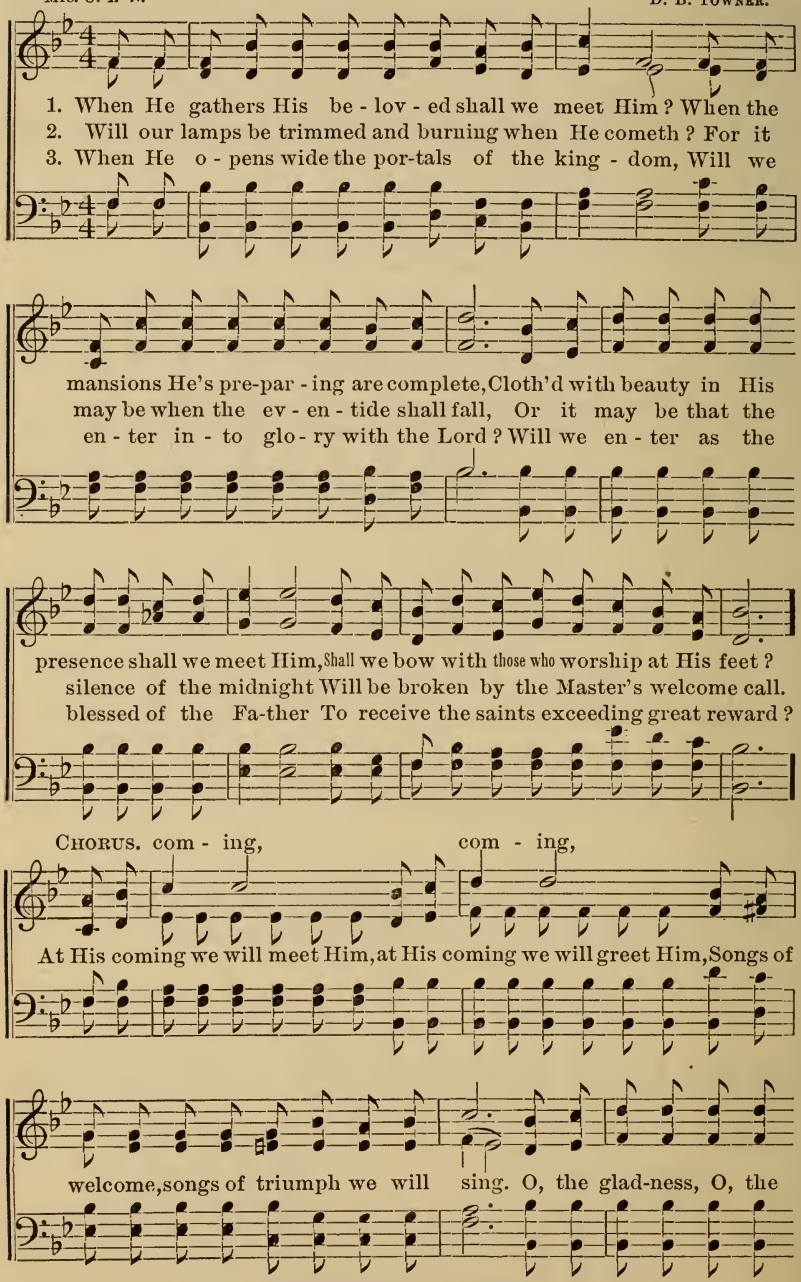
4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking:
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking,
With girded loins already stand,
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

No. 108. At His Coming.

And they that were ready went in with Him.— Matt. 25: 10.

Mrs. C. L. S. D. B. Towner.



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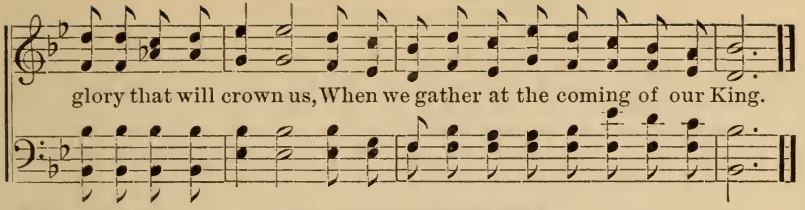
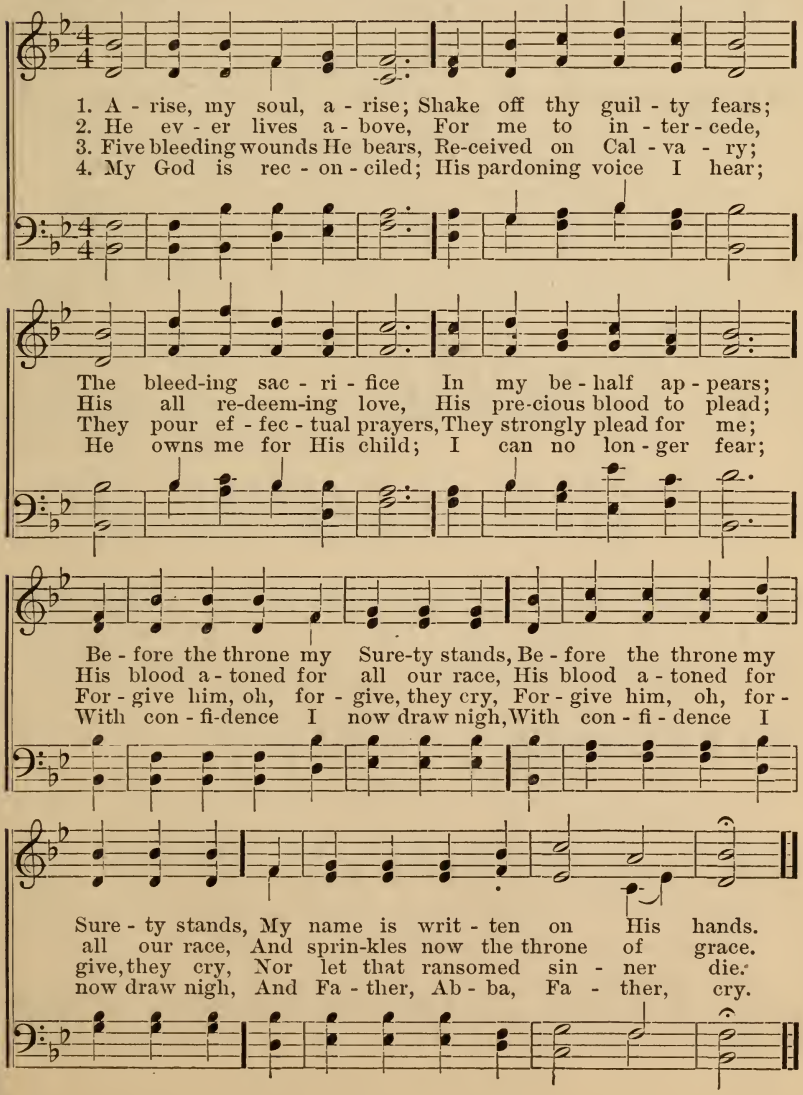


No. 109. Lenox. 6s & 8s.

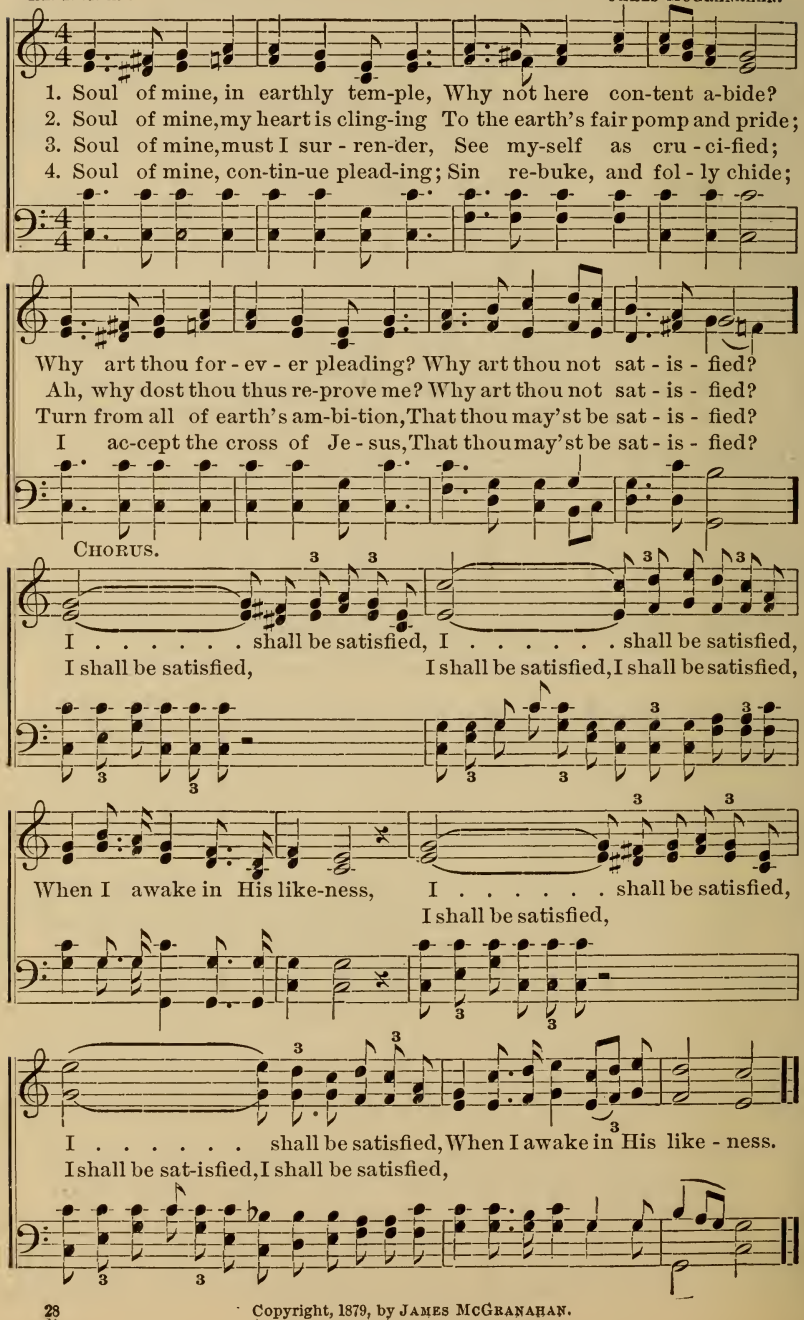
Rev. Ch. Wesley, 1742. Lewis Edson, 1782.



No. 110. I shall be Satisfied.

" I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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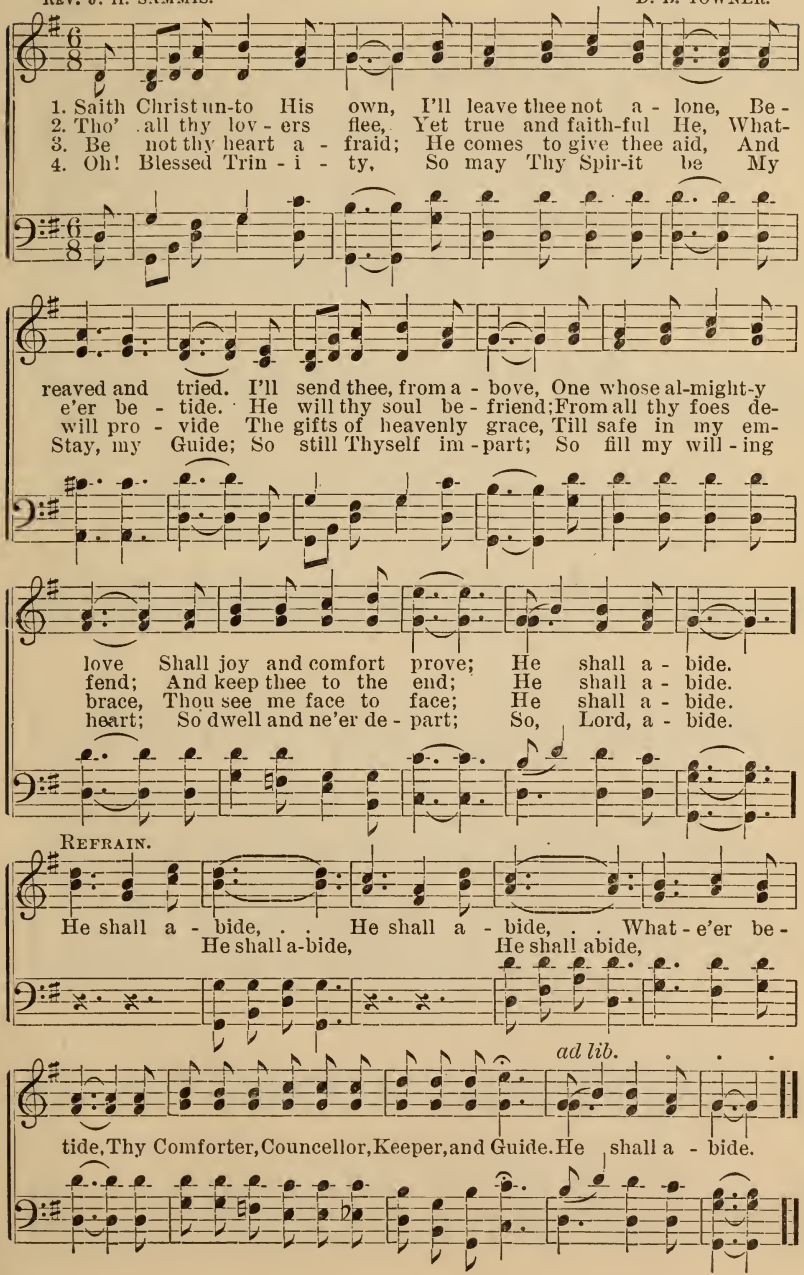
No. 111. He shall abide.

"And he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John 14: 16.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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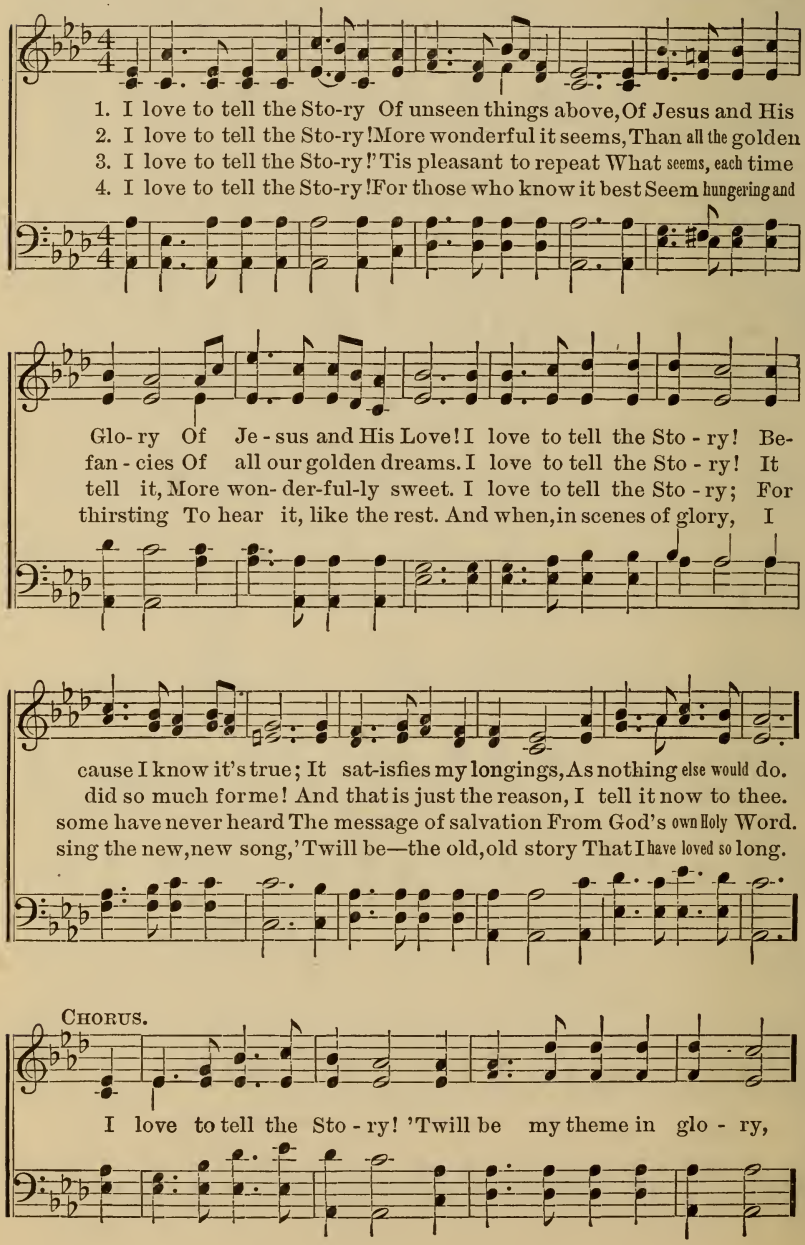
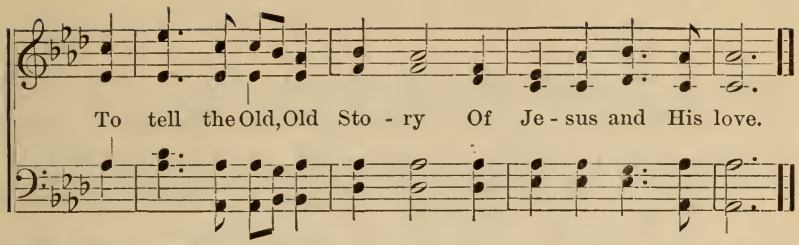
No. 112. I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—Ps. 145: 5.

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867. W. G. Fischer. By per.



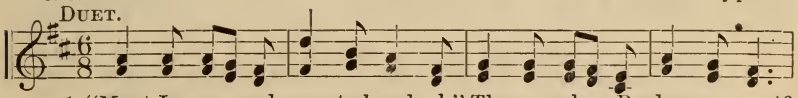


No. 113. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

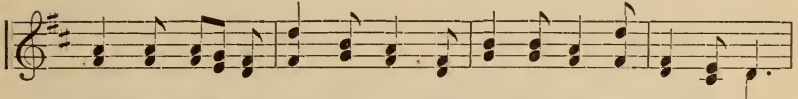
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*"

C. C. Luther. Dan. 12: 3. Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.

Duet.

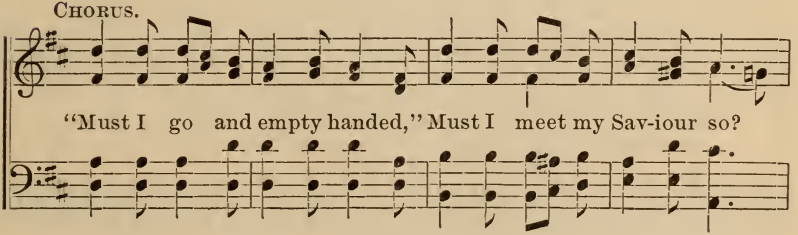


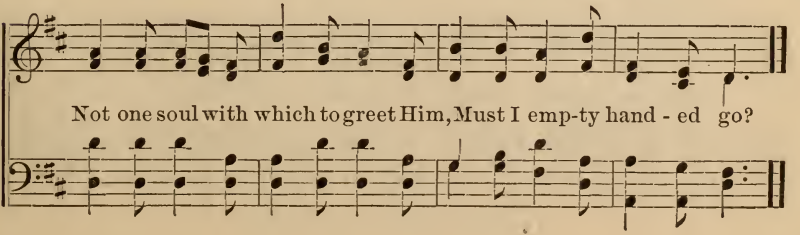
1. "Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deemer meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal- ter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn-est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro- phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav-iour, To His will I'd glad- ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

Chorus.

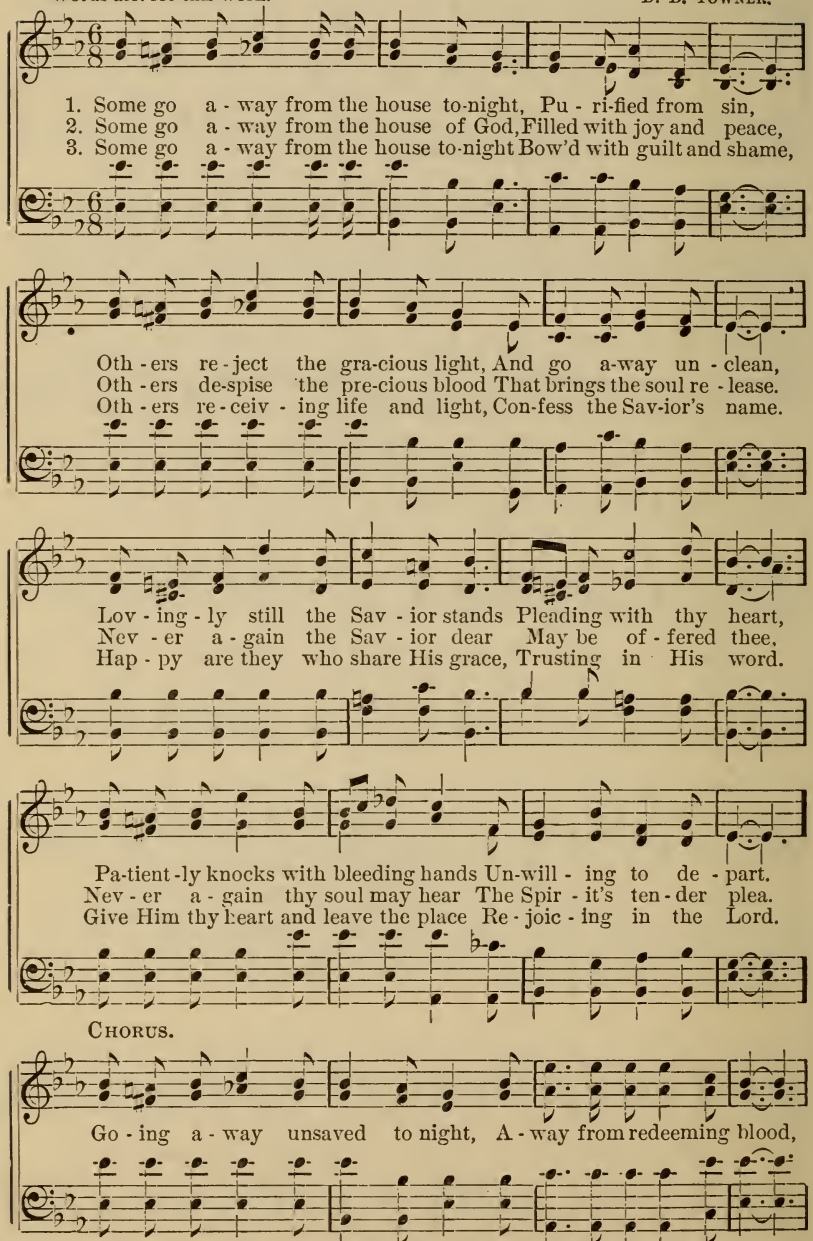




No. 114. Going away Unsaved.

"Ye will not come to me that ye might have life,"—John 5: 40.

Words arr. for this work. D. B. Towner.



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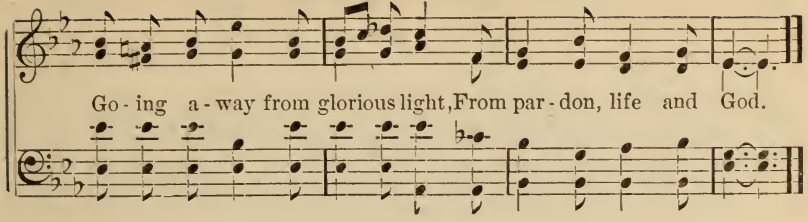
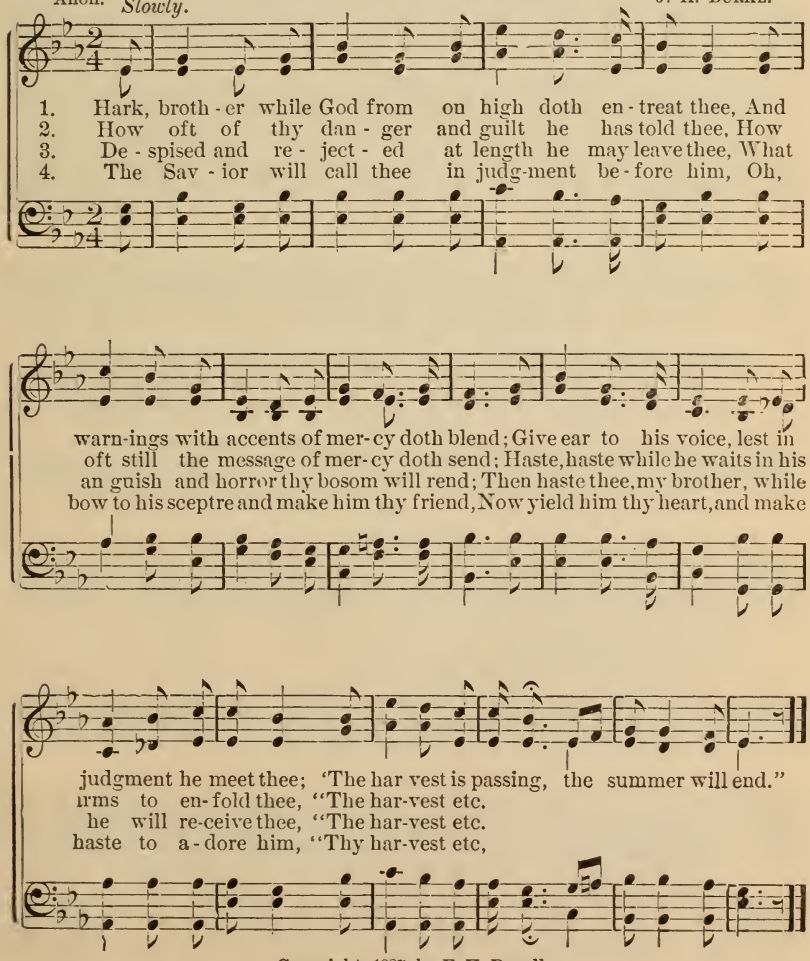


No. 115. "The Harvest is Passing."

The Harvest is Past, the Summer is Ended and We are not Saved. Jer. 8: 20.

Anon. *Slowly.* J. H. BURKE.

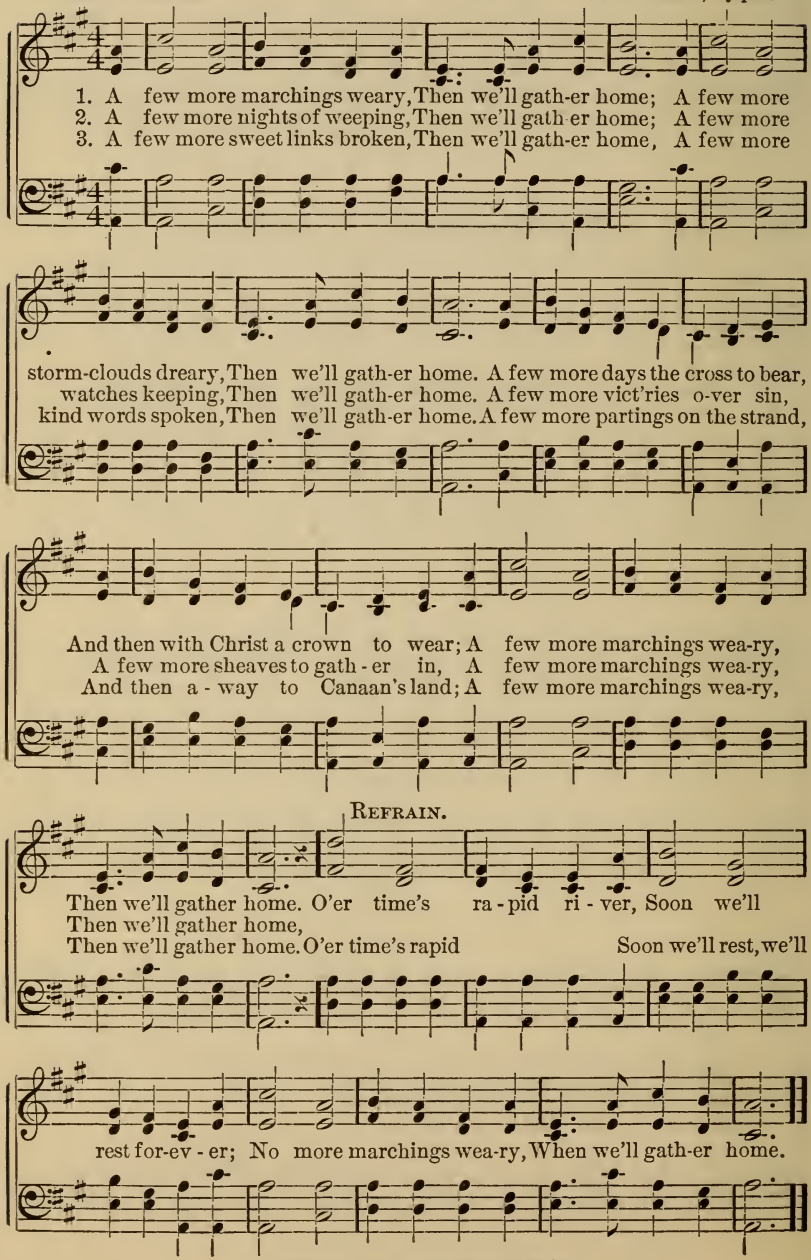


Copyright, 1887, by F. H. Revell.

No. 116. A few more Marchings weary.

"The God of Israel will gather you."—Isa. 52: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

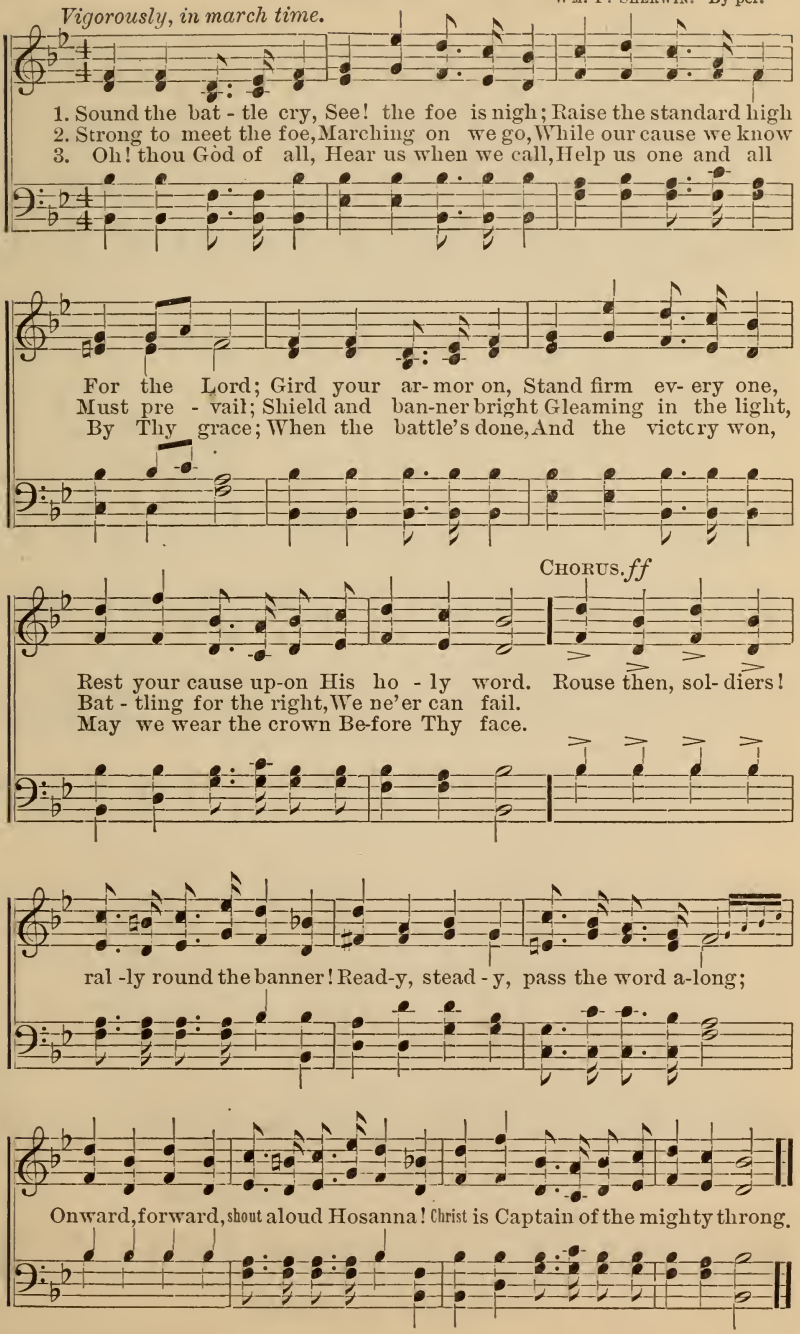


Copyright, 1882, by Bigelow & Main.

No. 117. Sound the Battle Cry.

Wm. F. Sherwin. By per.

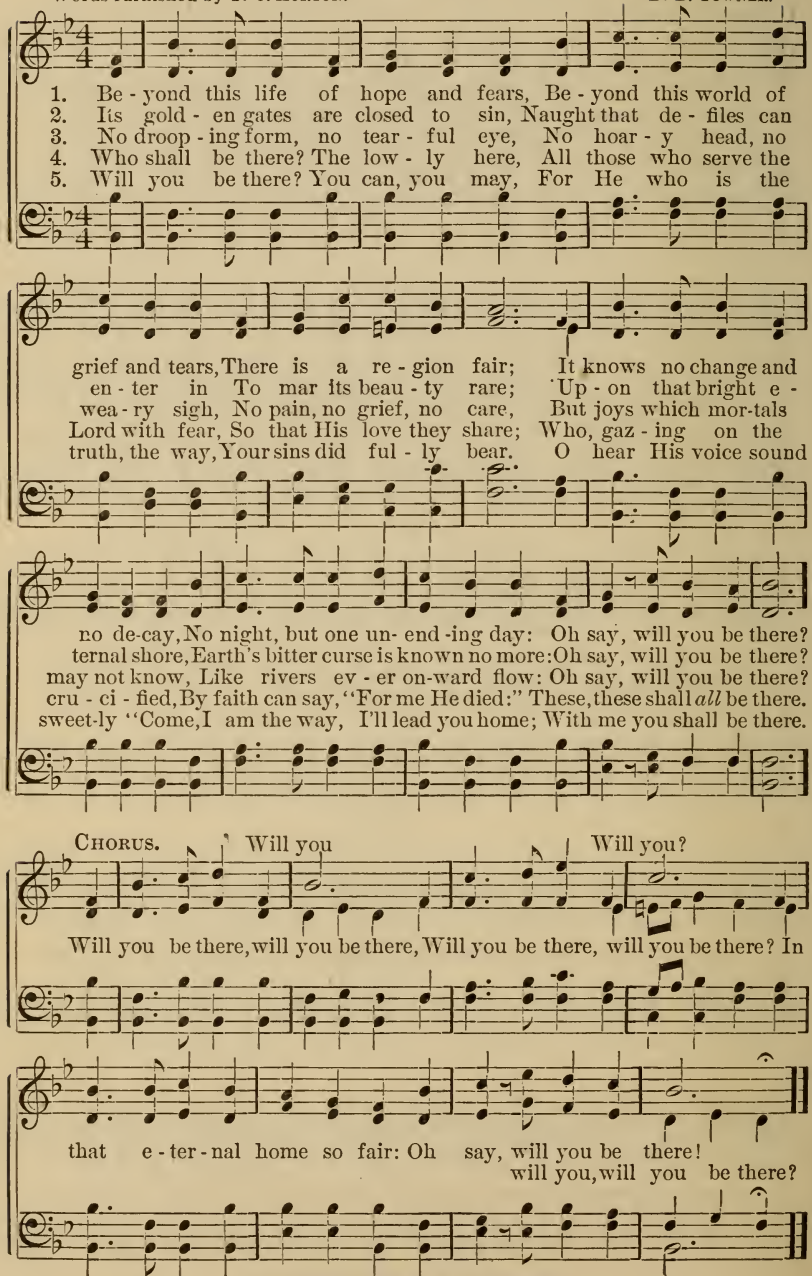
Vigorously, in march time.



No. 118. Will You be There?

"I go to prepare a place for you." John 14: 2.

Words furnished by T. C. Horton. D. B. Towner.



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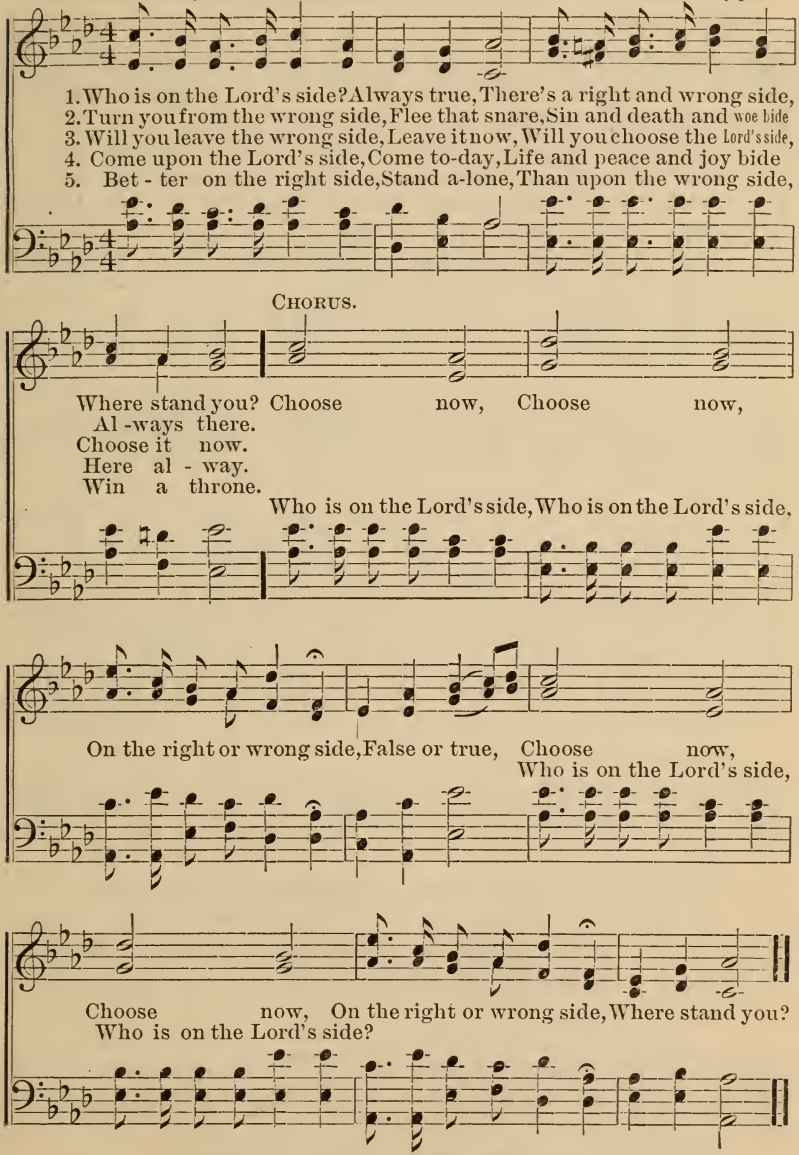
No. 119. Who is on the Lord's Side?

He that is not with me is against me.—Matt. 12: 30.

Arr. for this work by Rev. H. B. Hartzler. F. E. Belden. By per.



6 Loyal on the Lord's side, Let us stand,
Face against the wrong side, Hand in hand.

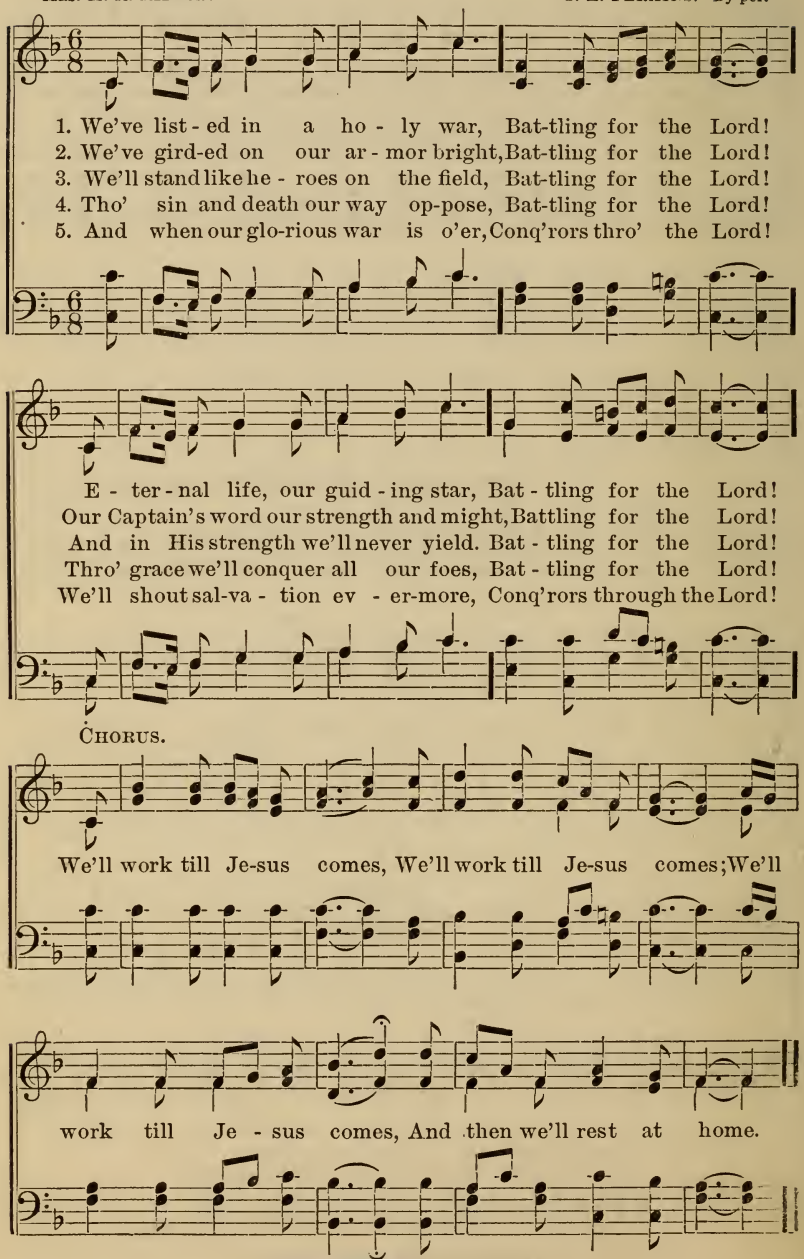
7 Would you have the safe side At that day?
Choose you then the Lord's side While you may.

Words copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner.

No. 120. Battling for the Lord.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Timothy 6: 12.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. T. E. PERKINS. By per.



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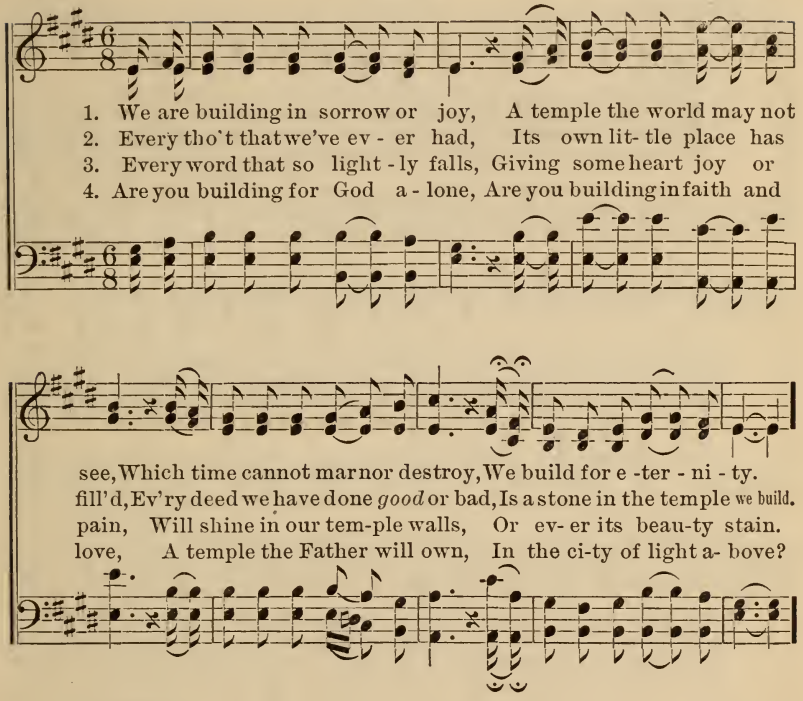
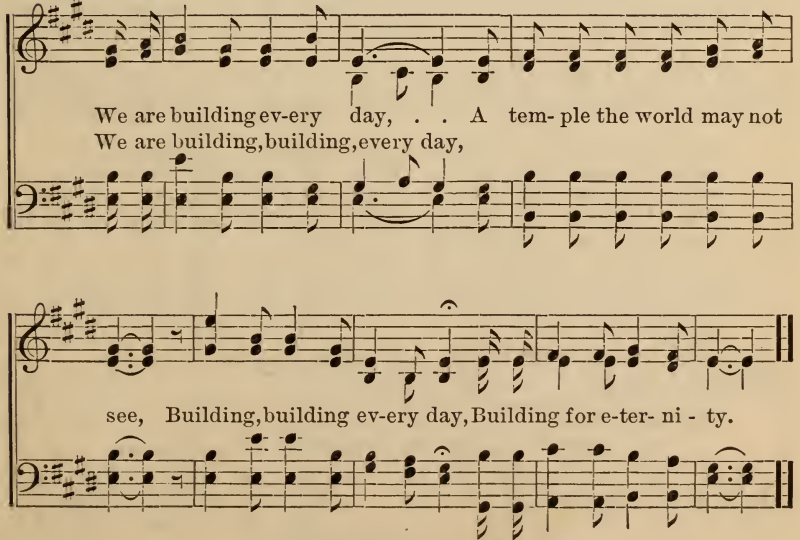
No. 121. Building for Eternity.

N. E. Acts. 20: 32. N. E. Sargent, Arr.



Chorus.



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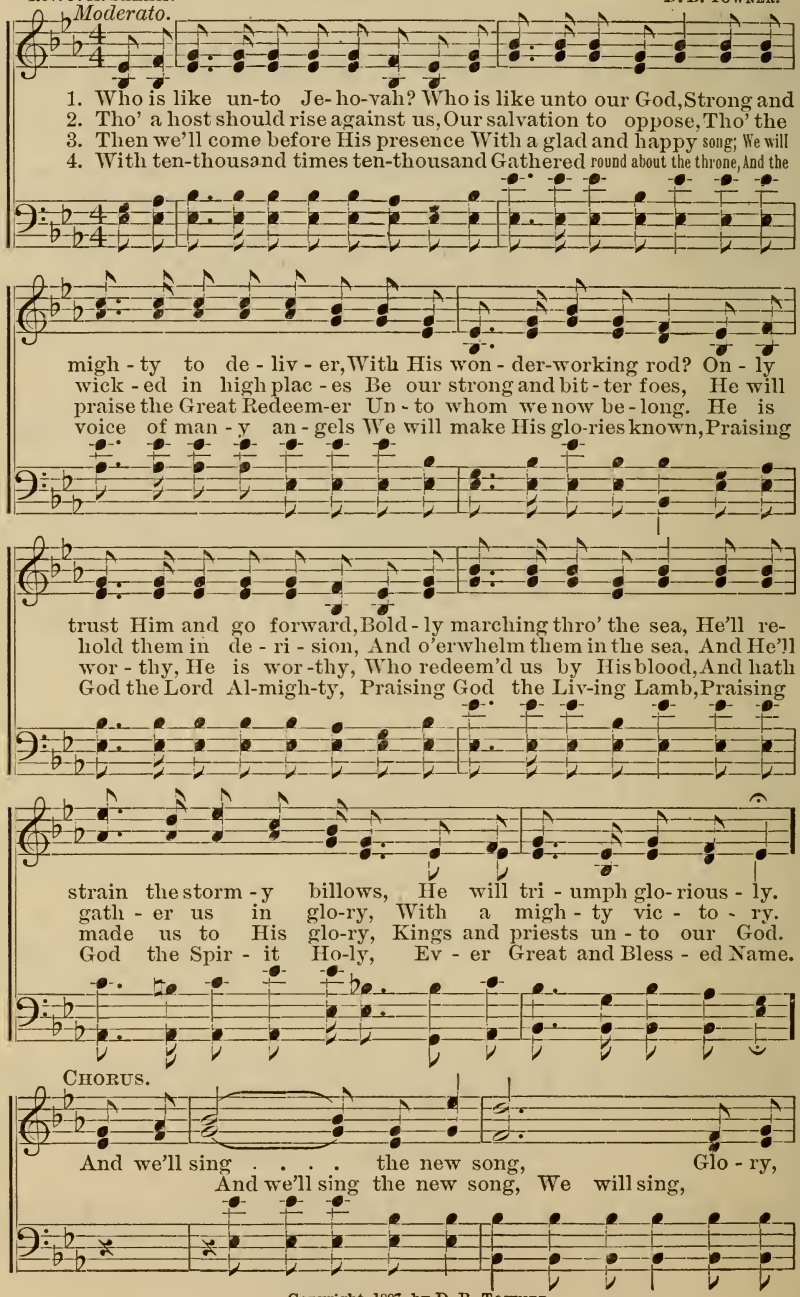
No. 122. The New Song.

"The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation."—Ex. 15: 2.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

Moderato.



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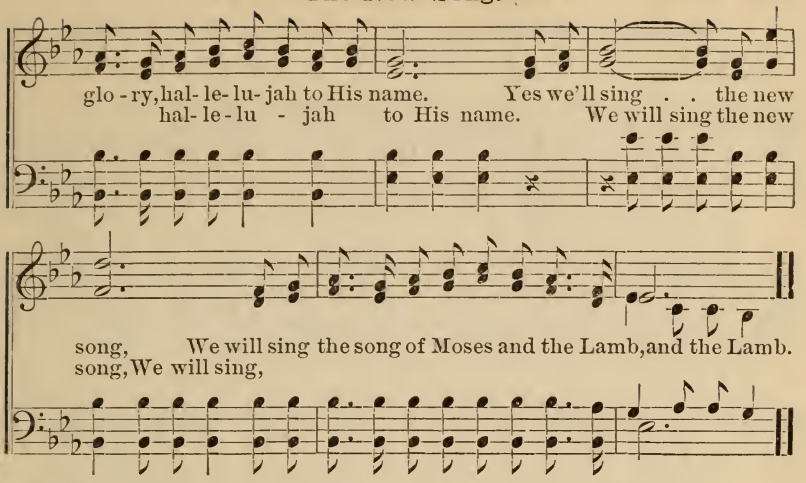
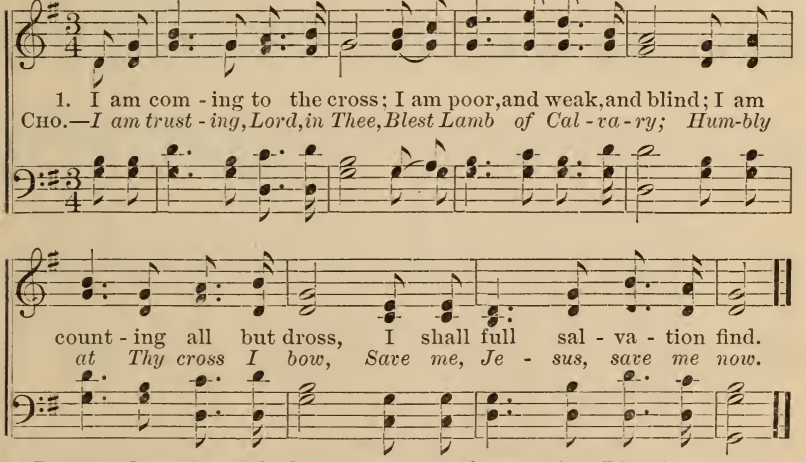


No. 123. I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
CHO.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.
CHO.

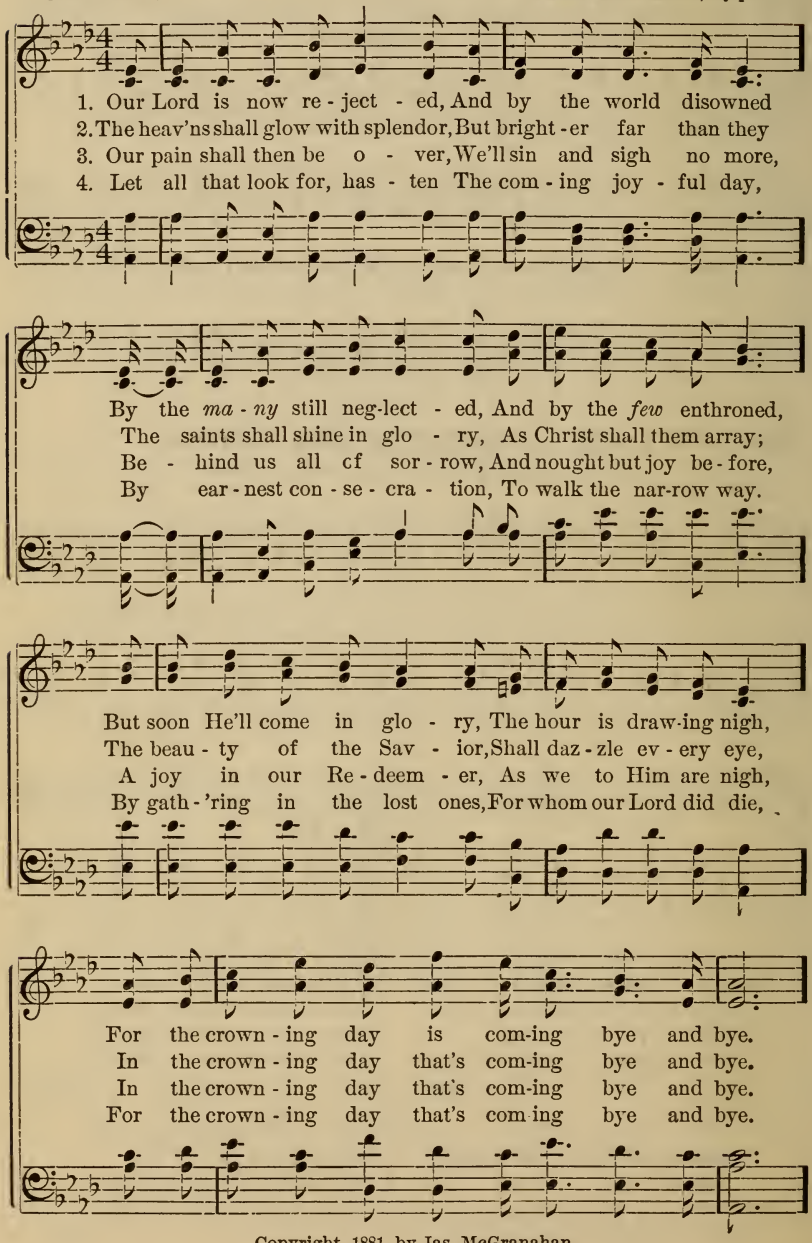
4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
CHO.

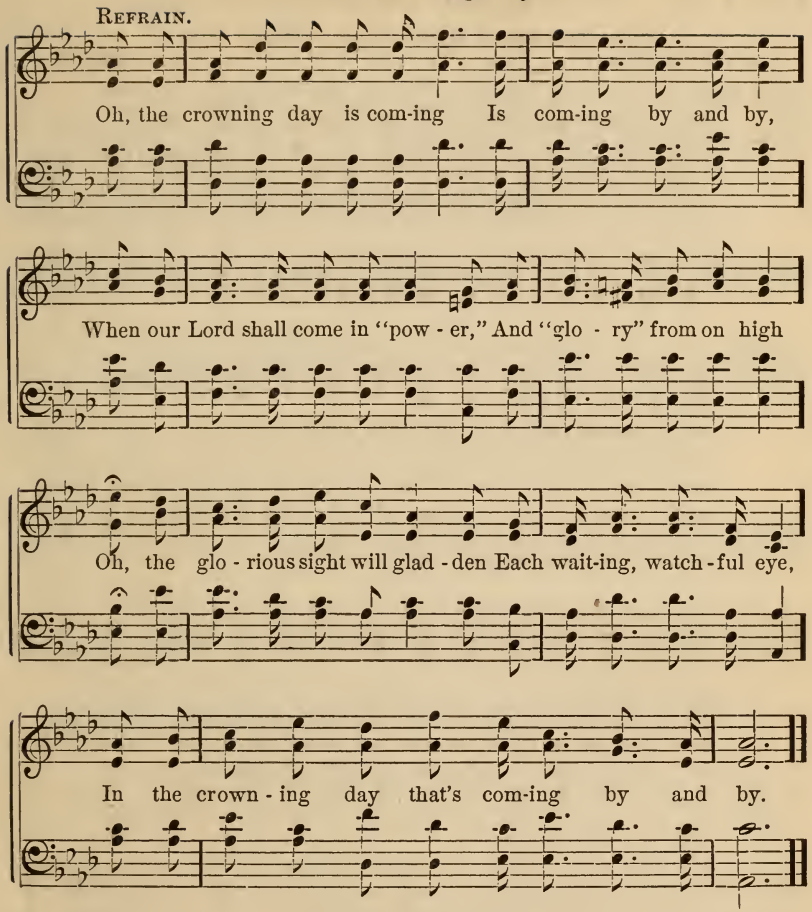
No. 124. The Crowning Day.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—Mat, 24: 30,

El. Nathan. James McGranahan, by per.



Copyright, 1881, by Jas. McGranahan.



No. 125. **Bethany. 6s & 4s.** Key G.

1 Nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my songs shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down;
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

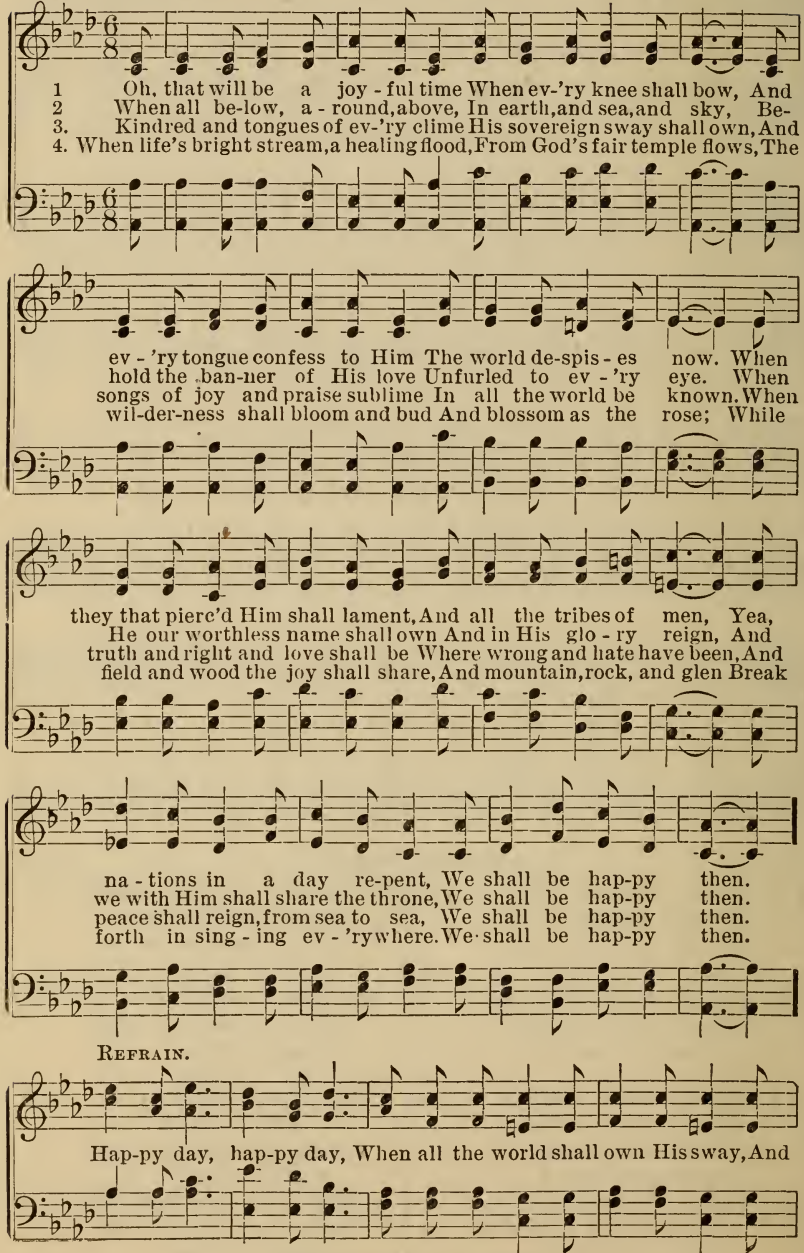
3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

No. 126. We Shall be Happy Then.

"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion." Ps. 53: 6.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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men and an-gels Him o - bey; We shall be hap - py then.

No. 127. Missionary's Call.

Rev. N. Brown. Edward Howe, Jr.

1. My soul is not at rest; there comes a spirit like a dream of
2. Why live I here? The vows of God are on me and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly
3. And I will go! I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol
4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my
5. And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for me should ever reach that blessed

night, that tells me I am on en - - - chant - ed ground.
flowers, till I my work have done, and render'd up ac-count,
hopes, and every tie that binds my heart to Thee, my country.
cup I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife!"
shore, Oh, how this heart will glow with gratitude and love!

Chorus.

Vivace. *cres.*

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord," "Go, teach all
5 Verse. Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, I shall ne'er re -

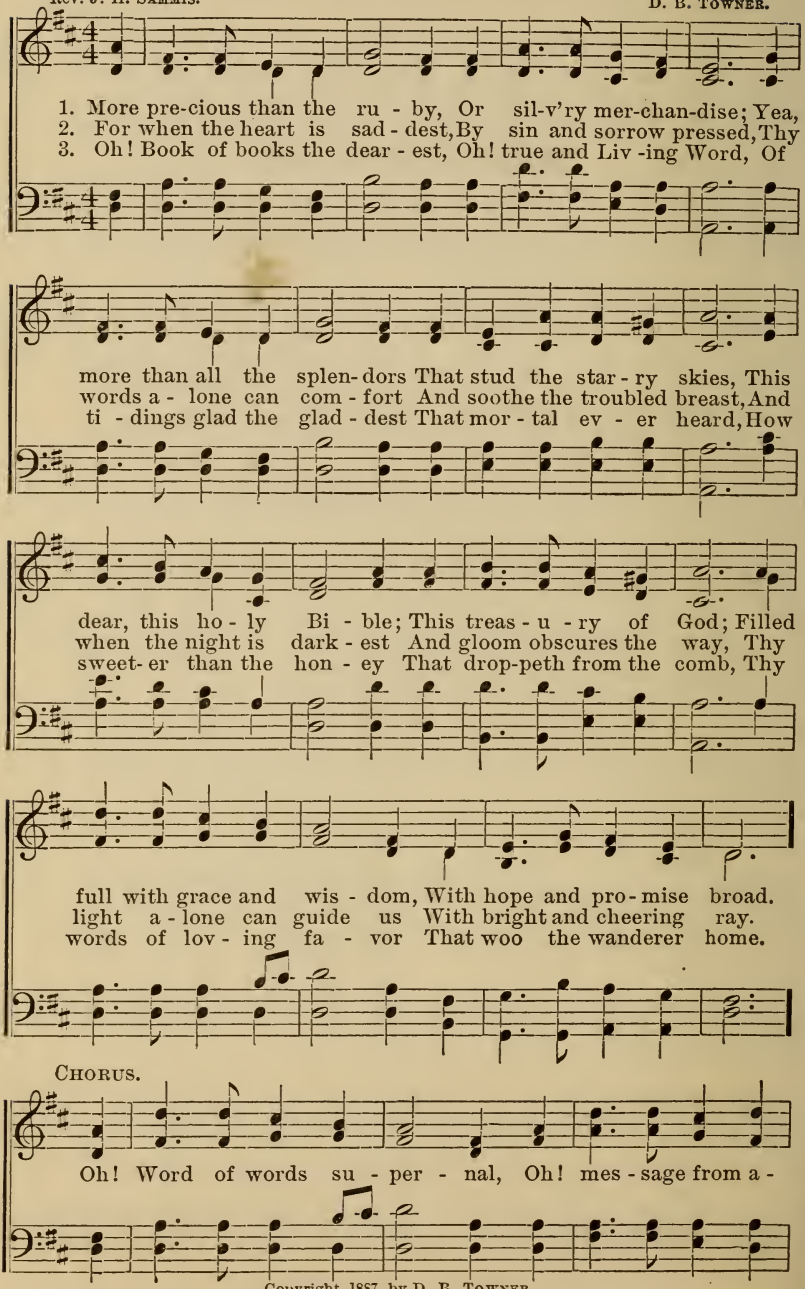
p

nations," Comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.
pent; That toil and suf-f'ring once were mine be - low.

No. 128. Oh! Word of Words!

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.— Col. 3: 16.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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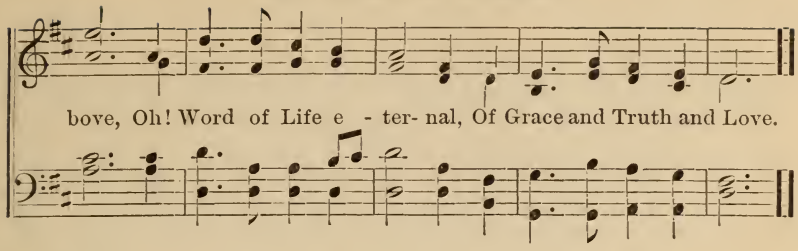
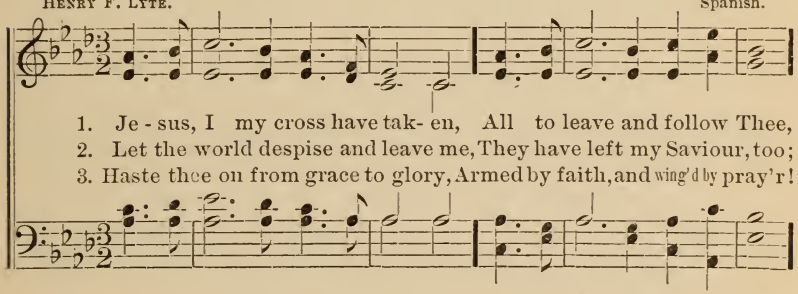
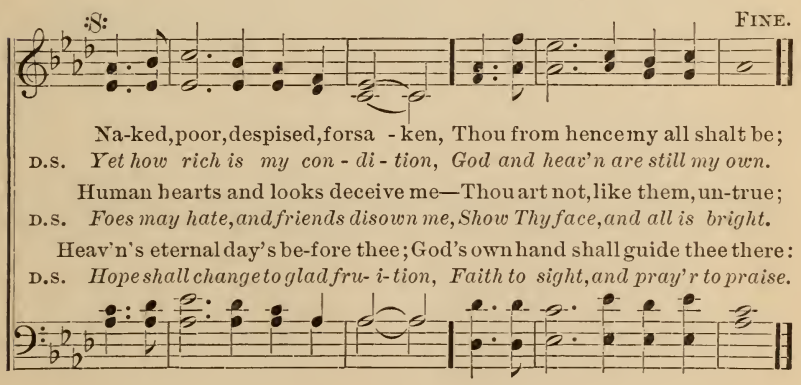
Oh! Word of Words!

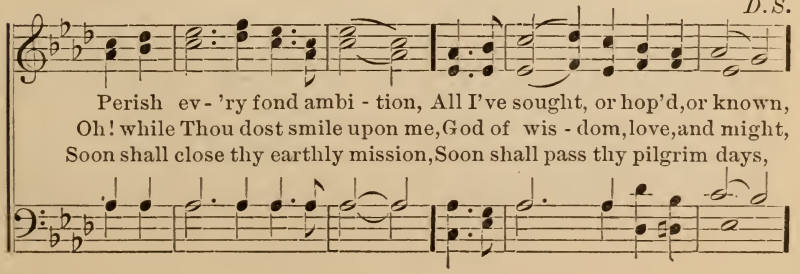


No. 129. Autumn.

HENRY F. LYTE. Spanish.



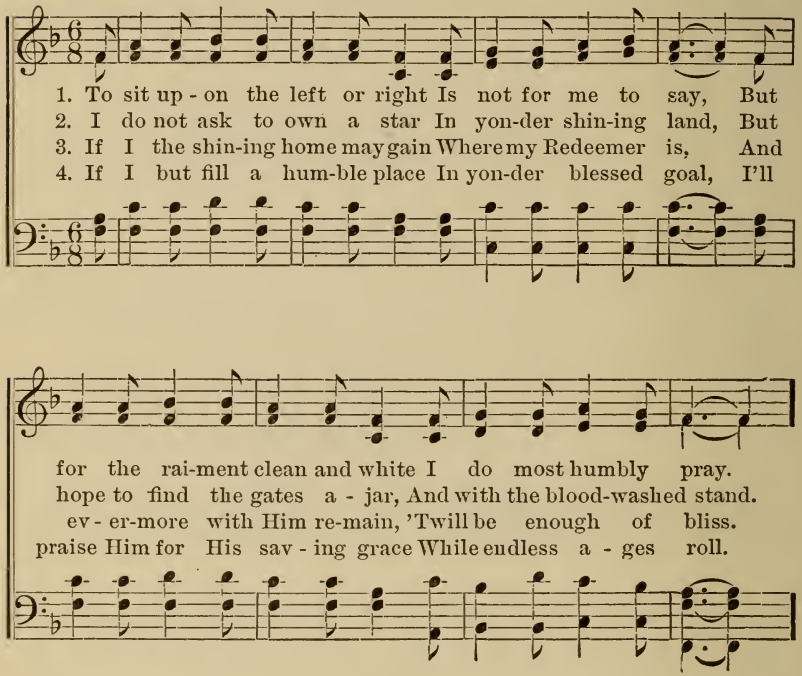




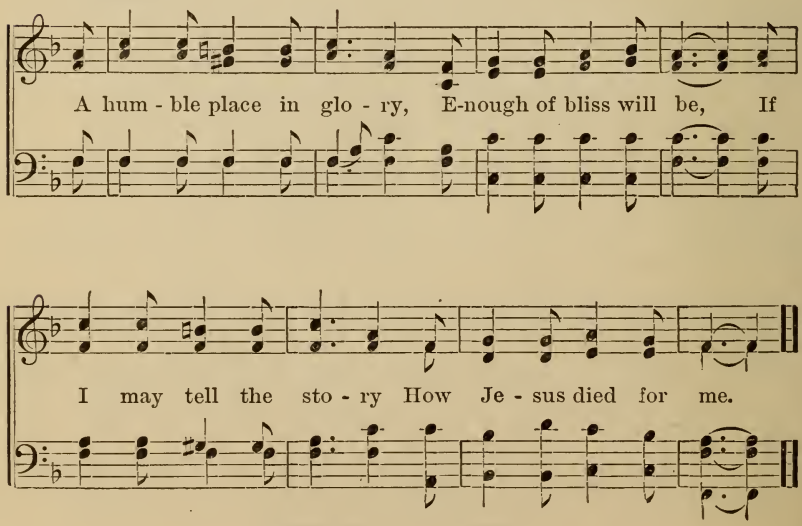
No. 130. A Humble Place in Glory.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left in thy kingdom."—Matt. 20: 21.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.



CHORUS.



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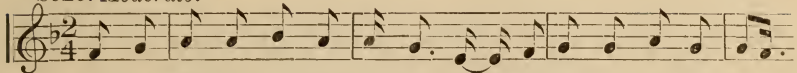
No. 131. My Mother's Prayer.

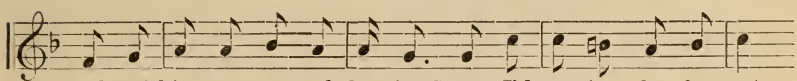
Her children arise up, and call her blessed.—Prov. 31: 28.

T. C. O'Kane.

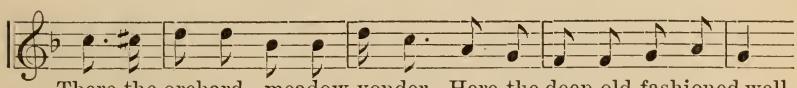
Solo. *Moderato.*



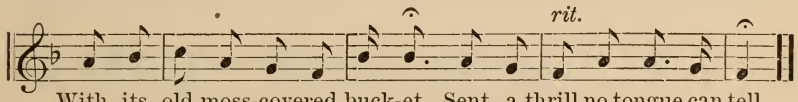
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil - iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same with-in;
3. Quick I drew it from the rubbish, Cov-ered o'er with dust so long;



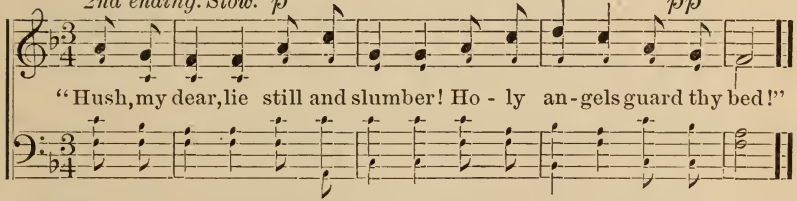
Brought within my re - col - lec-tion Scenes I'd seeming - ly for - got;
Just as when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in;
When, be - hold, I heard in fan - cy Strains of one fa - mil - iar song,



There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
To the gar - ret dark as-cend-ing—Once a source of child-ish dread—
Oft - en sung by my dear mother To me in that trundle bed:



With its old moss-covered buck-et, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
Peer-ing through the misty cob-webs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.
[Omit. . . . .



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber! Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed!"

4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again:
'T is the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling, *
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says:
'T is a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame:
* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Bless, oh bless, my precious child!"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming:
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet graveyard lain;
But her blessed, angel spirit
Daily hovers o'er my head,
Calling me from earth to heaven,
Even from my trundle bed.

* Use second ending.

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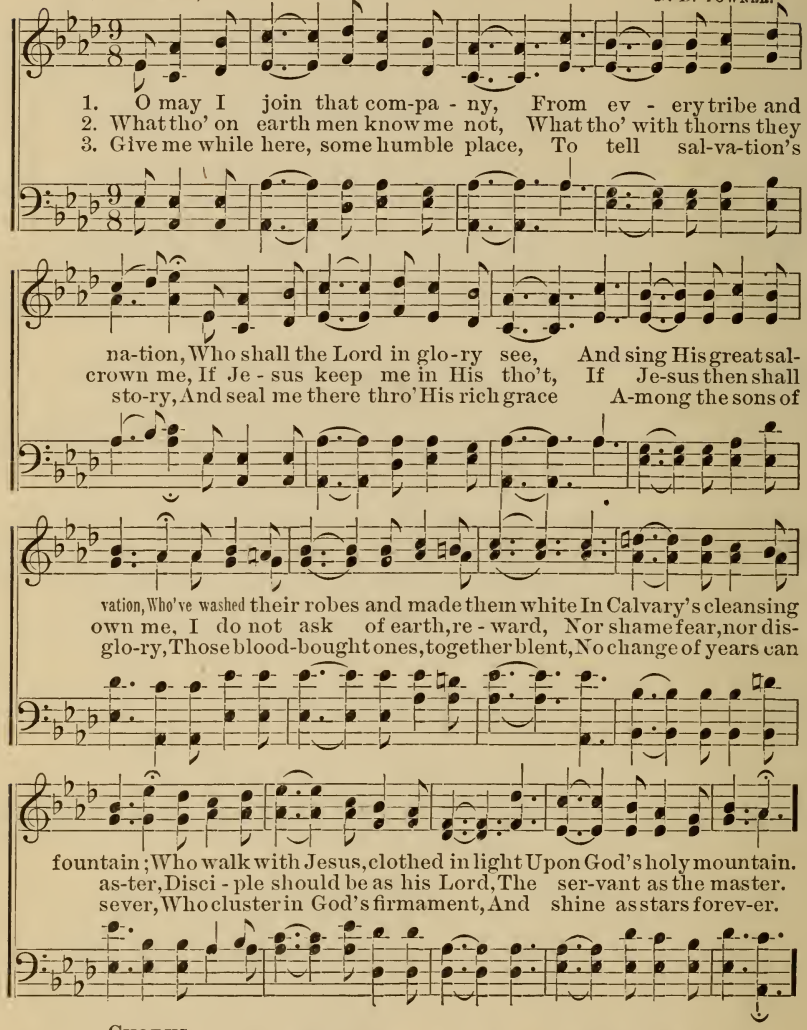
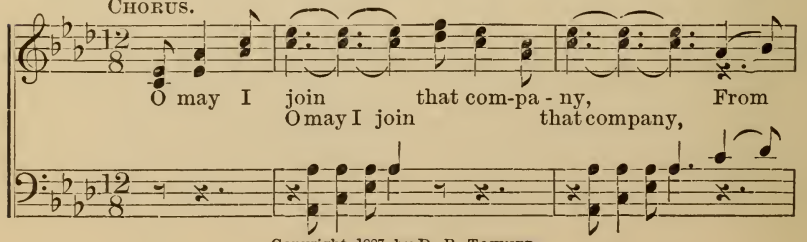
No. 132. O may I join that Company.

"And lo, a great multitude * * stood before the throne, * * * And cried with a loud voice saying, "Salvation to our God."*—Rev. 7: 9 & 10.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D. D. B. Towner.



Chorus.



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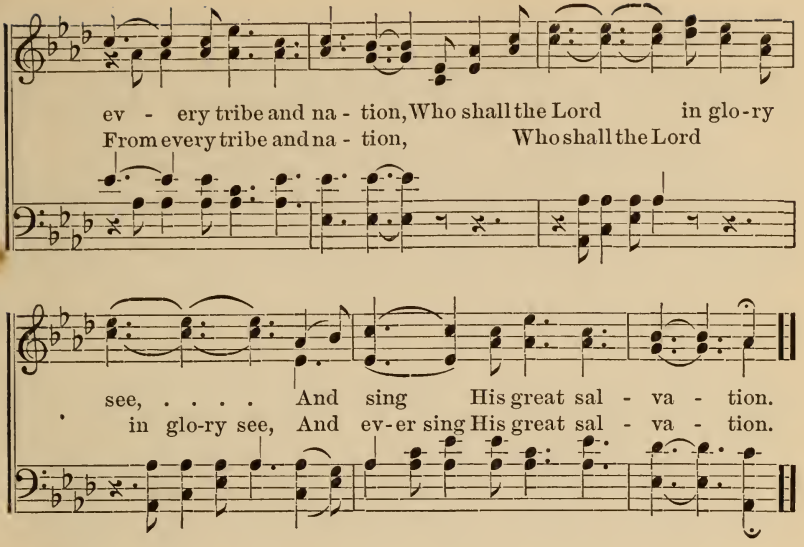
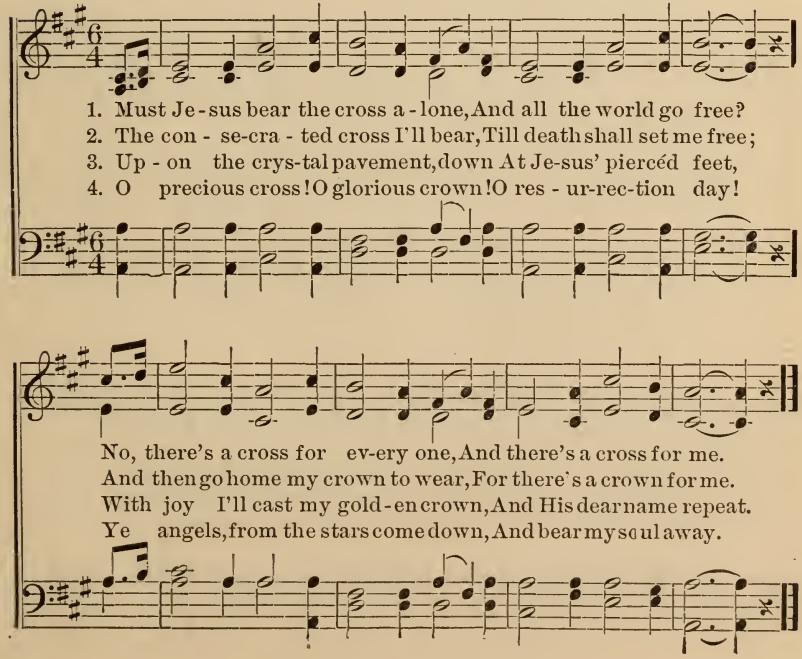


No. 133. Cross and Crown.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—John 19: 17.

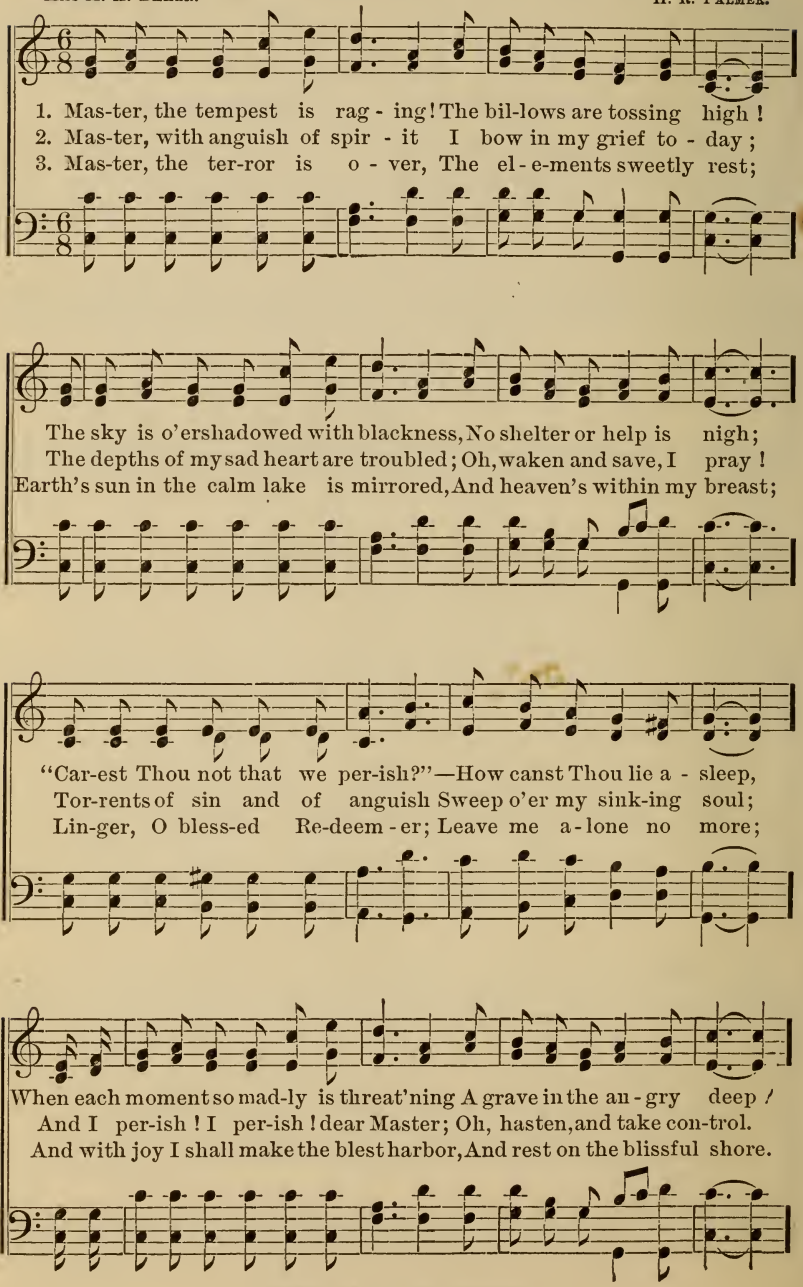
THO'S SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 134. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4: 39.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.



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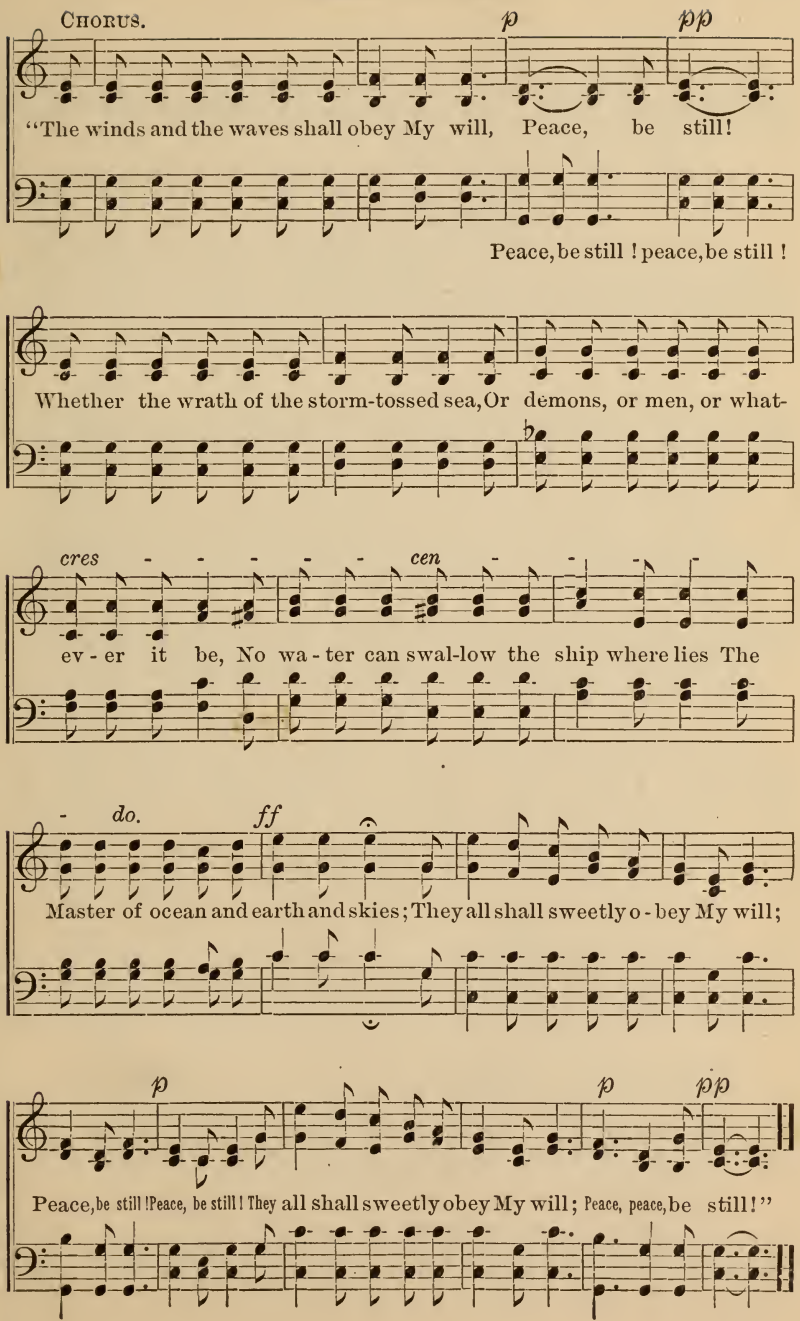
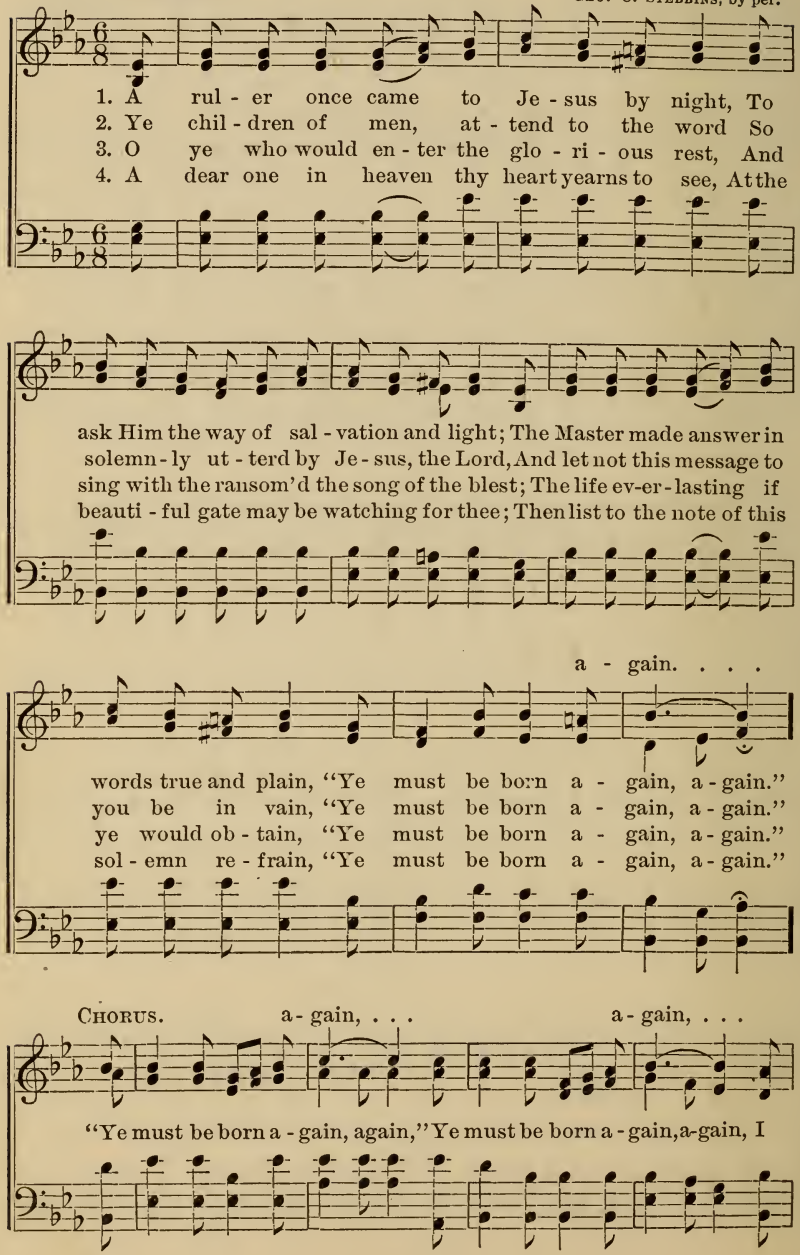
Peace! Be Still!

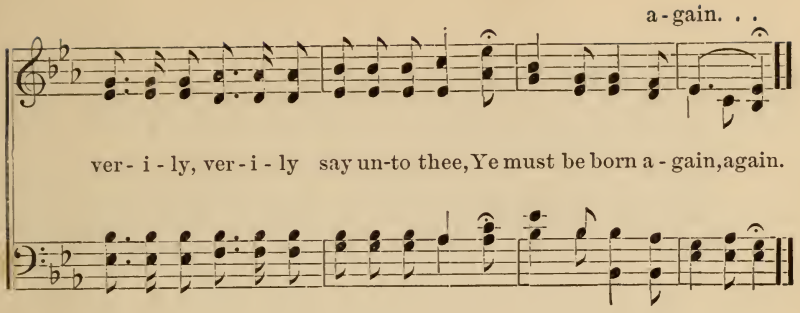


No. 135. Ye Must be Born Again.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3: 3.

Rev. W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins, by per.

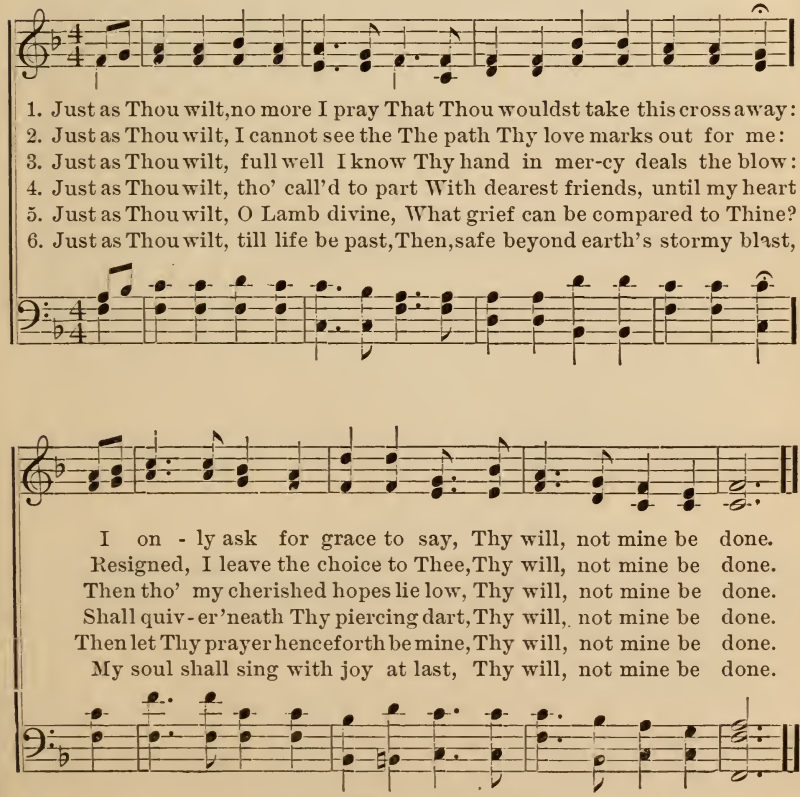




No. 136. Just as Thou Wilt.

Not my will, but Thine be done.—Luke 22: 42.

F. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner.



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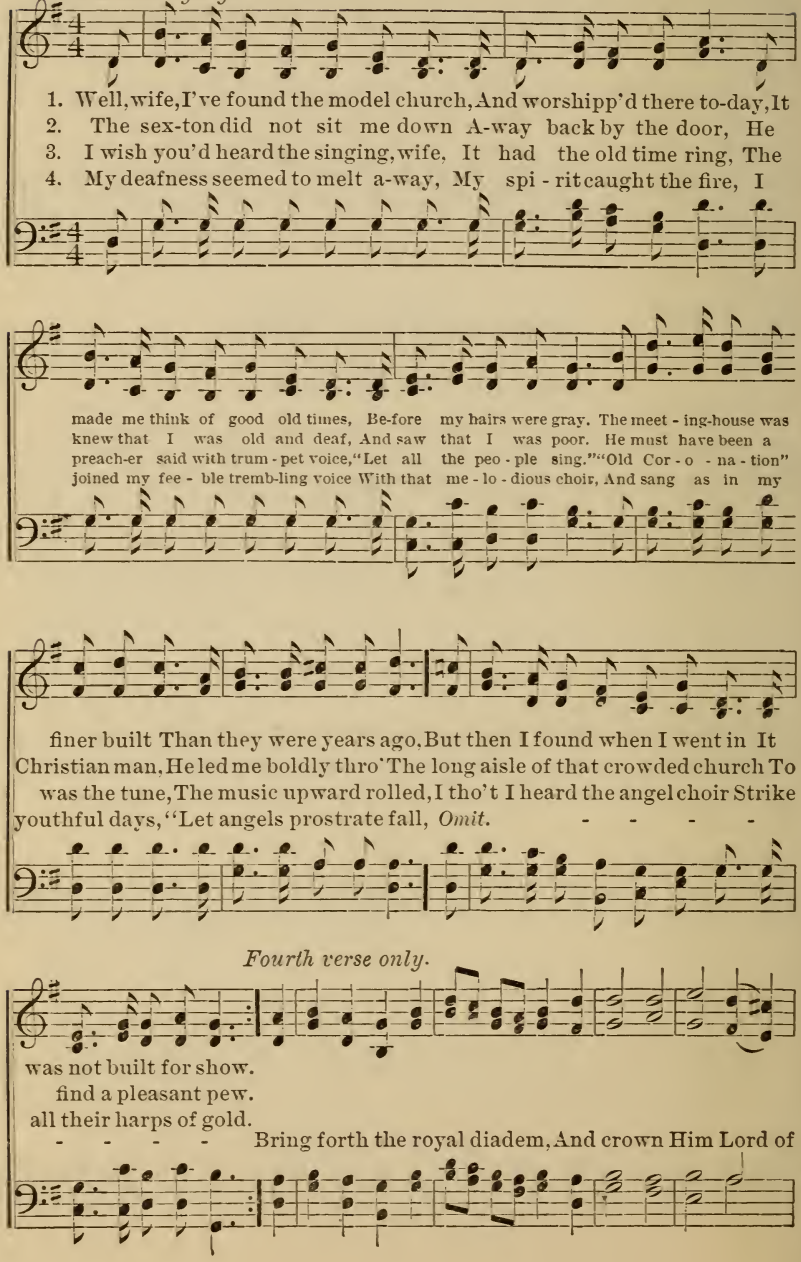
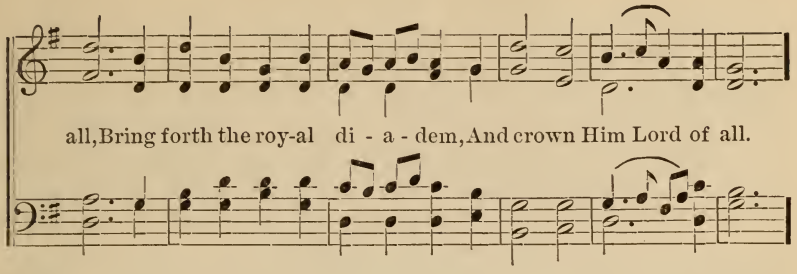
No. 137. The Model Church.

JOHN YATES. Arranged from an OLD MELODY.

Declamatory style.

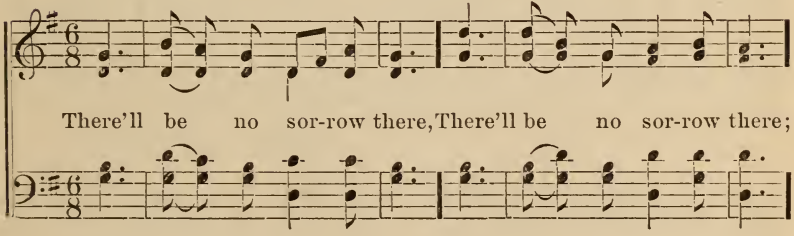


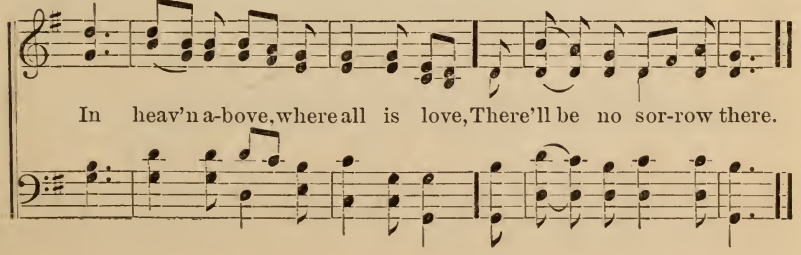


5 I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside this weatherbeaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife, but simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me, it suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ the earnest preacher tried:
He talked not of himself, or creed, but Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er, the victory soon be won,
The shining land is just ahead, our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore, our home is bright and fair,
Thank God, we'll never sin again.



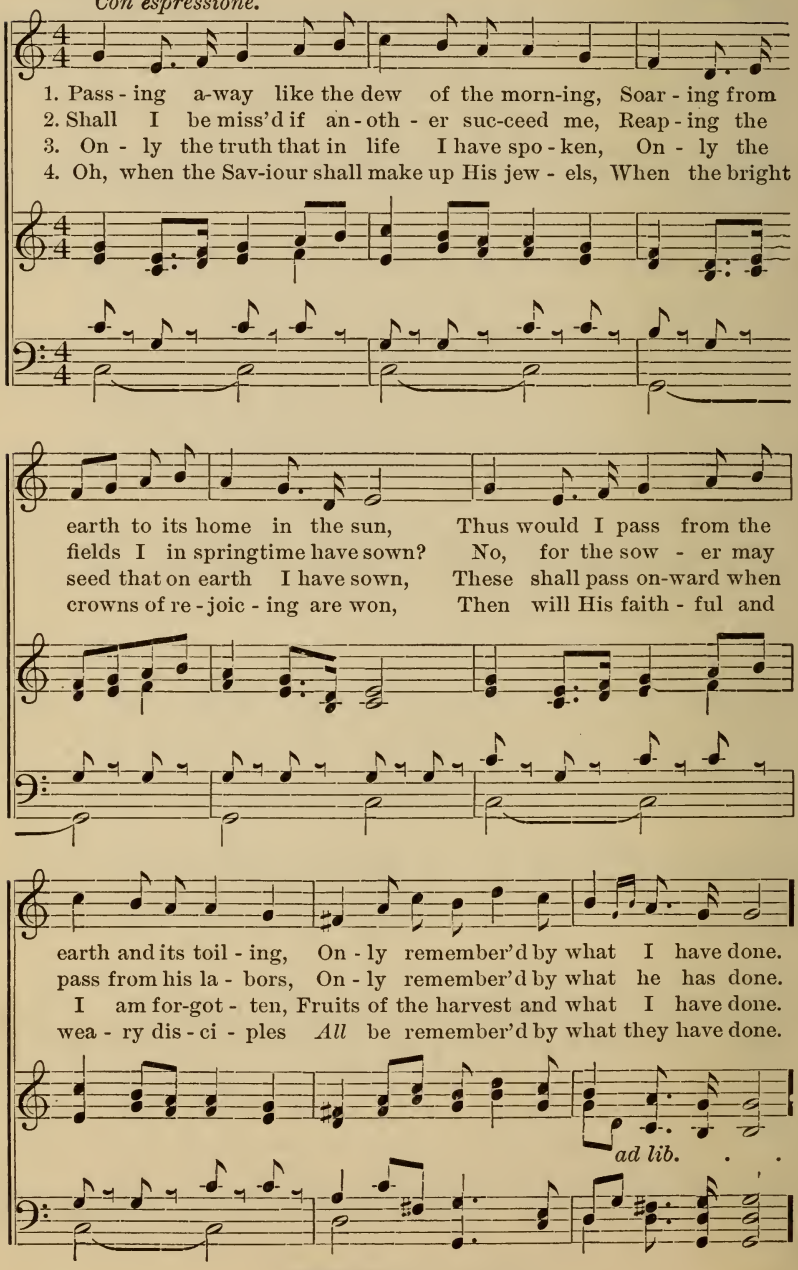


No. 138. Only Remembered.

He shall reward every man according to his works.—Mat. 16: 27.

H. Bonar, D. D. D. B. Towner.

Con espressione.



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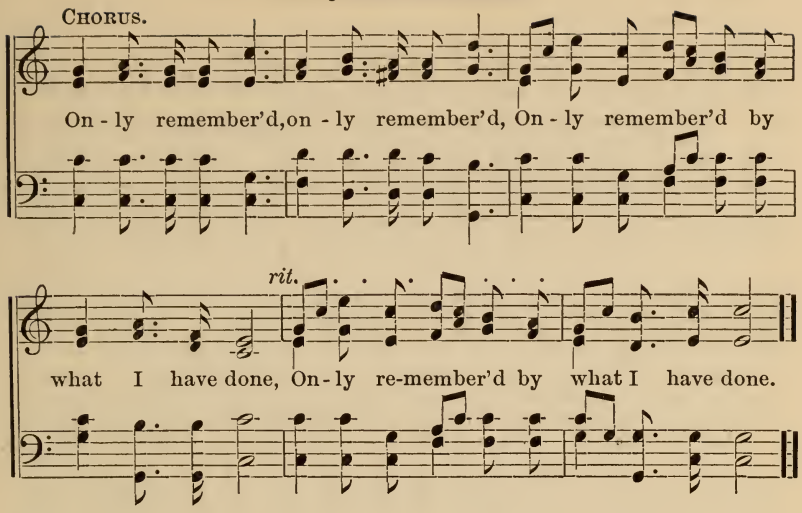
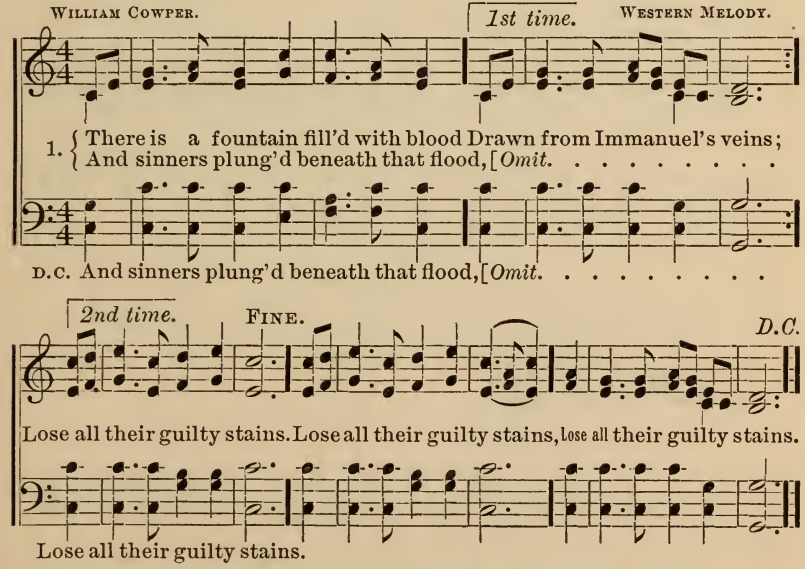


No. 139. The Cleansing Fountain.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

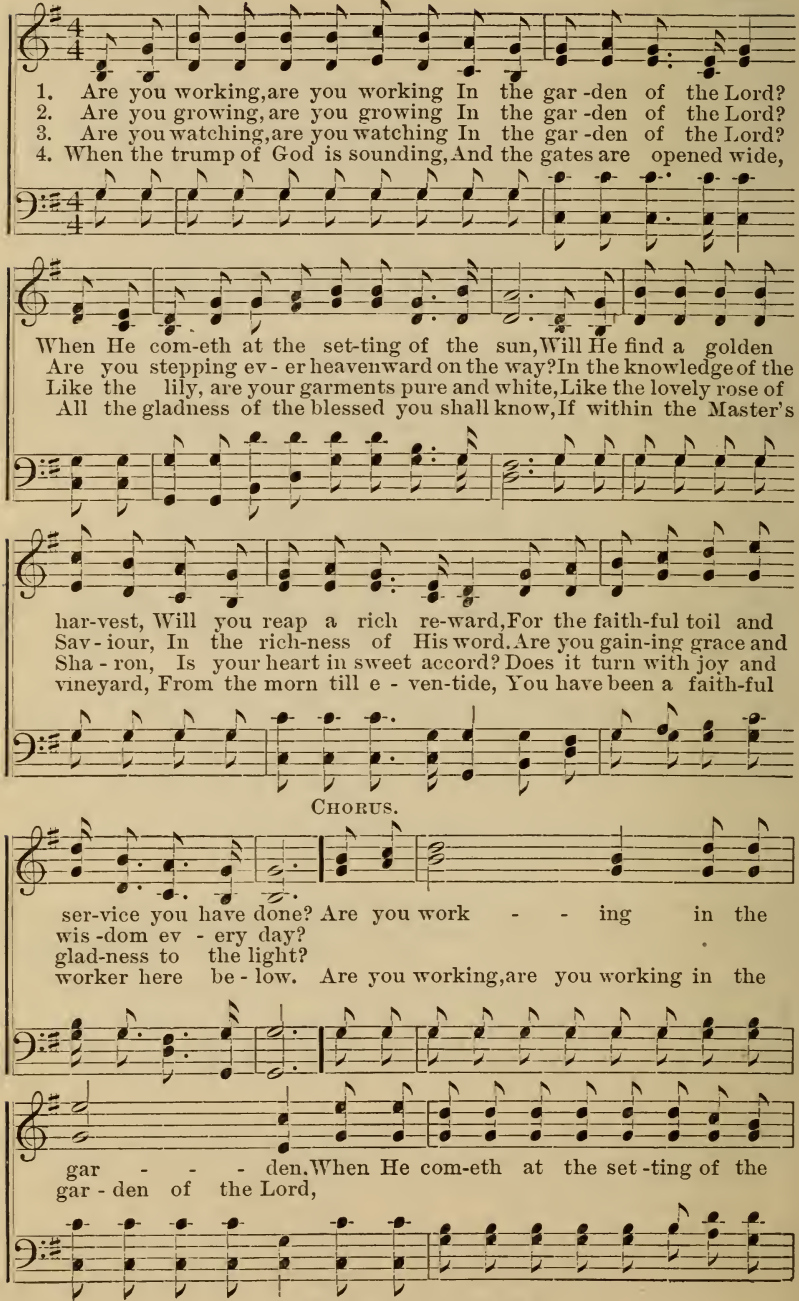
3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious [blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring [tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 140. The Garden of the Lord.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. D. B. Towner.



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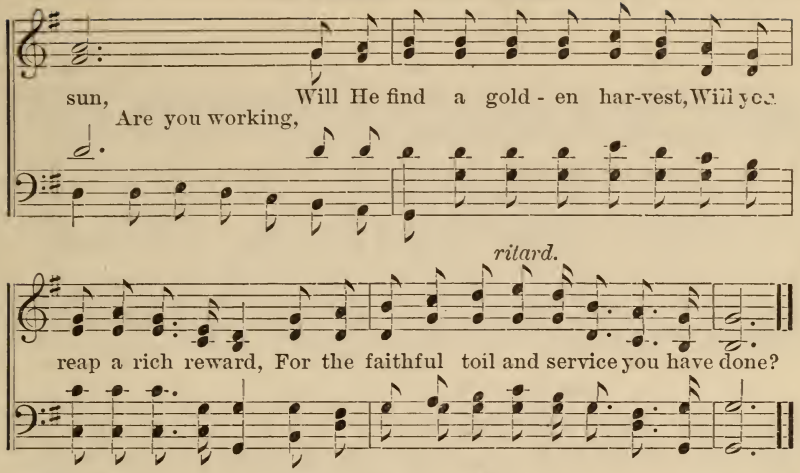
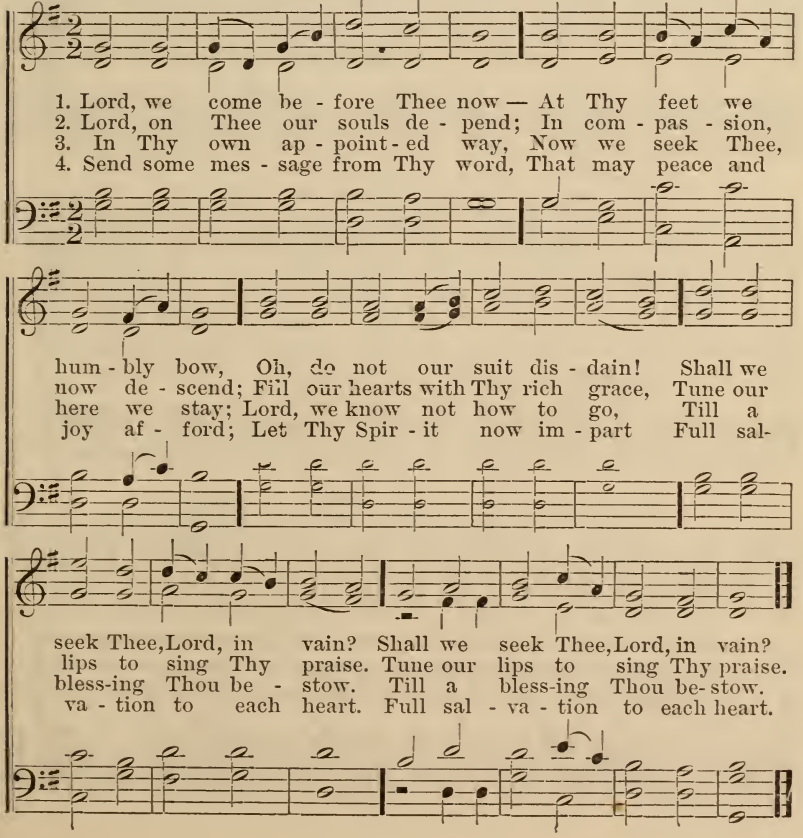
The Garden of the Lord.



No. 141. Hendon. 7s.

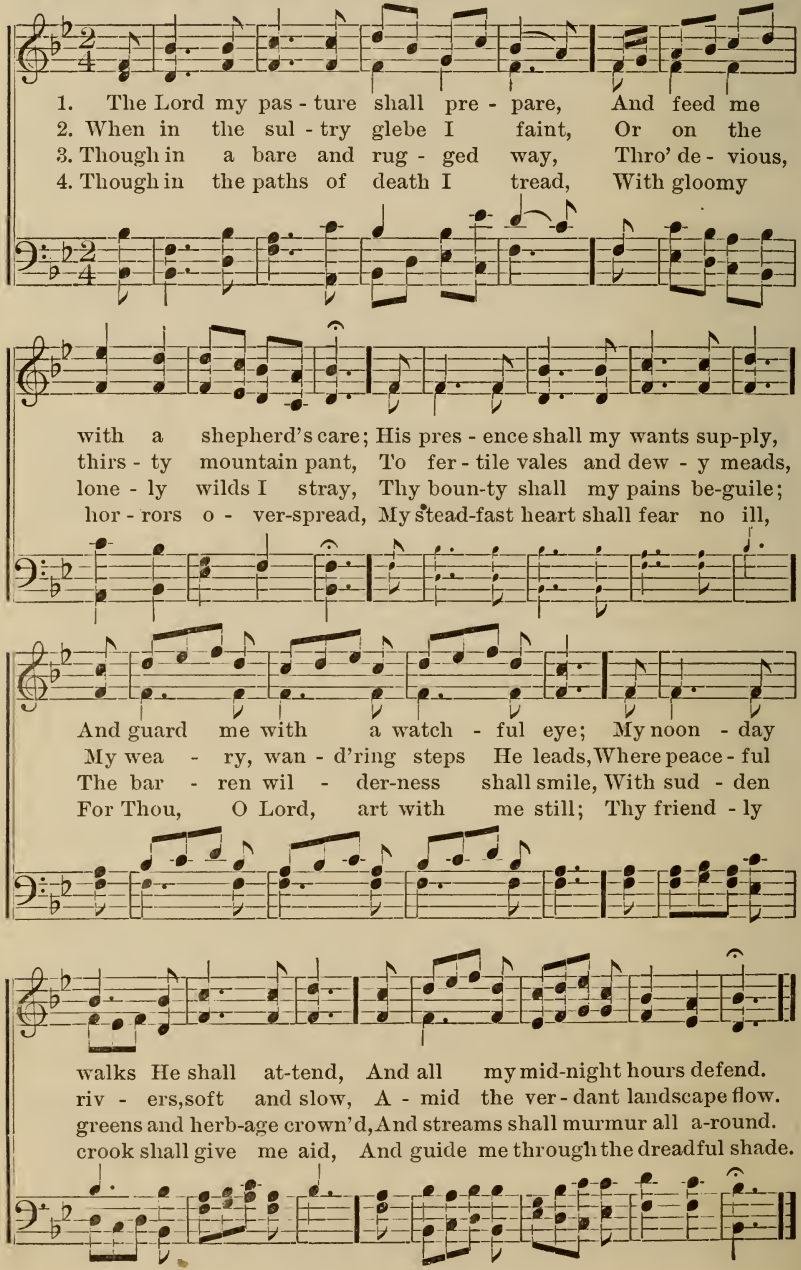
Rev. Dr. Malan.



No. 142. The Lord my Pasture shall Prepare.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23: 1.

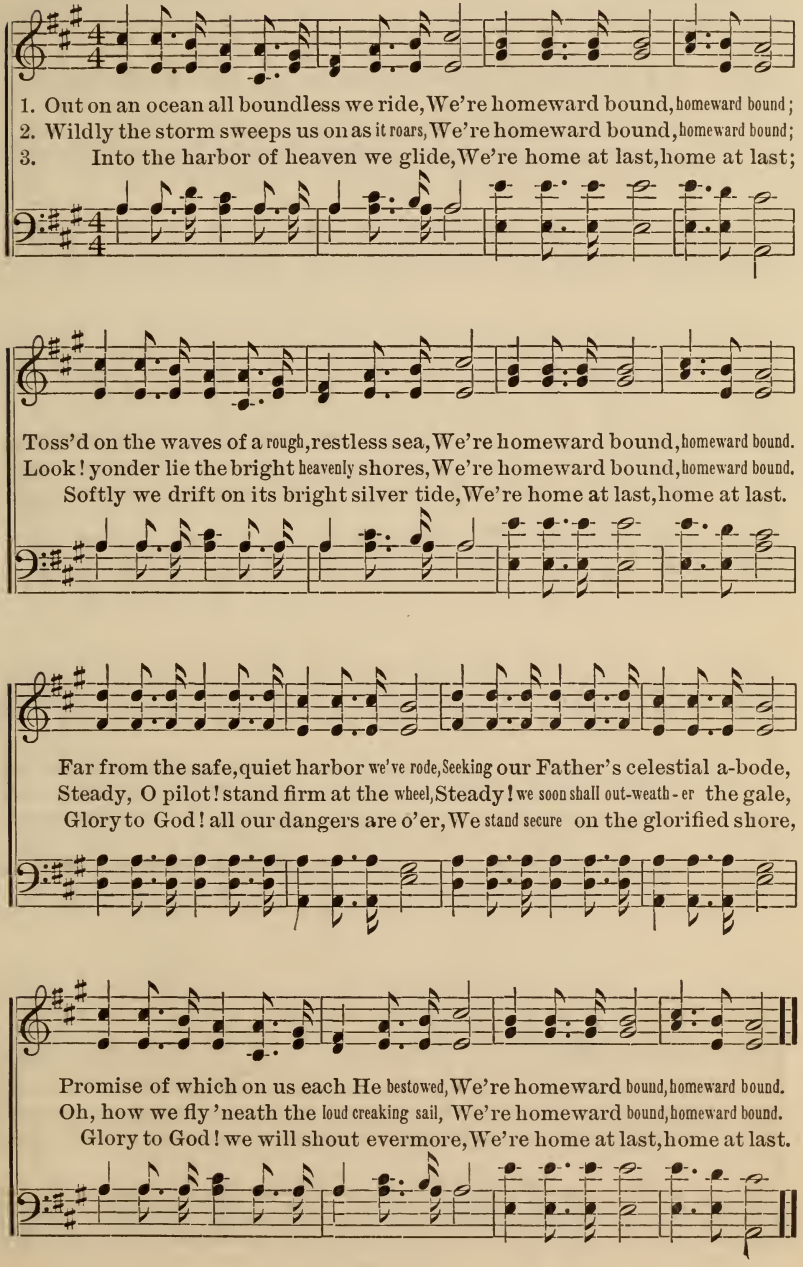
Arranged from HAYDN.



No. 143. Homeward Bound.

Hebrews 11: 16.

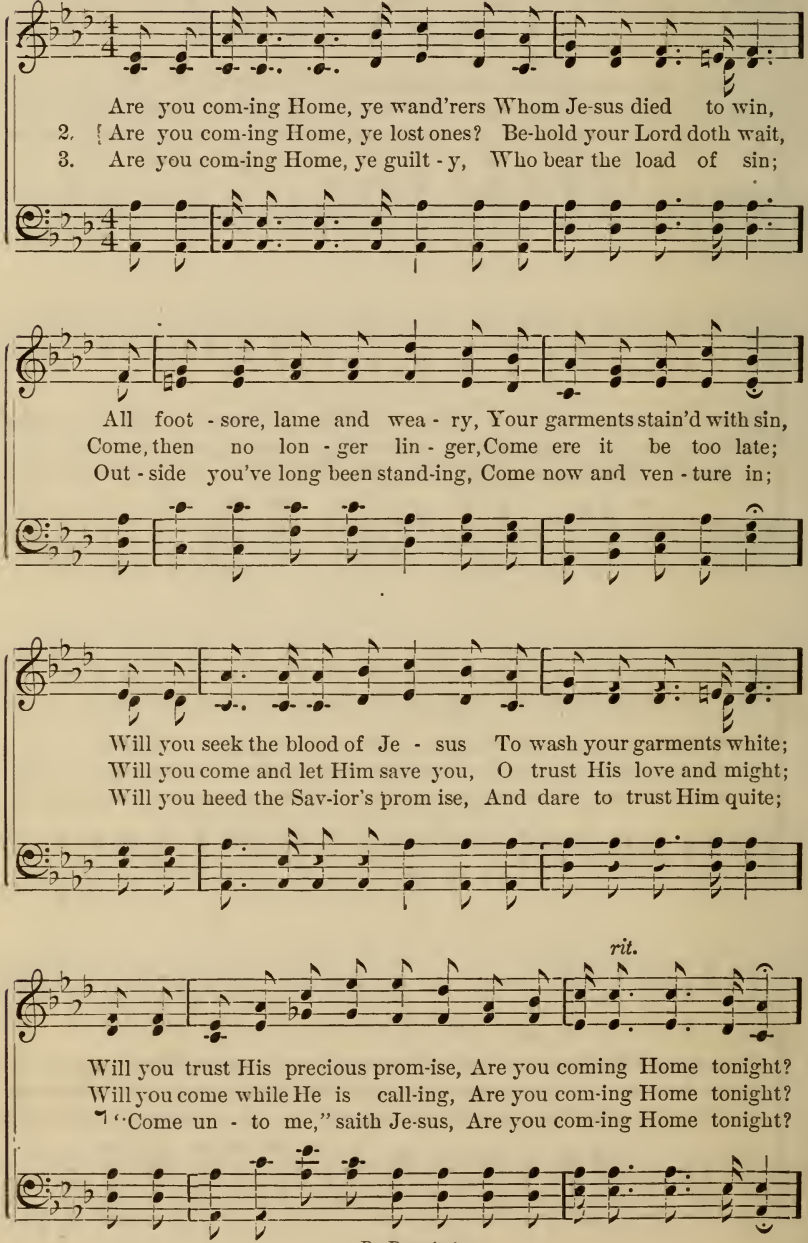
REV. W. F. WARREN. C. S. HARRINGTON.



No. 144. Are you Coming Home To-night?

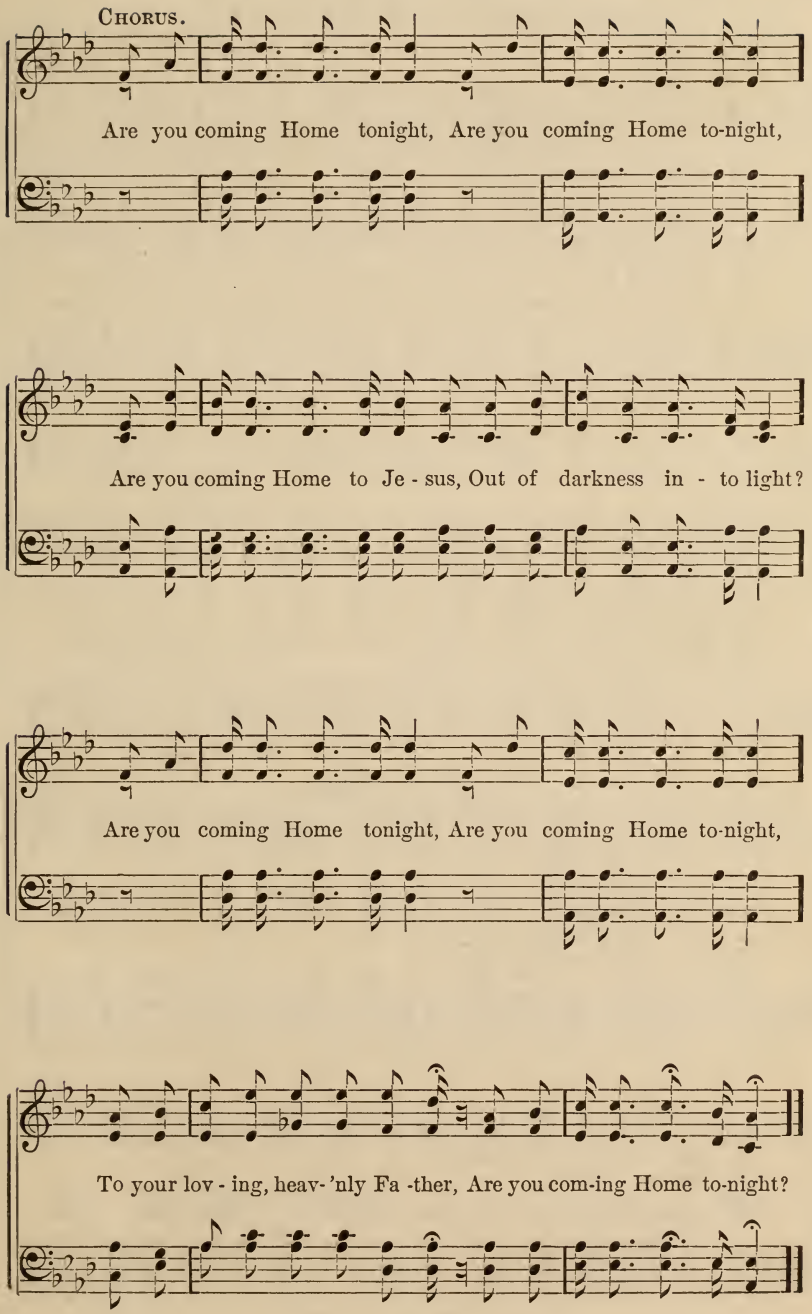
"All things are ready, come." Matt. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



By Permission.

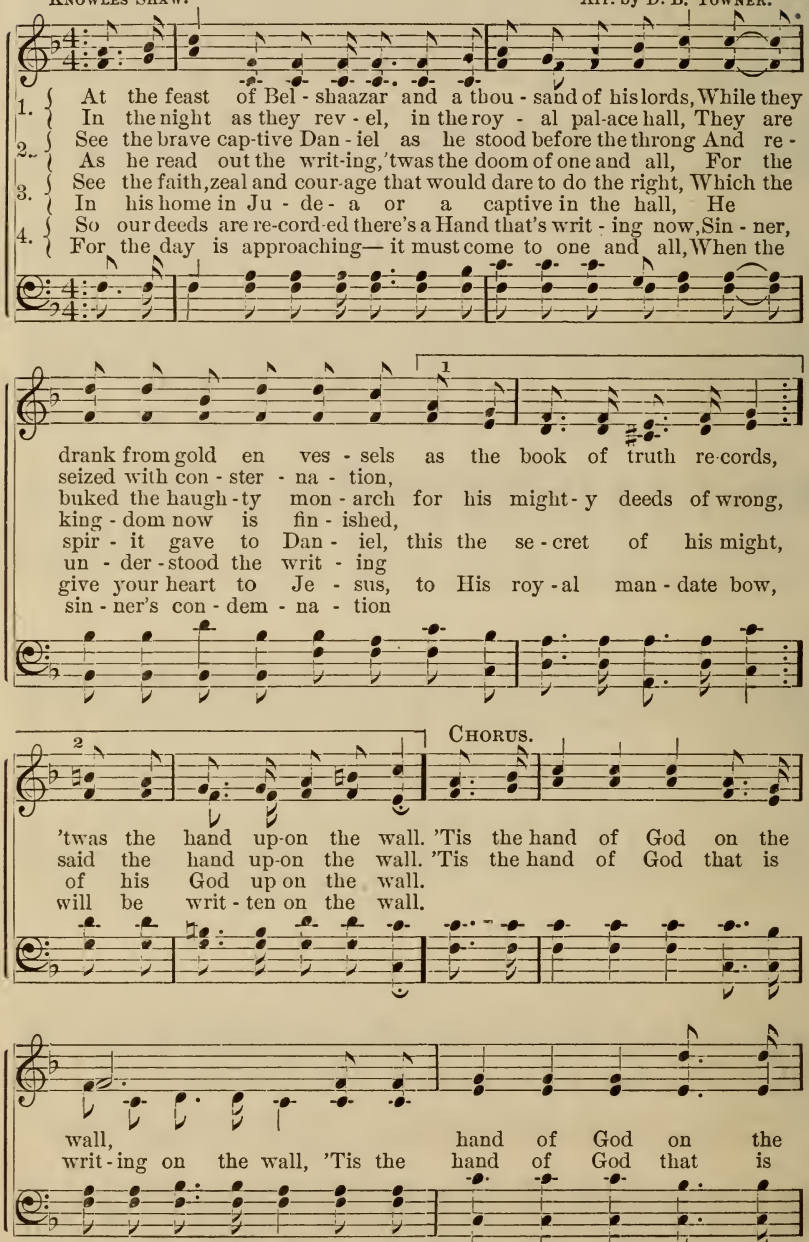
Are You Coming Home To-night.



No. 145. The Handwriting on the Wall.

And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.—Dan. 5: 5.

KNOWLES SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.
ARR. BY D. B. TOWNER.



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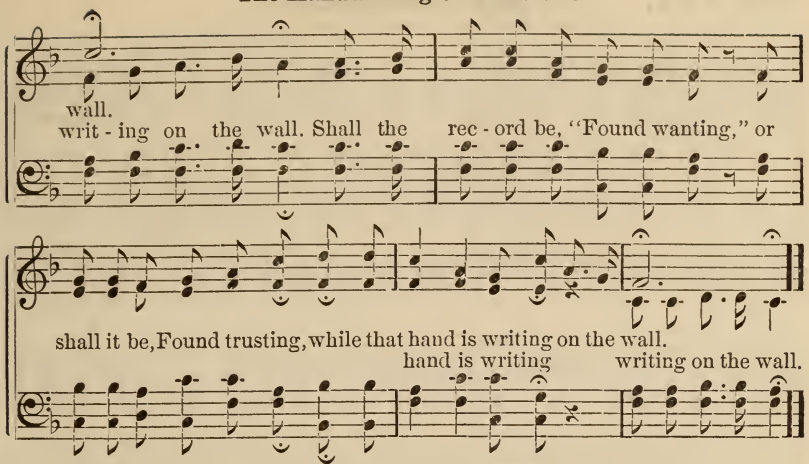
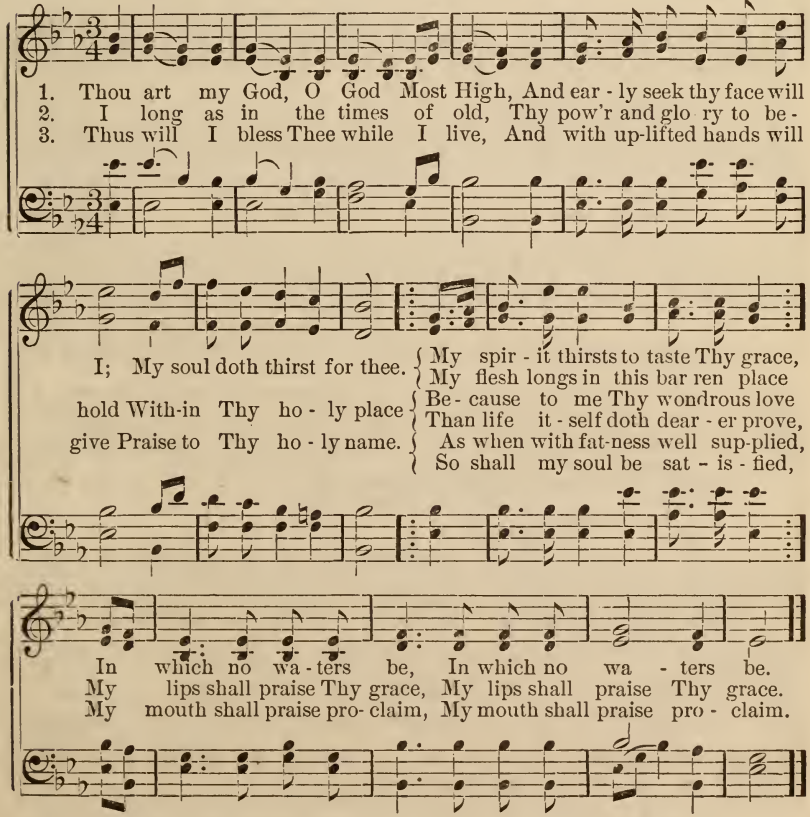


No. 146. Ariel. C. P. M.

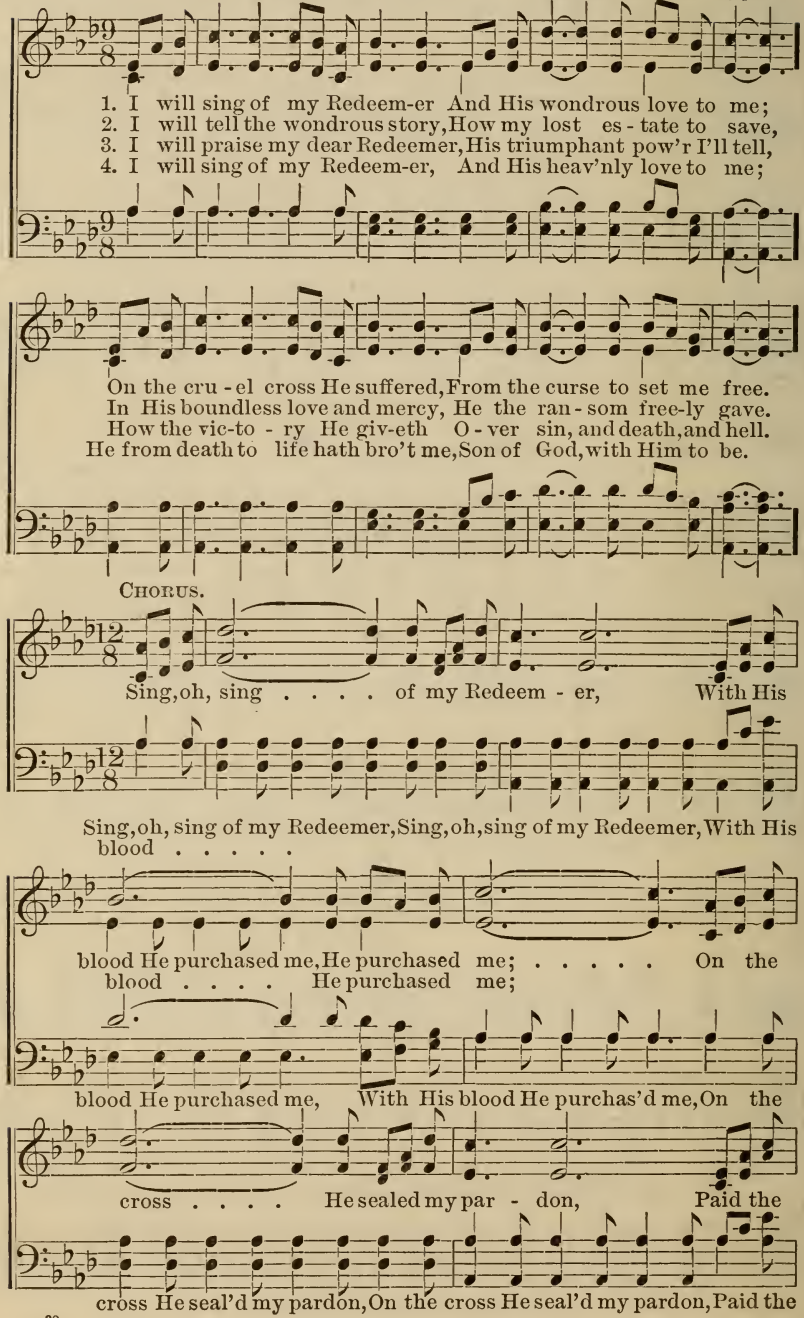
Ps. 63d. Dr. L. Mason.

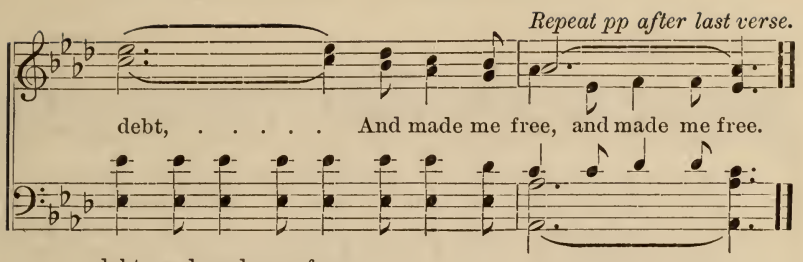


No. 147. My Redeemer.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

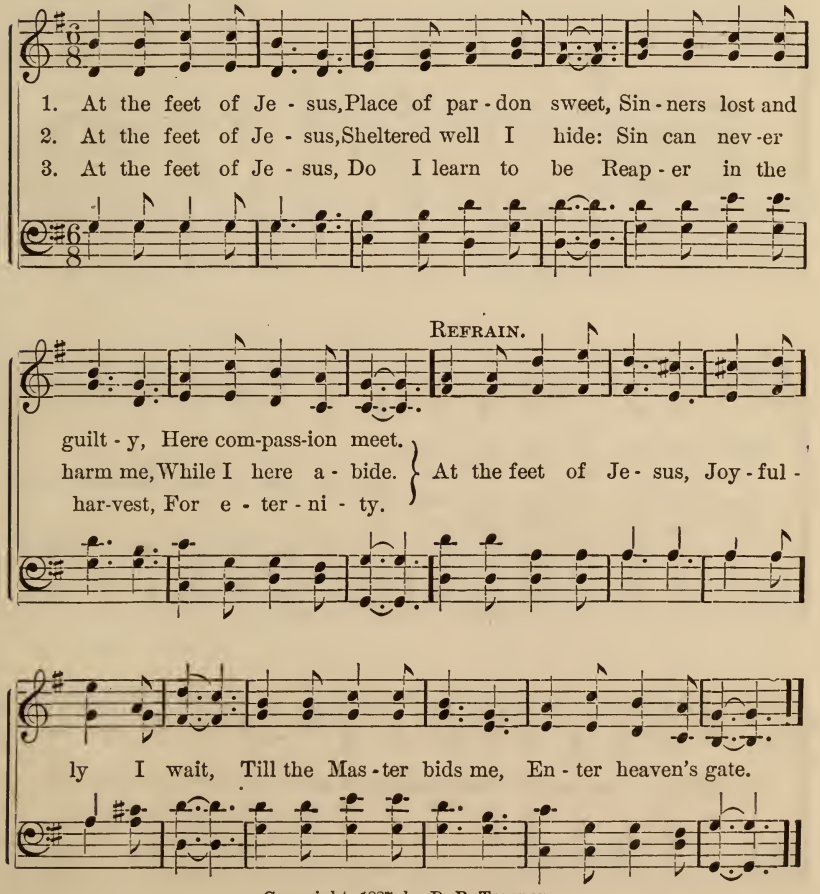
P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan. By per.





No. 148. At the Feet of Jesus.

Rev. W. T. Sleeper. D. B. Towner.



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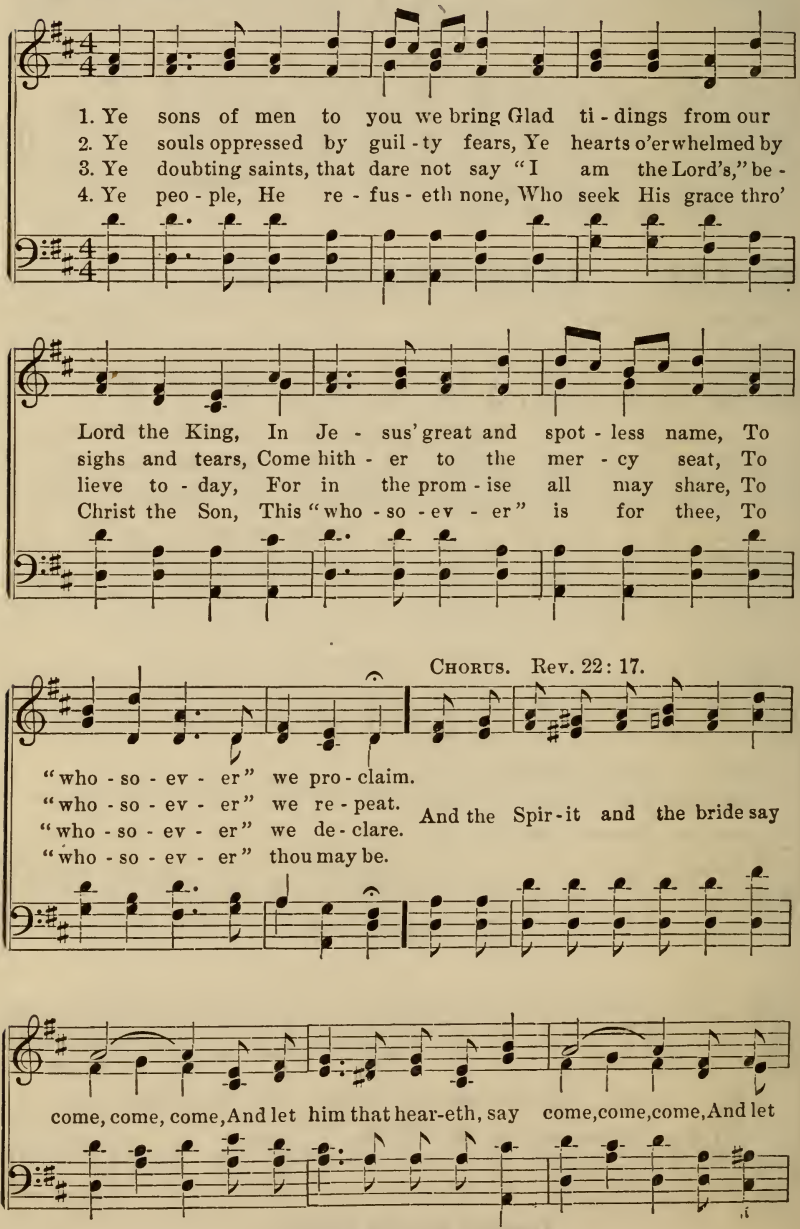
No. 149. And the Spirit and the Bride.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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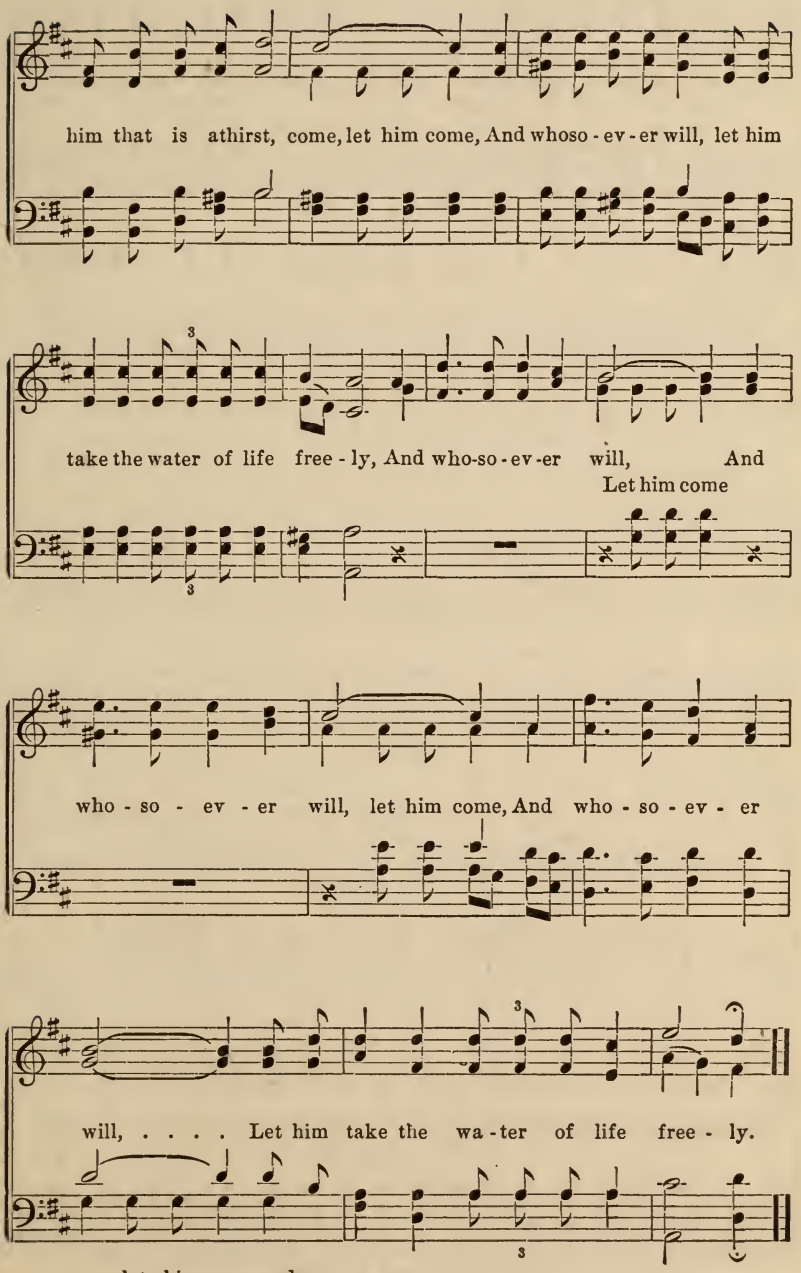
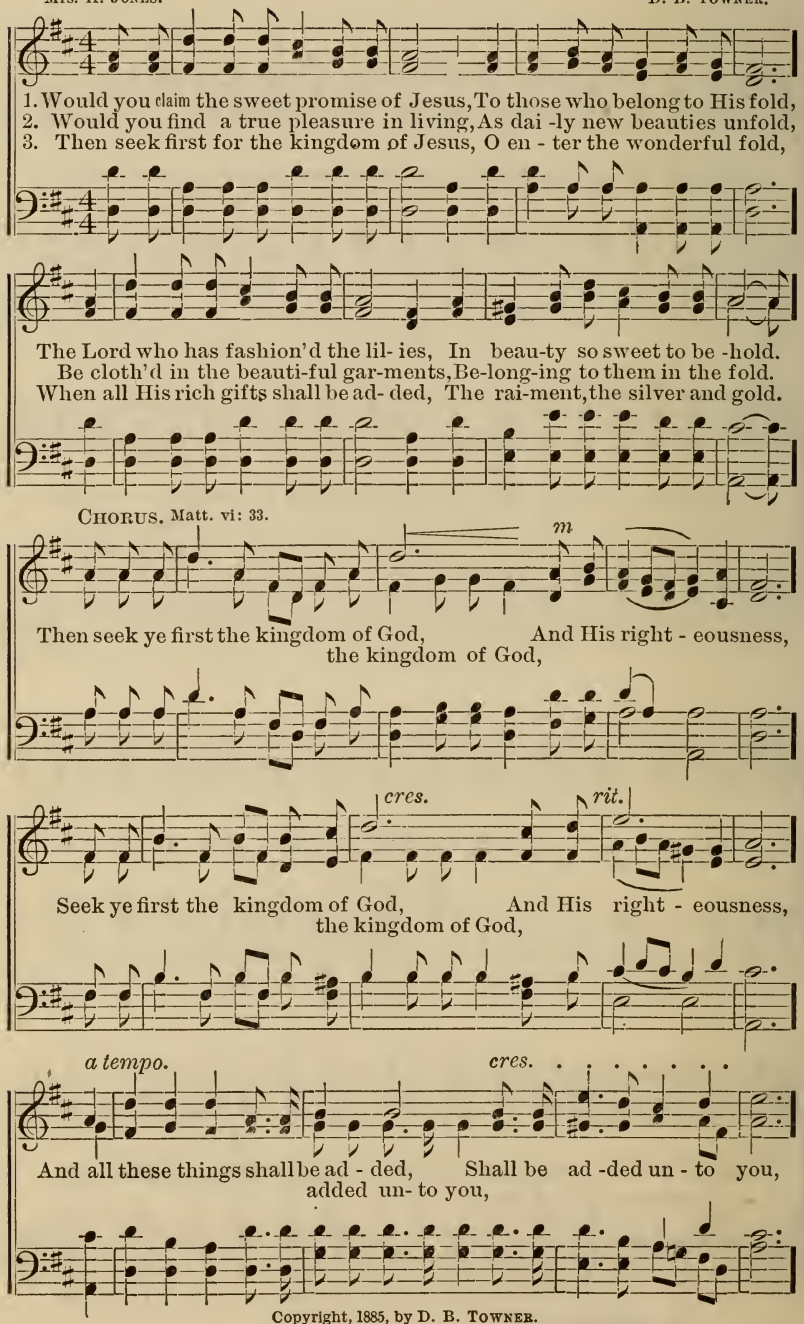

him that is athirst, come, let him come, And whoso - ev - er will, let him
take the water of life free - ly, And who-so - ev-er will, And
Let him come
who - so - ev - er will, let him come, And who - so - ev - er
will, ... Let him take the wa - ter of life free - ly.
let him come and

No. 150. Seek First the Kingdom of God!

Mrs. H. Jones. D. B. Towner.



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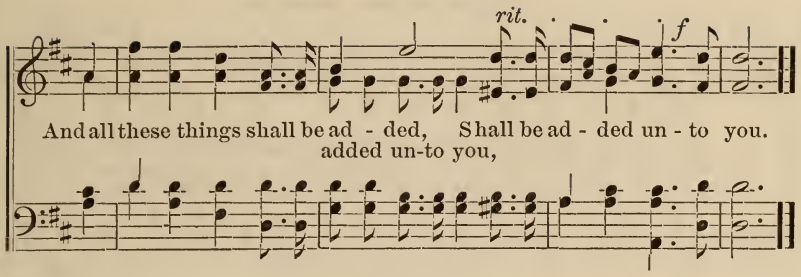
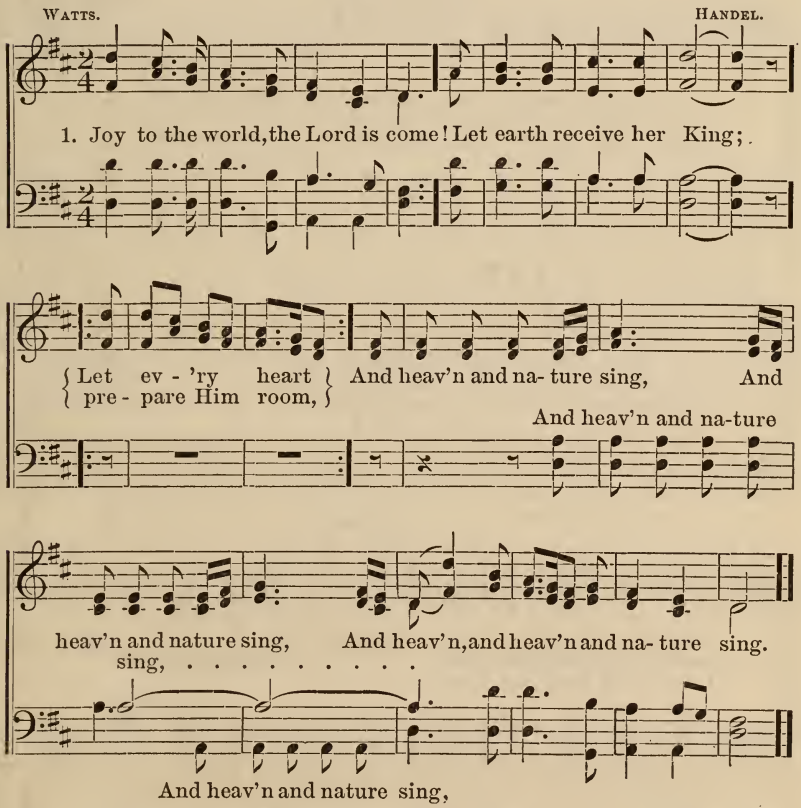


No. 151. Antioch.



2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

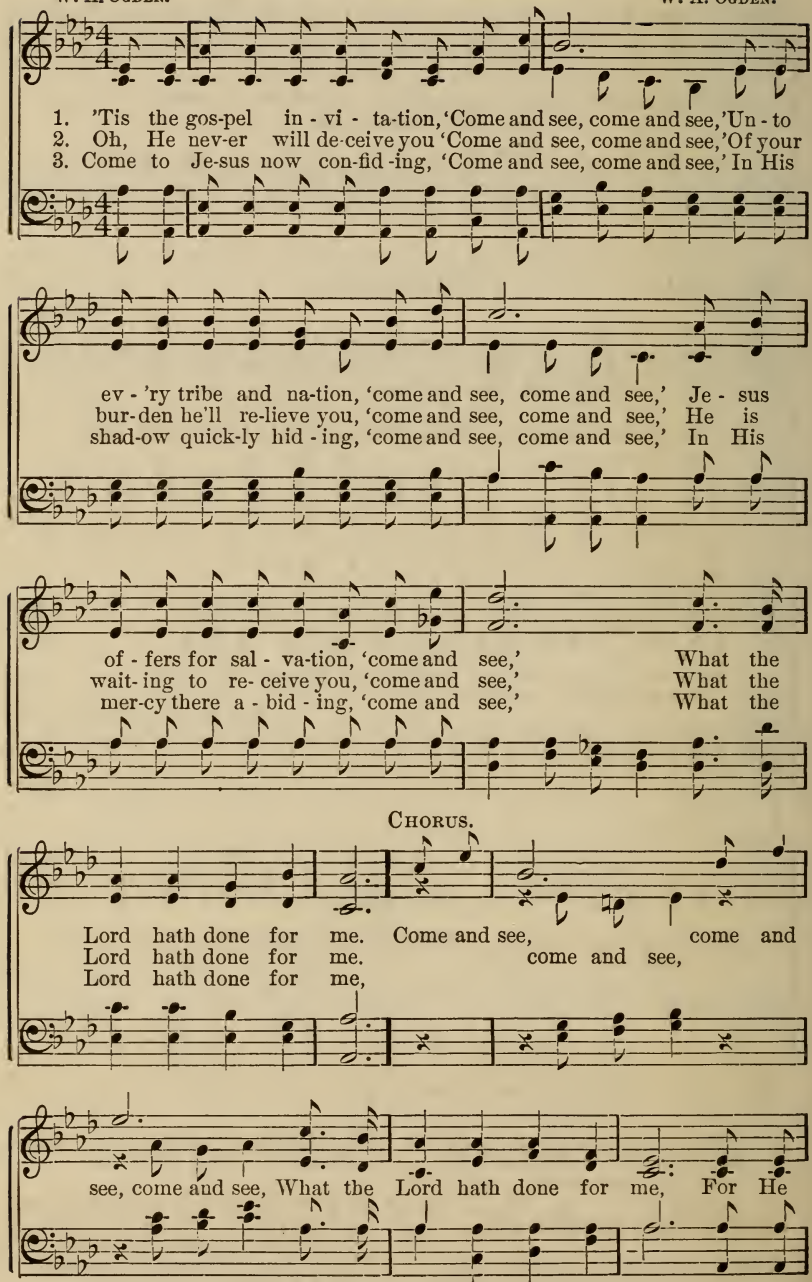
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

No. 152. "Come and See."

"Philip saith unto him, come and see."

W. A. Ogden. W. A. Ogden.



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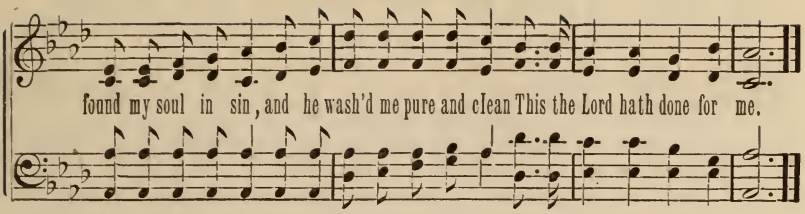
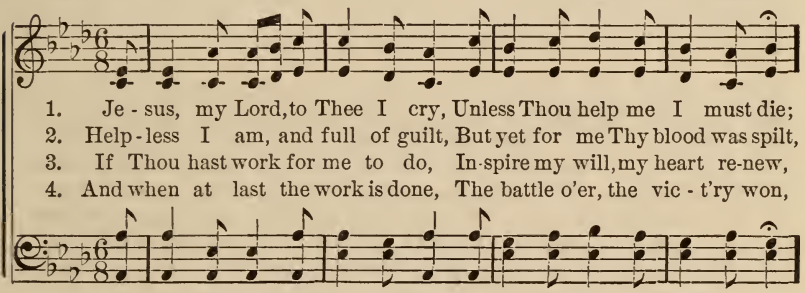
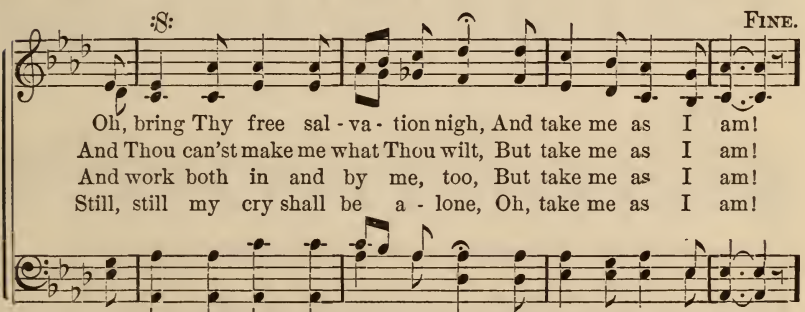


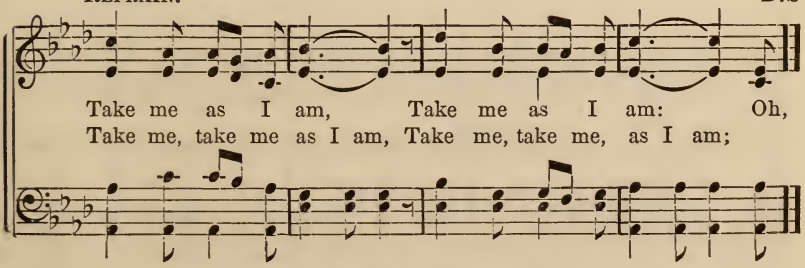
No. 153. Take me as I Am.

Anon. Rev. J. H. Stockton.





D. S.— bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!



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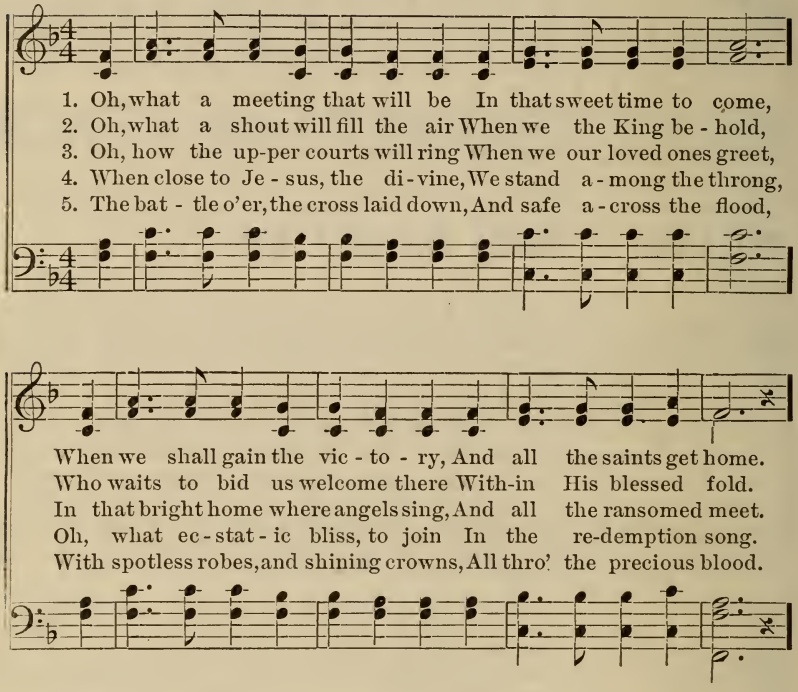
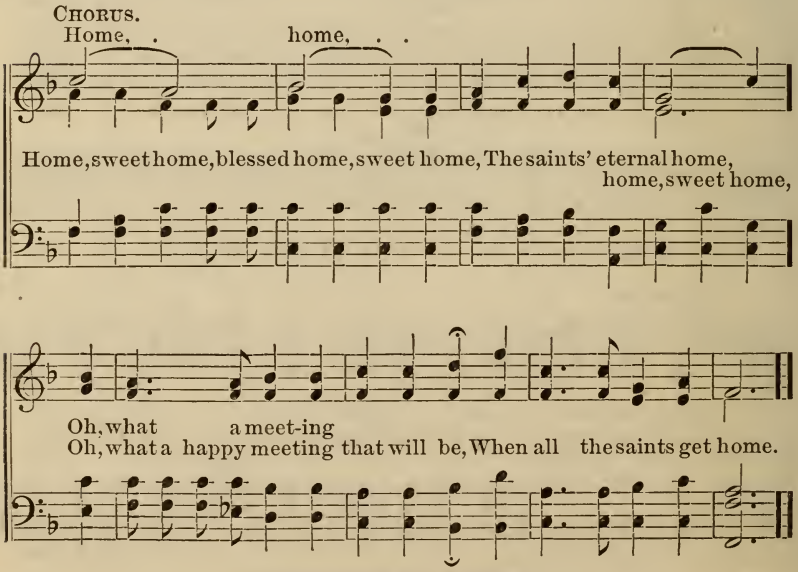
No. 154. When all the Saints get Home.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.



Chorus.



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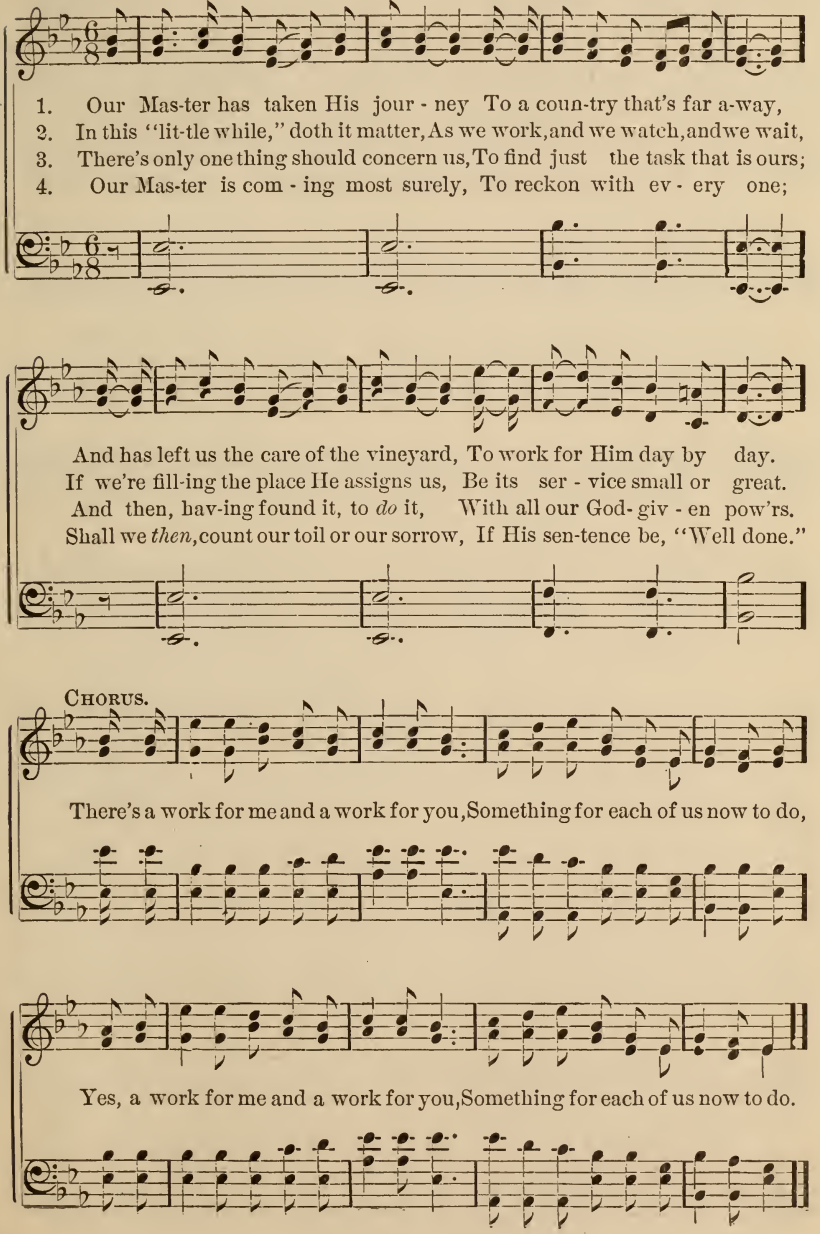
No. 155. There's a Work for Each of us Now.

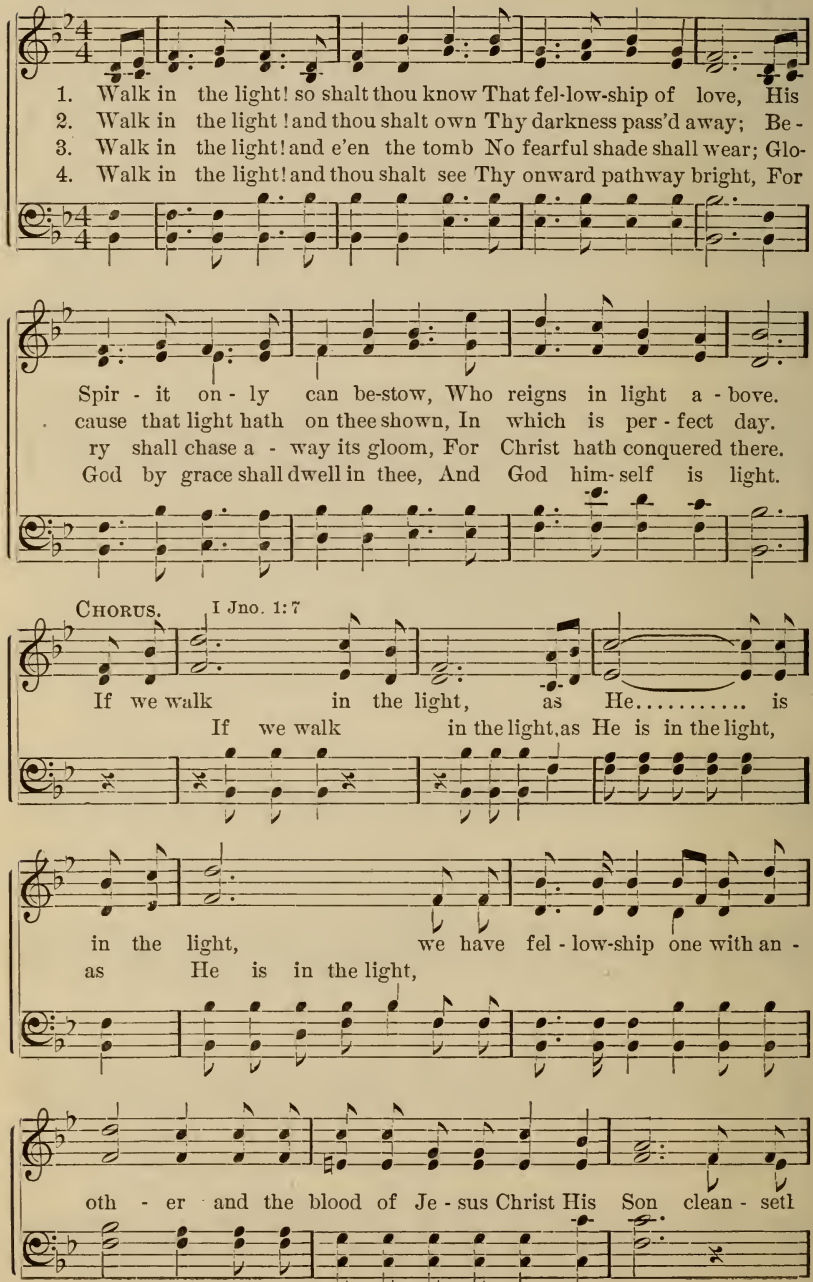
"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work." Mark 13:34.

A. A. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



No. 156. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. J. H. BURKE.



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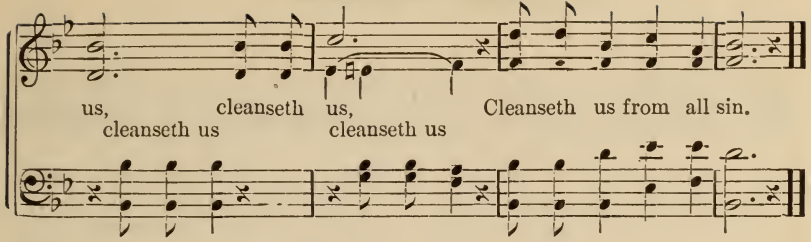
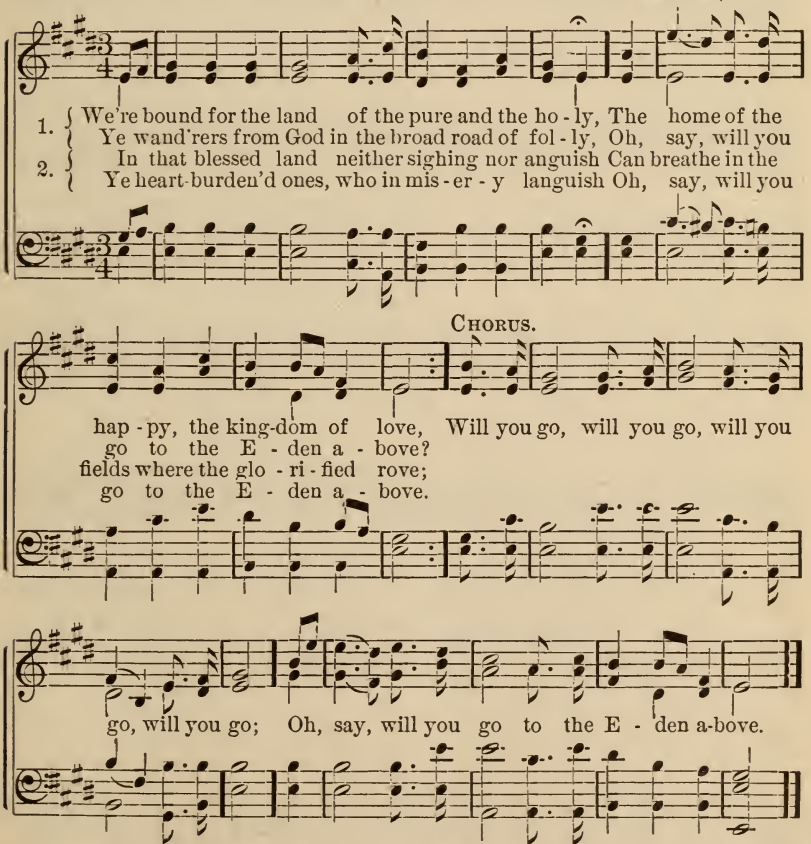
Walk in the Light,



No. 157. The Eden Above.

REVIVAL MELODIES,

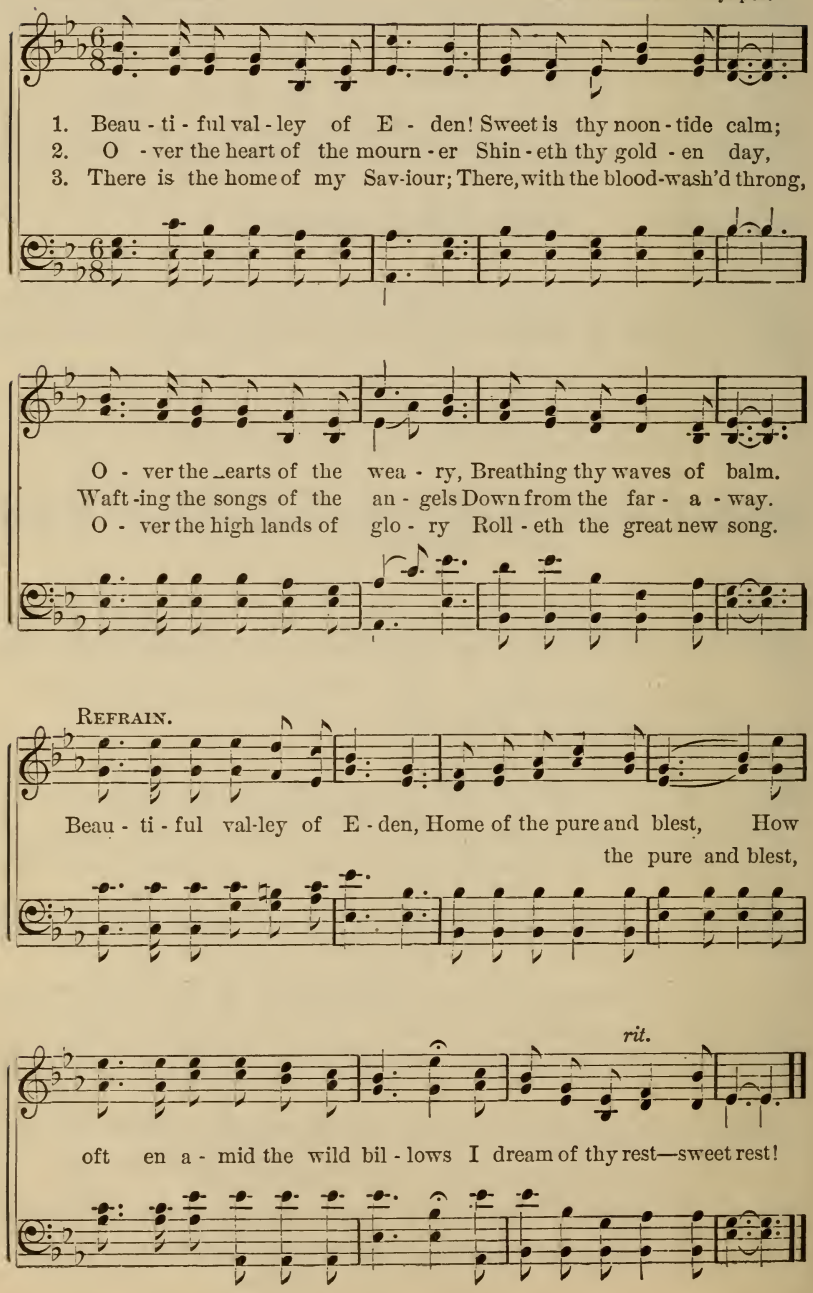


3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its tow'rs with glory are burnished;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you.
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

No. 158. Beautiful Valley of Eden.

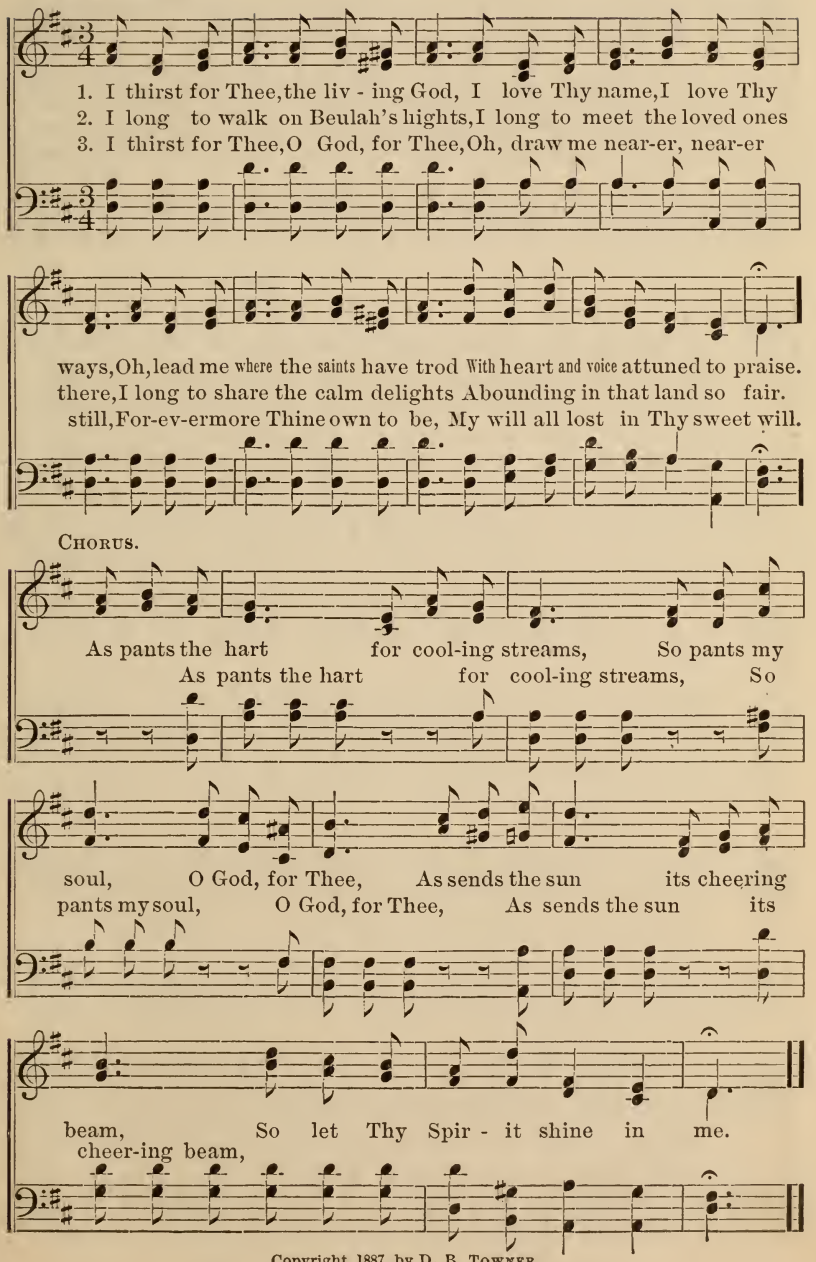
Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin. By. per.



No. 159. I thirst for Thee!

Psalm 42: 1.

Mrs. Harriet Jones. D. B. Towner.



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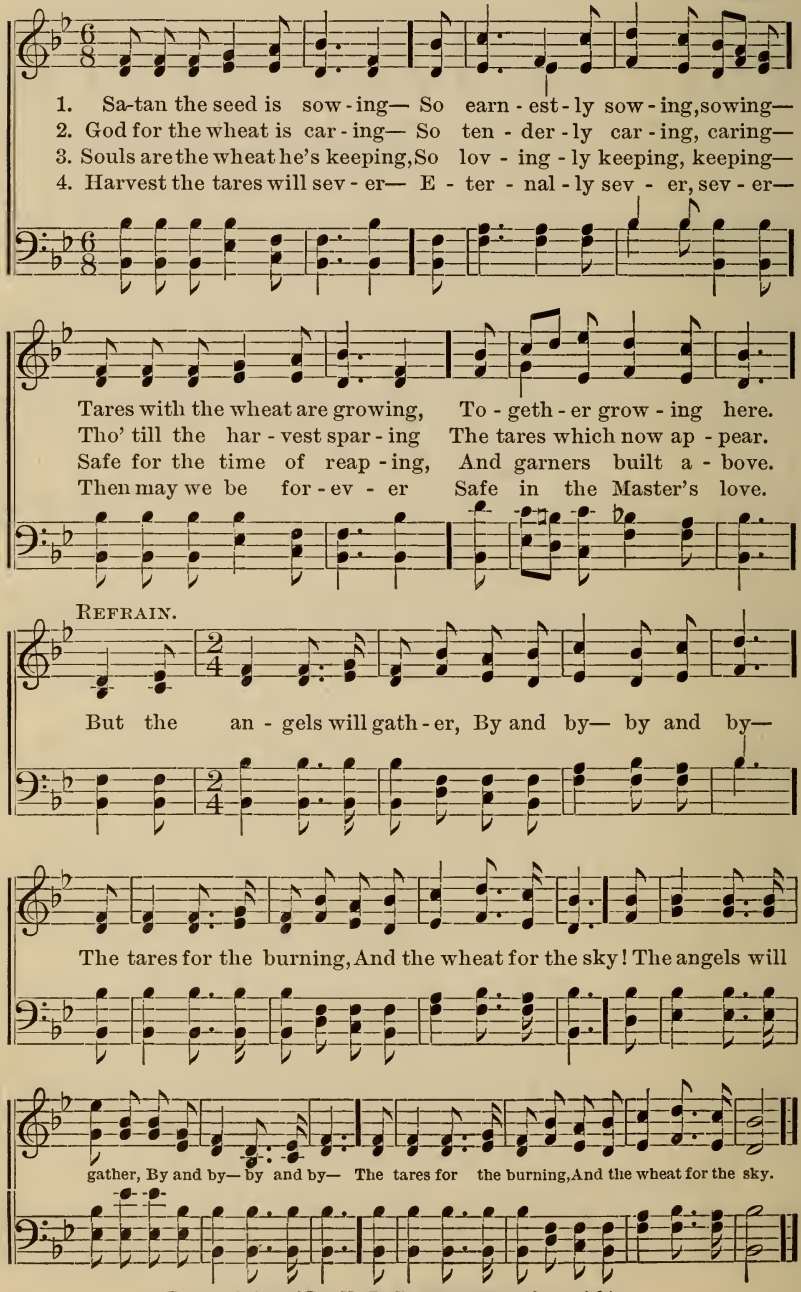
No. 160. Satan the Seed is Sowing.

M. A. Baker. Dr. H. R. Palmer.



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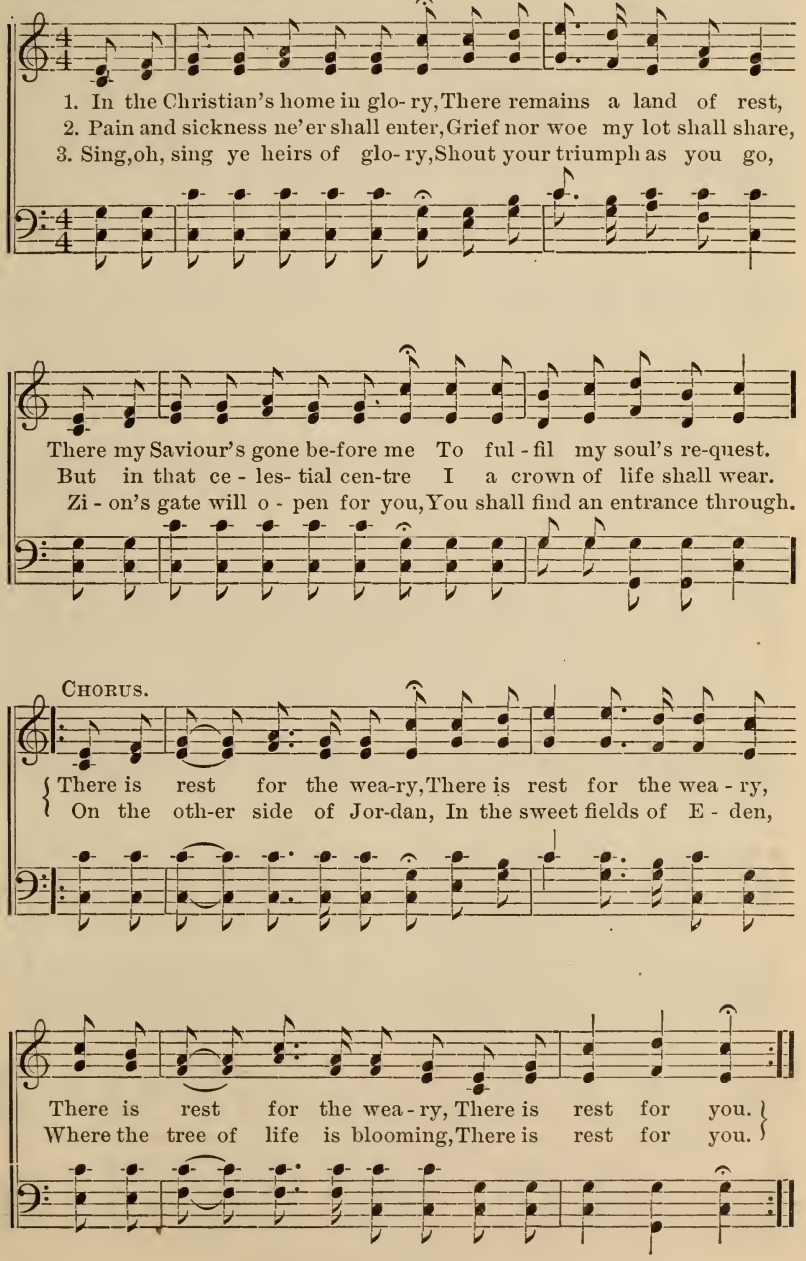
No.161. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

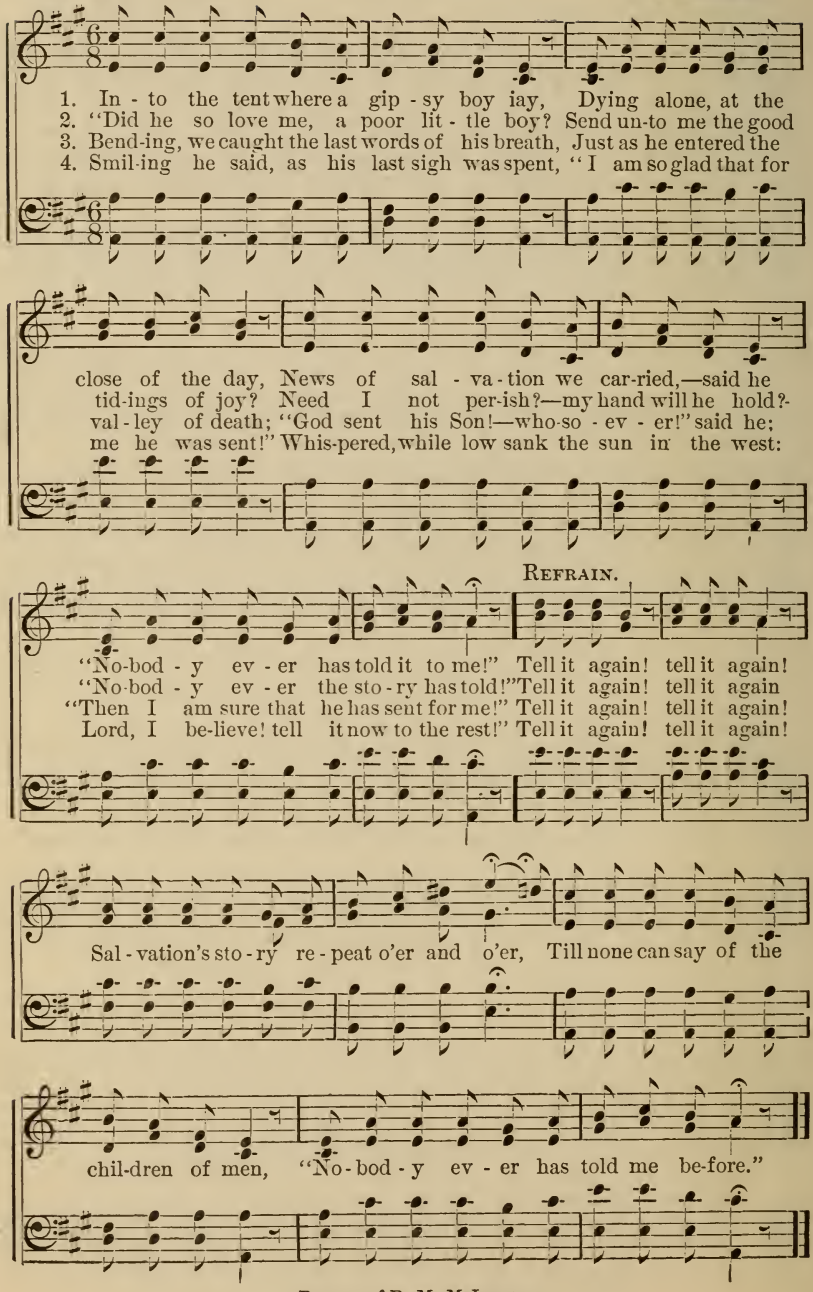
John 14: 2.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER, 1856. WM. McDONALD, 1856.



No. 162. Tell it Again.

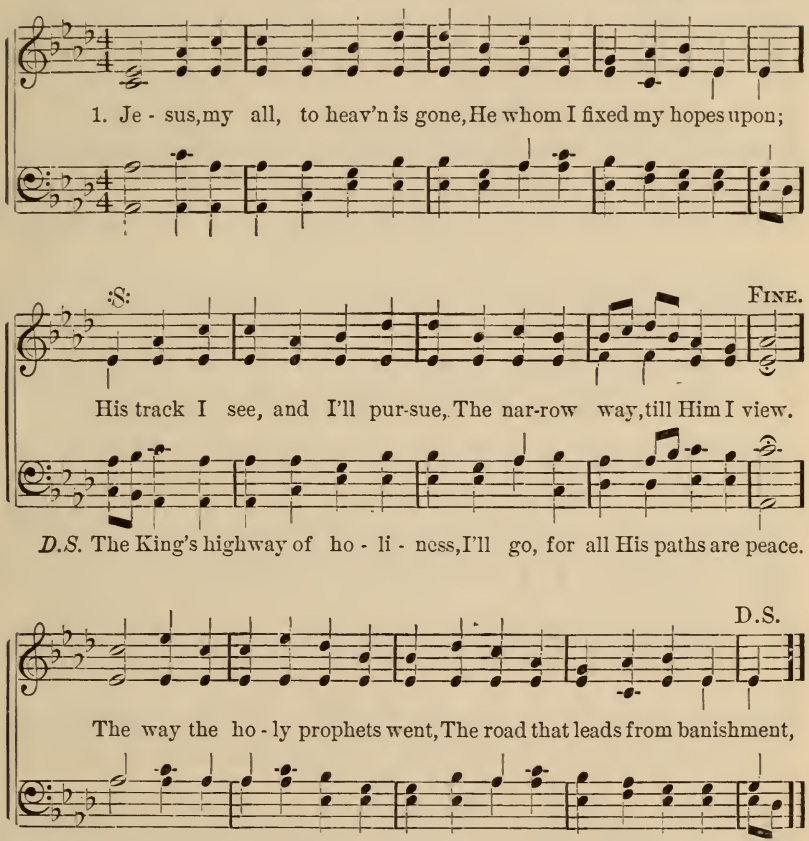
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



By per. of R. M McIntosh.

No. 163. The King's Highway.

DUANE ST. L. M. D. REV. GEO, COLES.



2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then I will tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

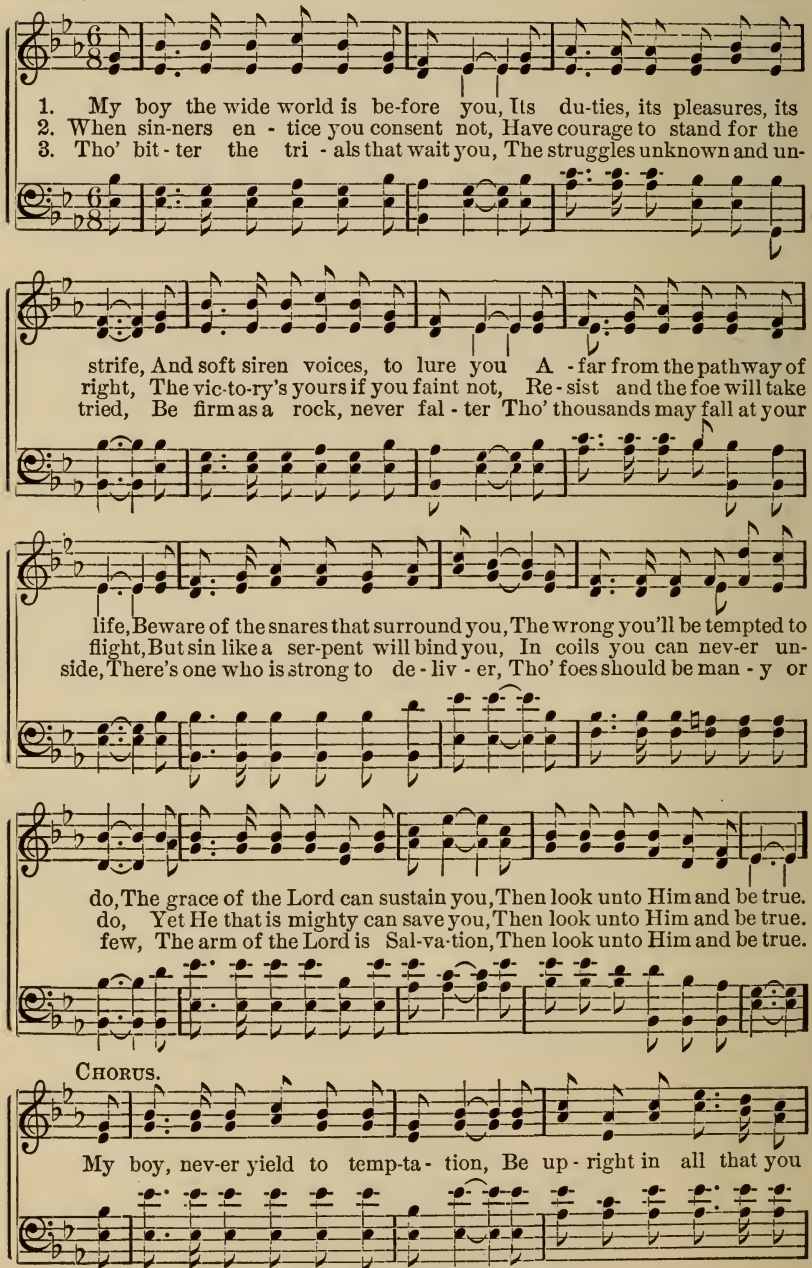
No. 164. Doxology.

‖: Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. :‖

No. 165. Look Unto Him and be True.

"*Stand fast in the Lord.*" Phil. 4: 1,

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.



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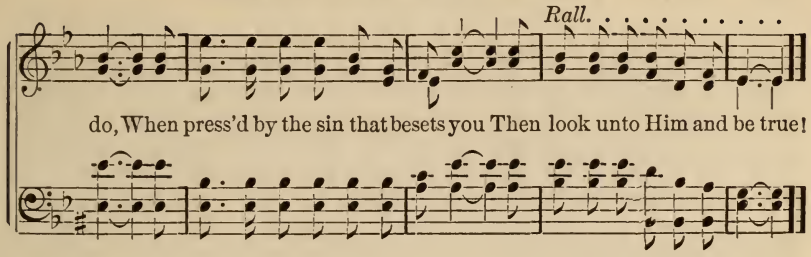
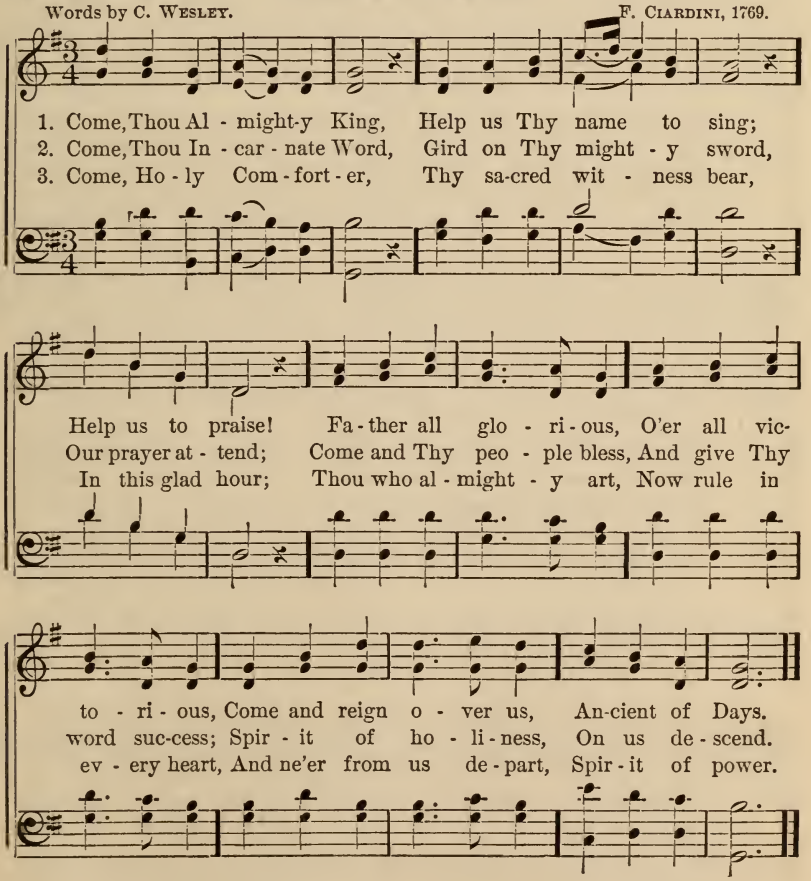


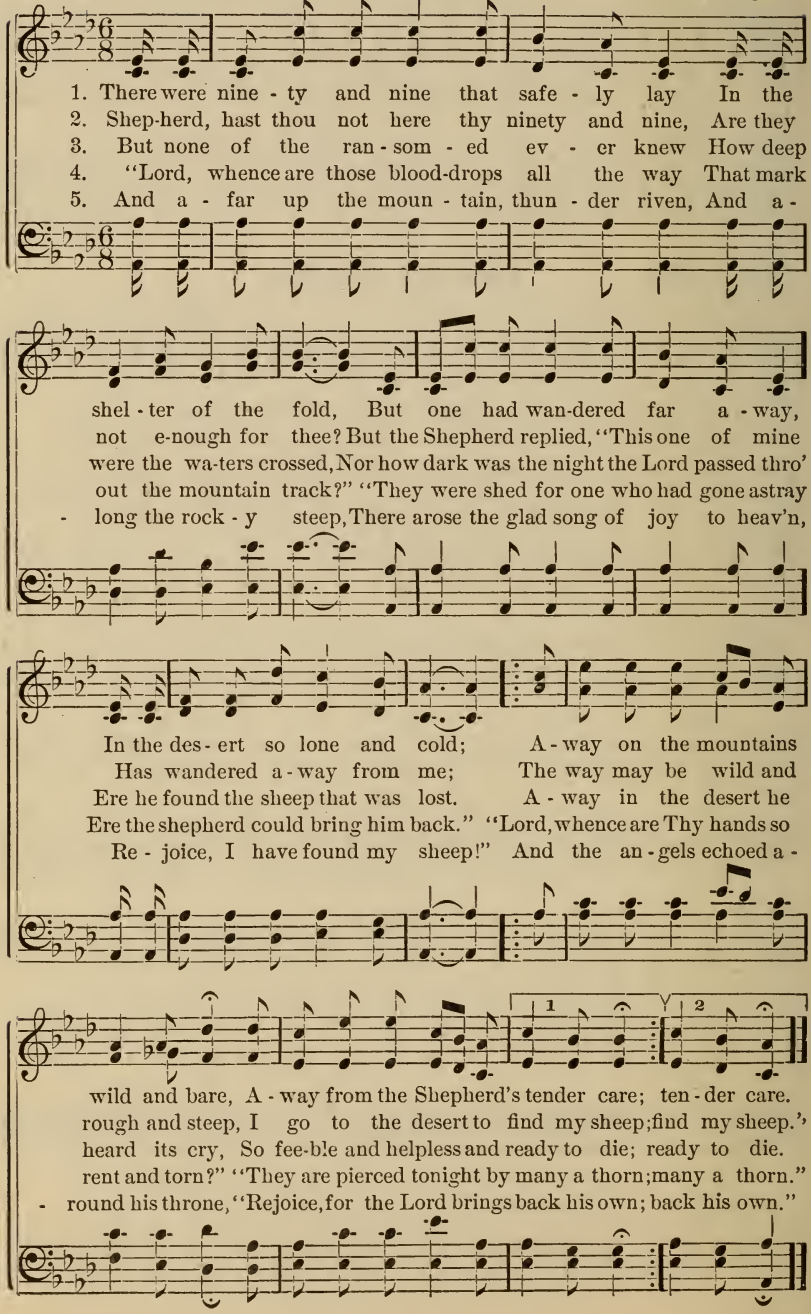
No. 166. Italian Hymn.

Words by C. Wesley. F. Ciardini, 1769.



No. 167. The Ninety and Nine.

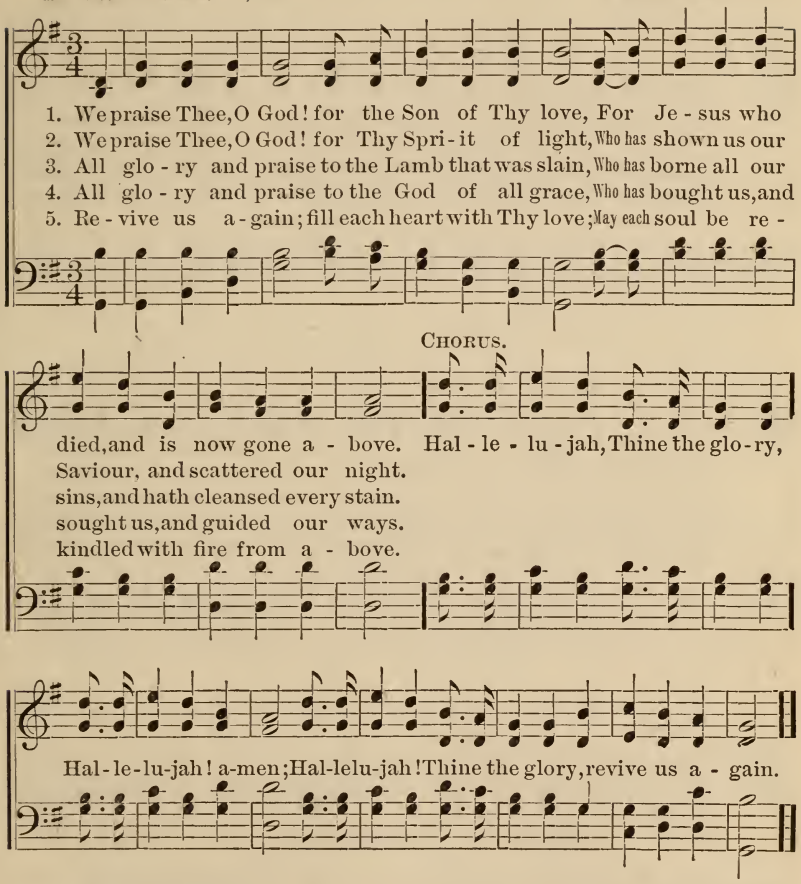
P. P. Bliss, by per.



No. 168. Revive us Again.

"*O Lord, revive Thy work.*"—Hab. 3: 2.

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay, 1866. English Melody.



No. 169.

Key C. *Tune*,—No. 21, G. H.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :‖
What hast thou given for Me.

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee, :‖
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :‖
What hast thou borne for Me?

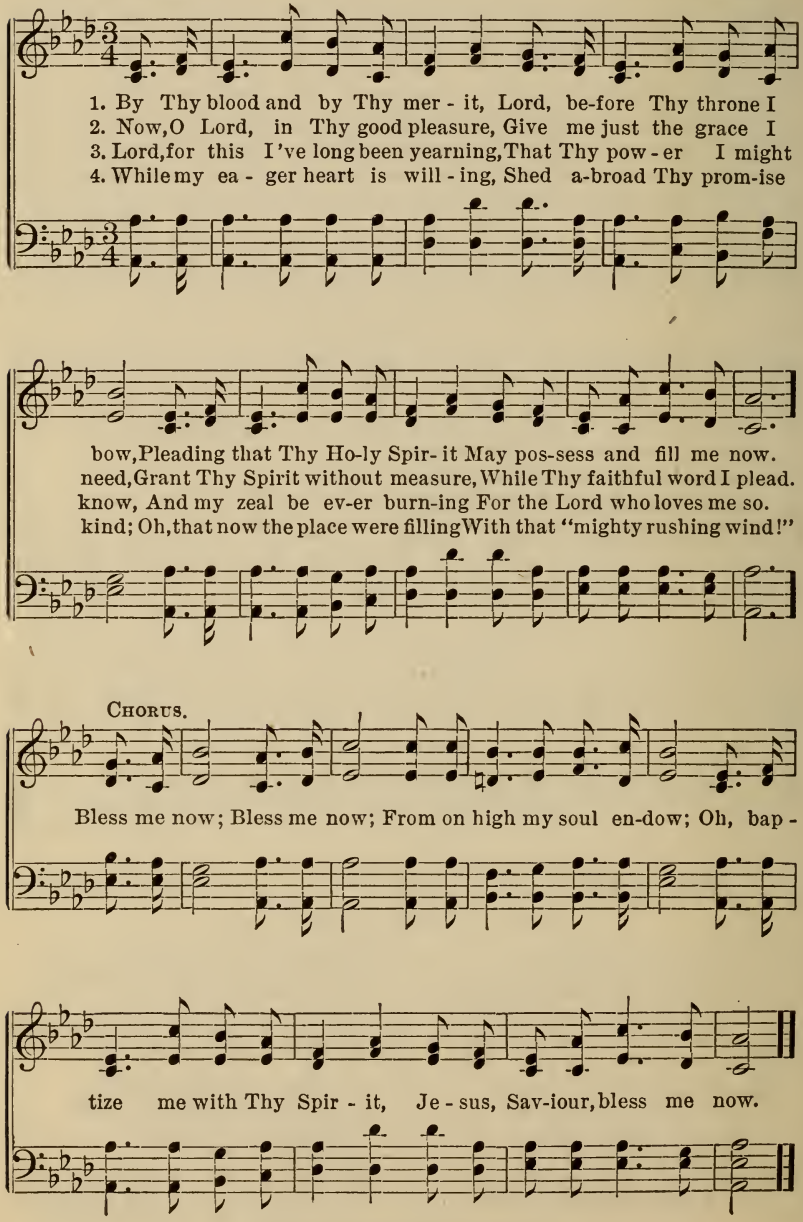
4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :‖
What hast thou brought to Me?

Frances R. Havergal.

No. 170. Bless Me Now.

"But tarry ye at Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Luke 24: 49.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



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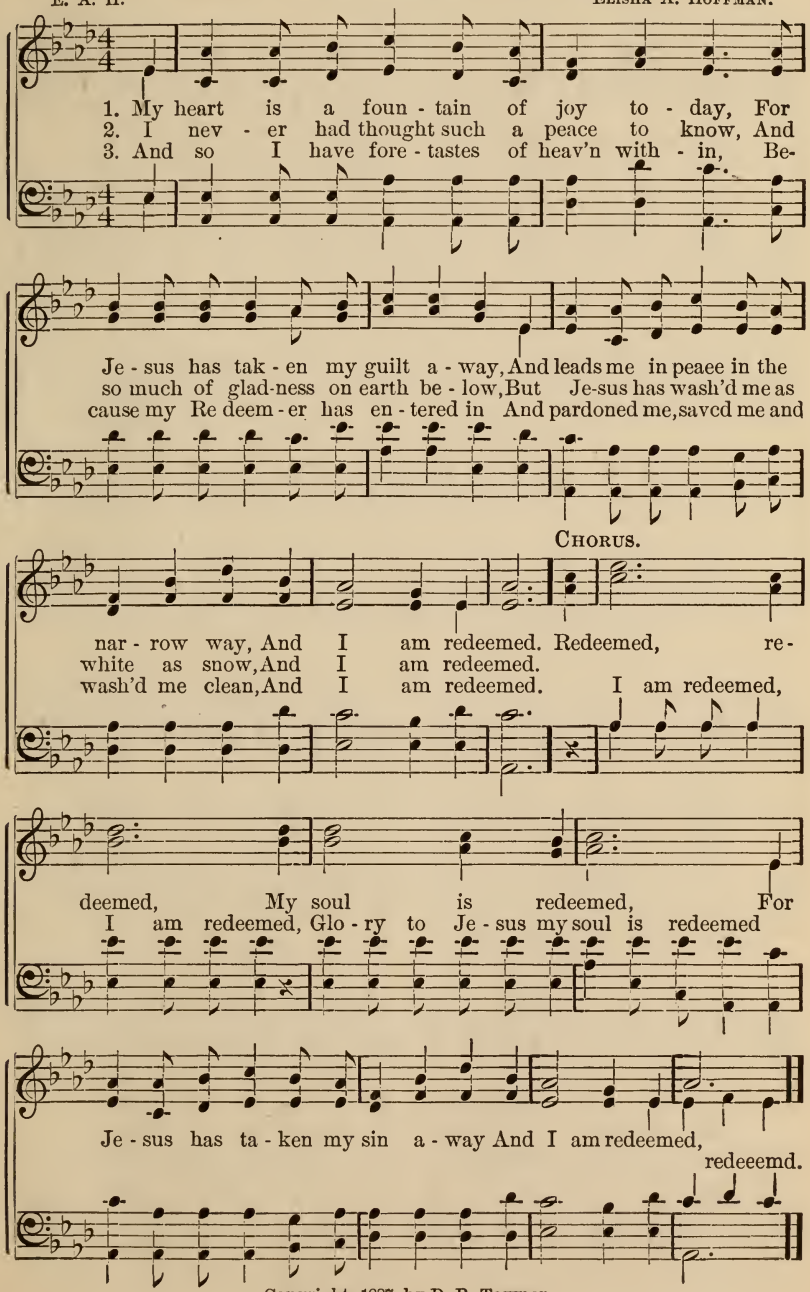
No. 171. I am Redeemed.

"Thou hast redeemed me."—Ps. 31: 5

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



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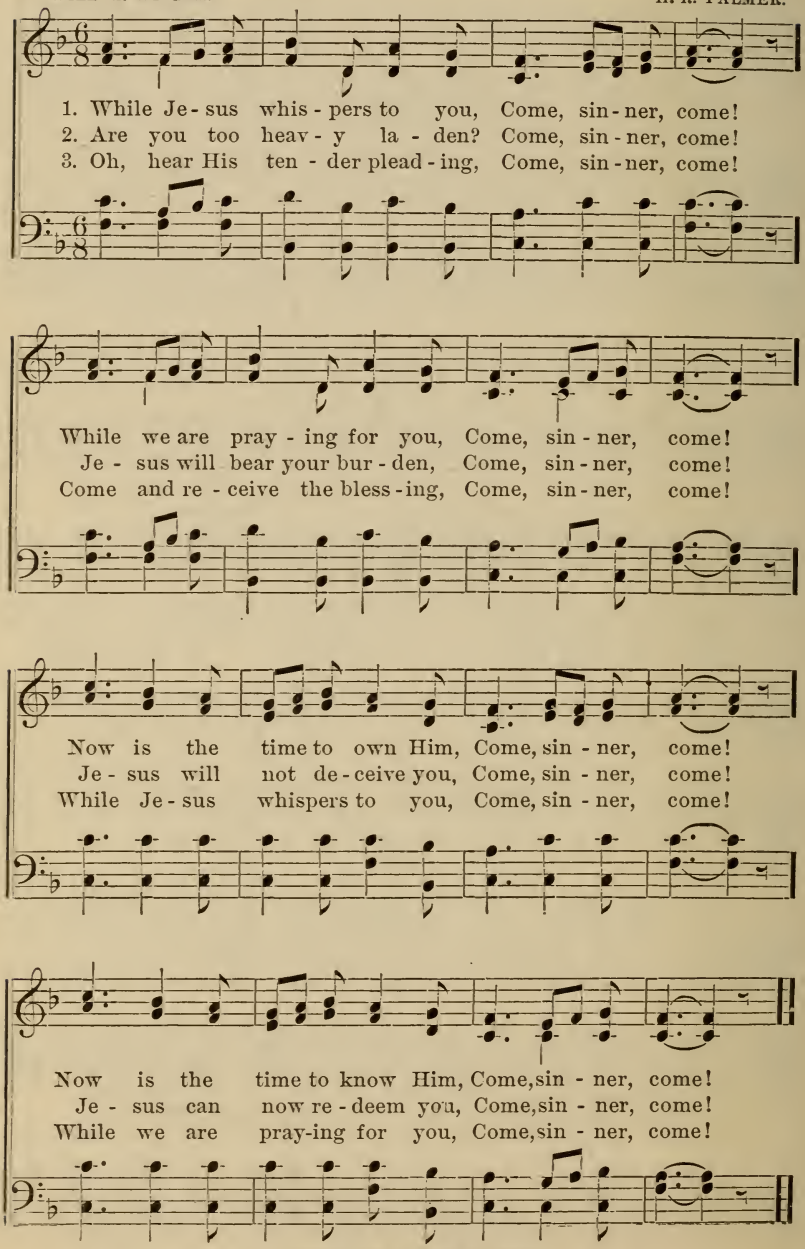
No. 172. While Jesus Whispers to you.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden.—Matt. 11: 28.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.



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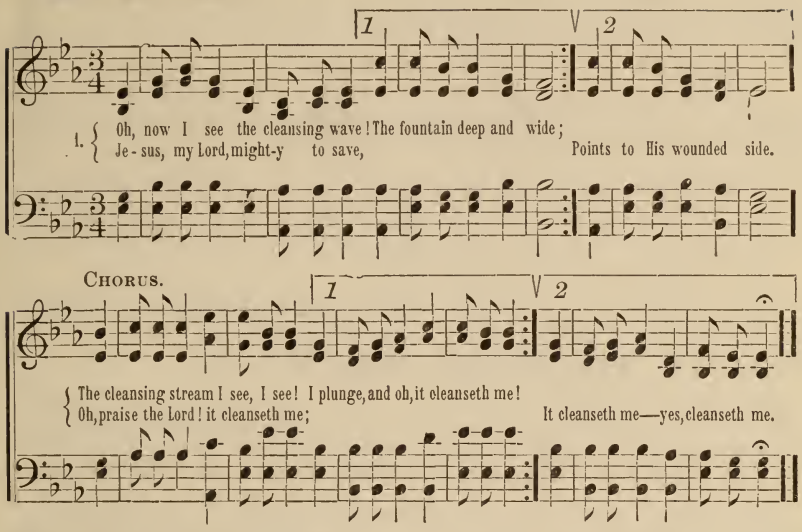
No. 173. Cleansing Wave.

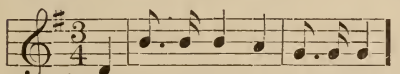
MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

174. Beulah Land.



1 I've reach'd the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines, undimm'd, one blissful day;
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

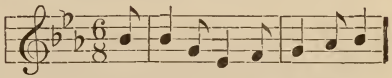
O Beulah Land! sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home for evermore.

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's borderland.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees;
And flowers that, never fading, grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-rob'd throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

175. The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus; [cheer,
He speaks, the drooping heart to
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

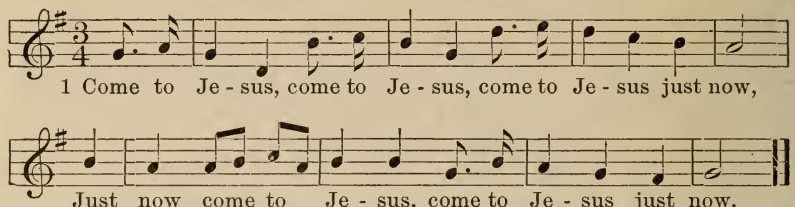
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

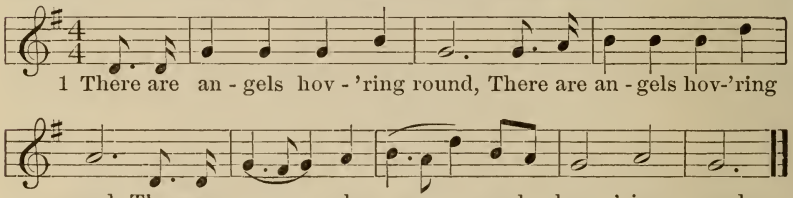
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!

No. 176. Come to Jesus, just now.



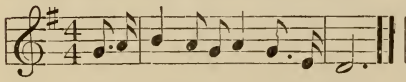
2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 He will bless you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Let us praise Him.
13 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 177. Angels Hovering Round.



2 To carry the tidings home, etc.
3 To the New Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

178. Sweet By and By.



1 There's a land that is fairer than day.
And by faith we can see it afar
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

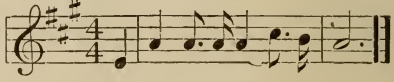
CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love
And the blessings that hallow our days.

179. Over There.



1 Oh, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair
Are robed in their garments of white.

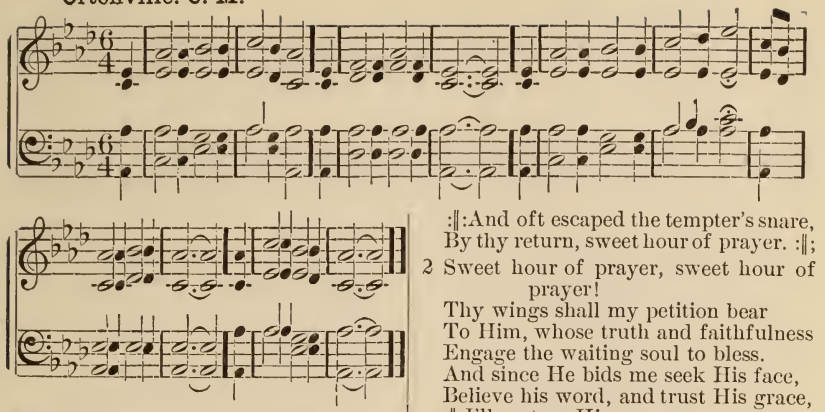
CHORUS.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there,
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air
In their home in the palace of God.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see.
Many dear to my heart over there
Are watching and waiting for me

Ortonville: C: M:



No. 180.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

No. 181.

1 My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

No. 182.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
:‖:And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖;

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe his word, and trust His grace,
:‖:I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray-

No. 183. [er!:‖:

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear.
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

4 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

No. 184.

1 Lord, I hear Thy shower of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

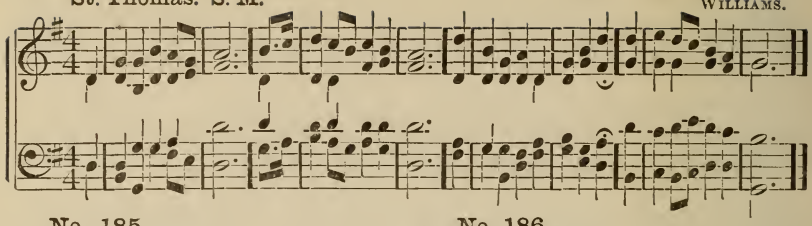
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee,
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



No. 185.

1 O Holy Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
O tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove
By Thine almighty breath;
O work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

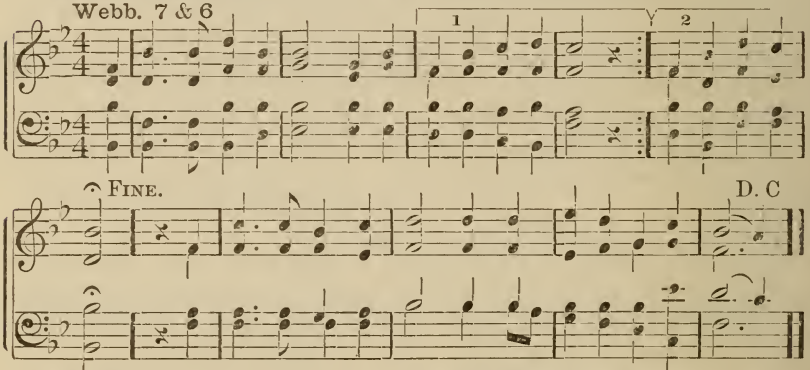
No. 186.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

Webb. 7 & 6



No. 187.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nation's bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing
A nation in a day.

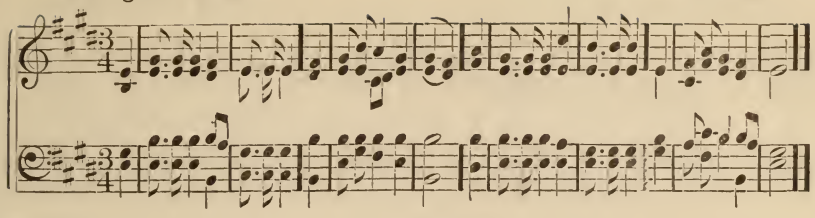
3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 188.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

Arlington. C. M. DR. ARNE.



No. 189.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

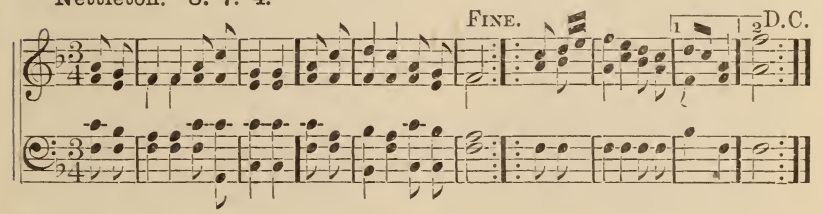
No. 190.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Father, and we shall ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Nettleton. 8. 7. 4.



No. 191.

1 Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger;
Wandering from the fold of God
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 192.

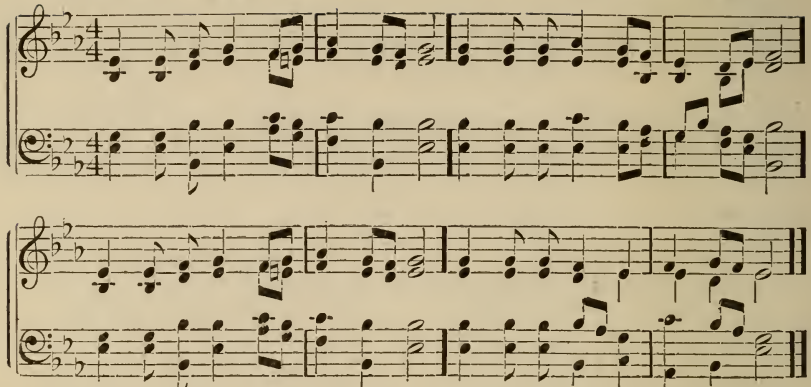
Tune.—G, H, No 29, Key F.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer?
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Hamburg. L. M. Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.



No. 193.—Ps. 116th.

1 What fit return, Lord, can I make
For all Thy gifts on me bestowed?
The cup of blessing I will take,
And call upon the name of God,

2 Before God's people I'll appear,
And pay my vows there with delight.
The death of saints to God is dear,
Most precious in Jehovah's sight.

3 O Lord, the high and holy one,
I am a servant unto Thee,
Thy servant and thy handmaid's son,
Thou hast from bonds delivered me.

4 With sacrifice of thanks I'll go,
And on Jehovah's name will call;
Will pay to God the vows I owe,
In presence of His people all.

No. 194.

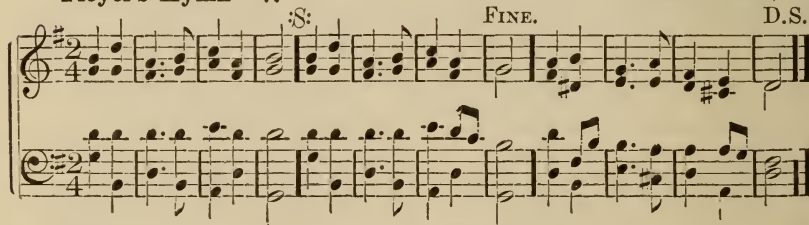
1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Pleyel's Hymn 7. Ignace Pleyel,



No. 195.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

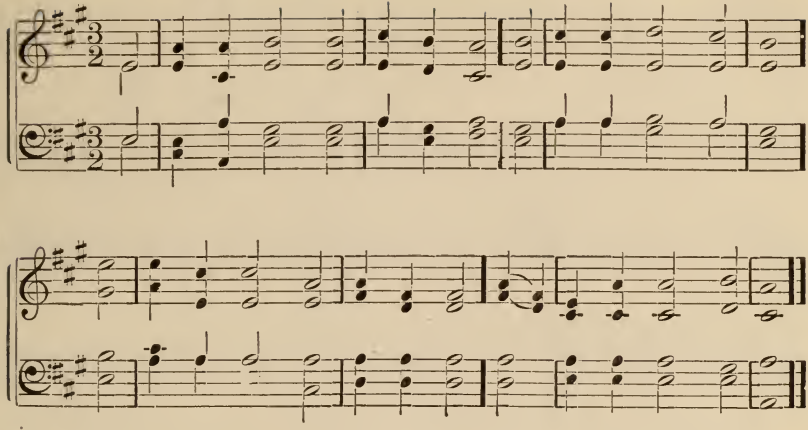
No. 196.

1 Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my will and make it Thine,
Let it be no longer mine.

3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
Let it be Thy royal throne,
Take my love, my Lord of power,
At Thy feet its treasures store.

Azmon. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



No. 197.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sonud!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

No. 199. *Tune.*—**Rathbun. No. 12.**

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way.
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

No. 198.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 200. *Tune.*—**Lenox, No. 109,**

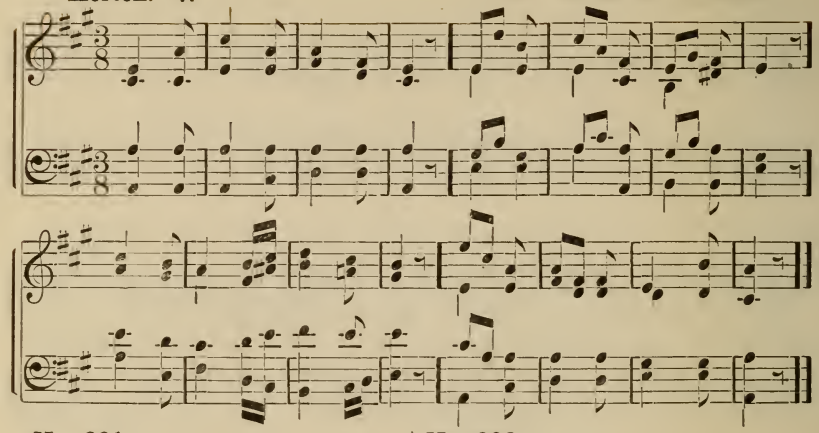
1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
‖: The year of jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell
And blest in Jesus live,
‖: The year of Jubilee is come; :‖
Return, ye ransom'd sinnerss home.

Horton. 7. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTESNEE.



No. 201.

1 Holy Ghost, Thou source of light!
We invoke Thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirit's night,
Turn our darkness into day.

2 To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

3 Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to Thee subdue,
All our hearts to Thee incline.

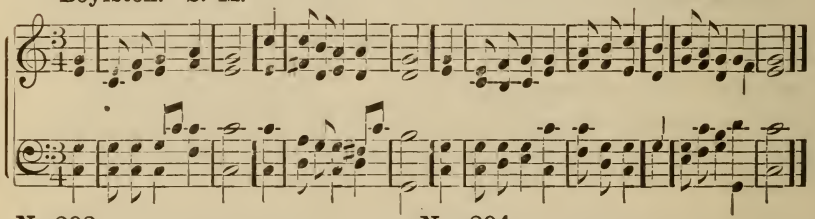
No. 202.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

3 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine

Boylston. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



No.203.

1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of pefect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to Thy will and word,
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

No. 204.

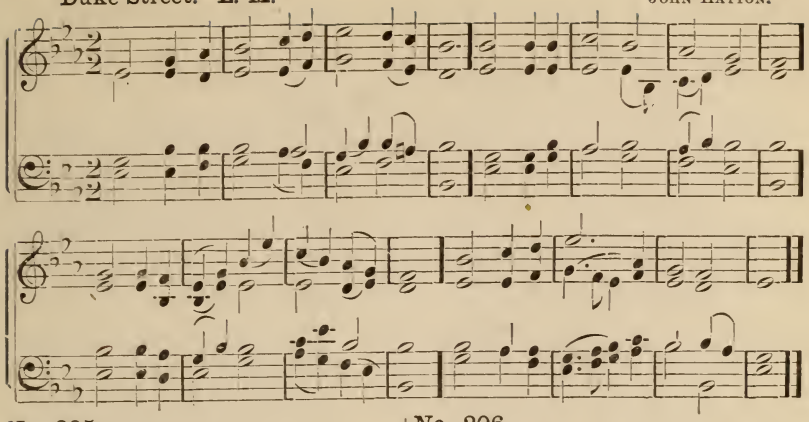
1 I Love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blestRedeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Duke Street. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



No. 205.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain:
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are His immortal breath:
And when His creatures sinn'd He bled,
To save us from eternal death.

3 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him, our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns and shall forever reign.

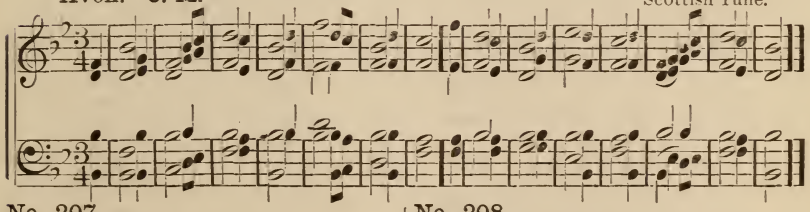
No. 206.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

Avon. C. M. Scottish Tune.



No. 207.

1 O for a heart to praise my God
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

No. 208.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

No. 209. Just as I am. Key E♭.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Oh Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 210.
Coronation. No. 29.

1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

No. 211. Martyn. Key F.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul;
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 212.
Work for the Night. Key F.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

No. 213. Key B♭.

1 Yield not to temptation.
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is your Savior,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

H. R. PALMER.

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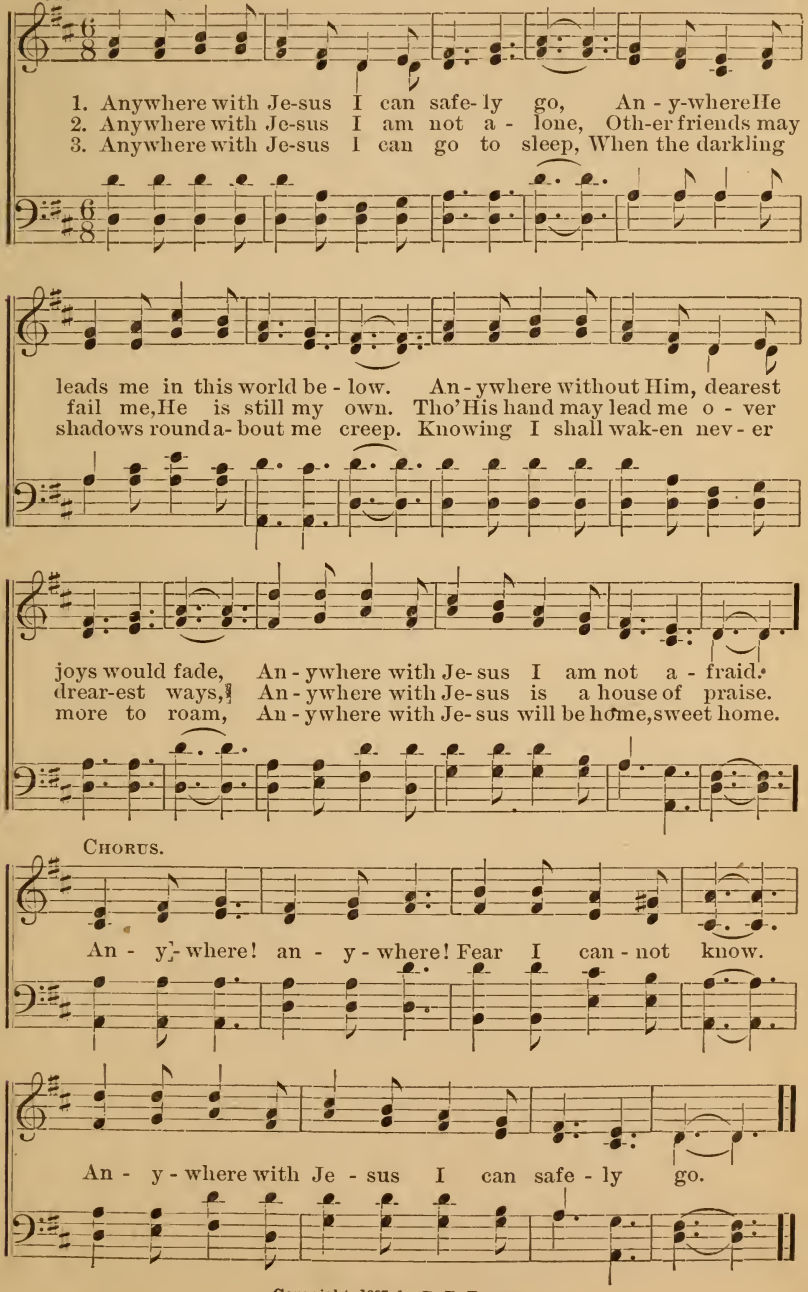
"I will trust and not be afraid."—Isaiah 12: 2.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.



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